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## THE SUN WAS DARKENED





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# The Sun Was Darkened

By

ALICE FRANKLIN BRYANT



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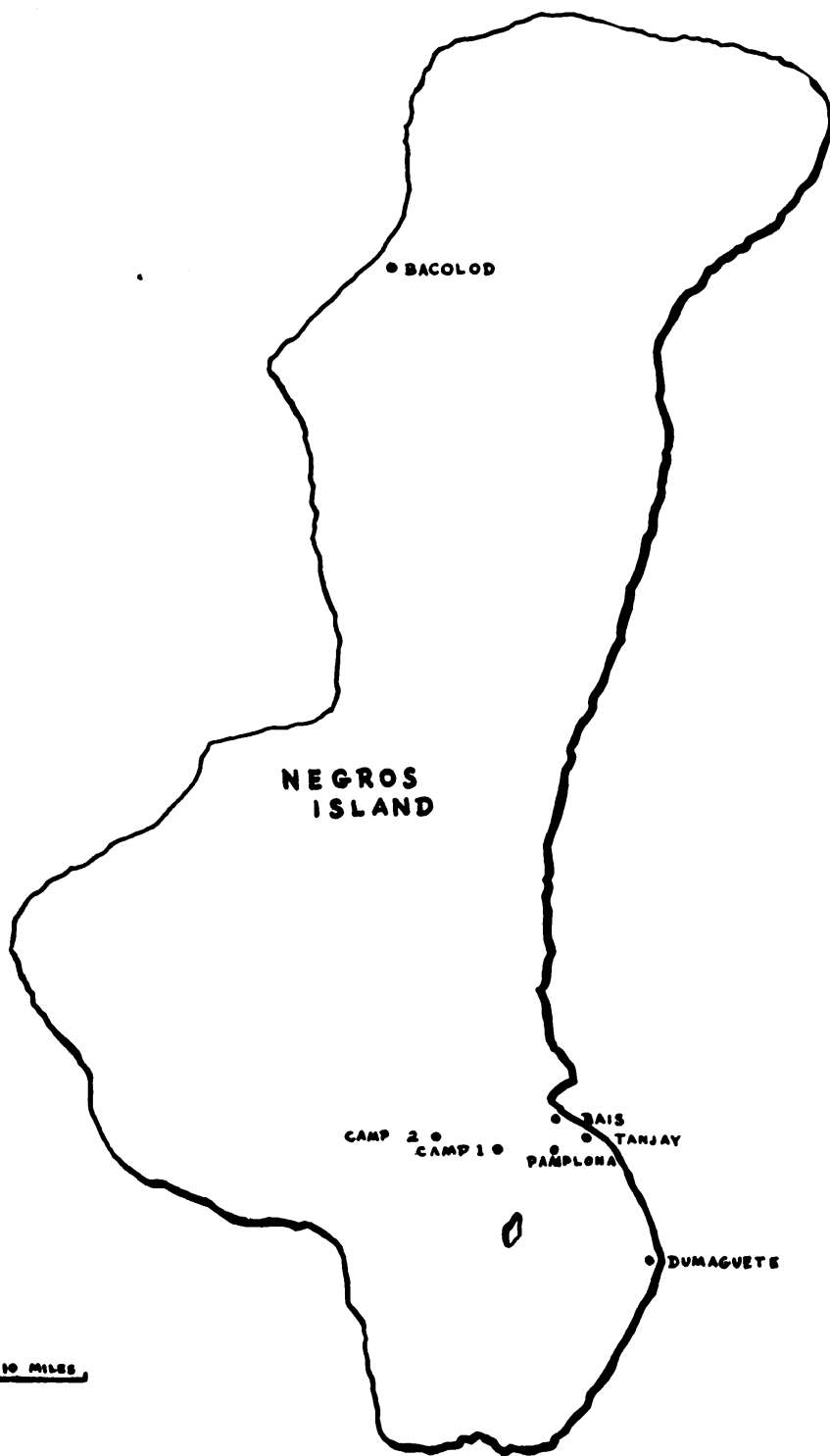
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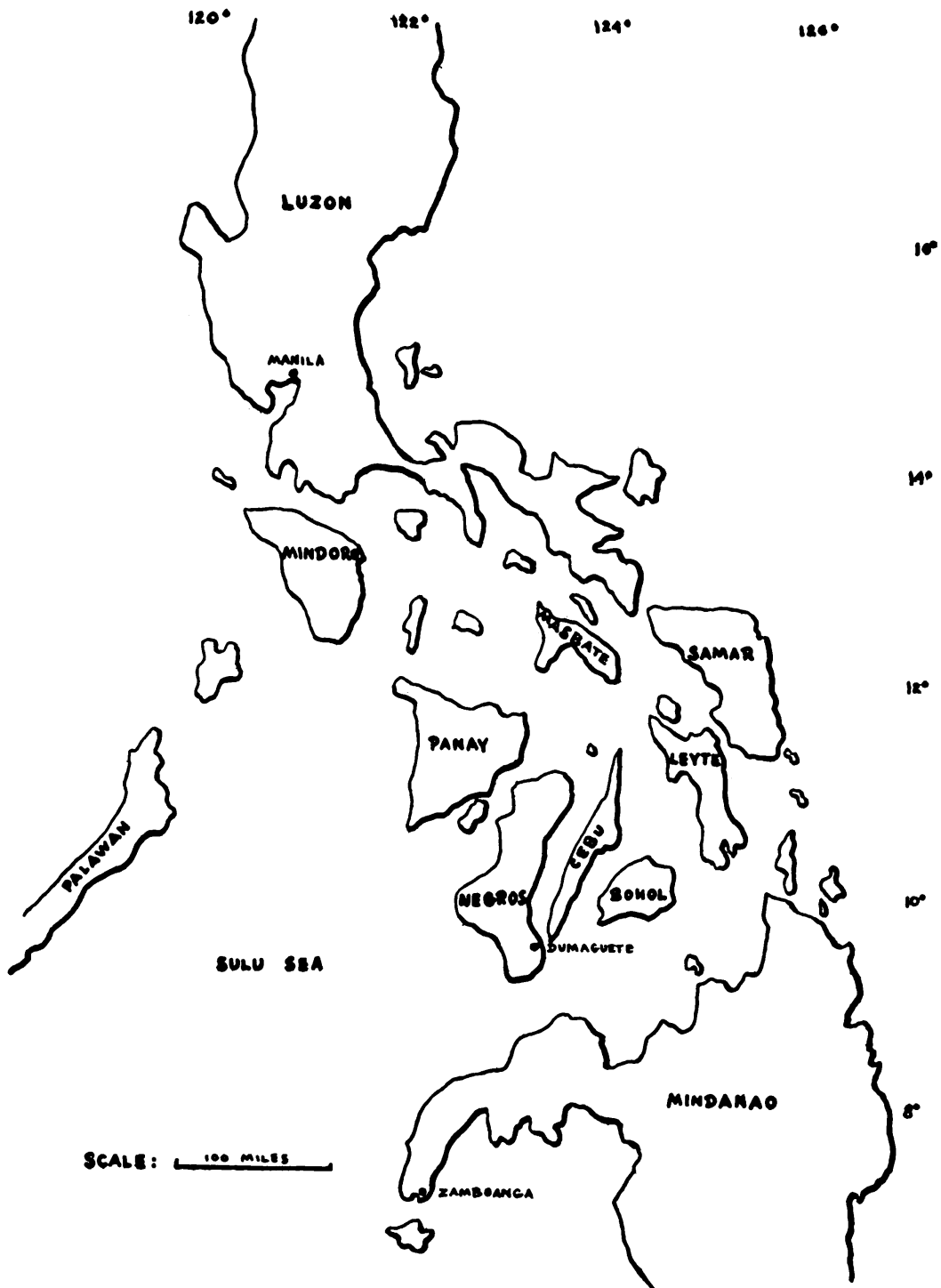
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*With all my heart this book is dedicated  
to its hero and mine: The Gov'nor.*









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## Chapter 1

XX

The times were out of joint. A global devils' brew of wrath had come to a rolling boil and—like molten lava bursting through the thin crust of an unstable planet—had spread out over China and Europe engulfing individuals, cities, nations. And still explosive pressures threatened new eruptions in countries yet unscathed.

These threats—"moves in the war of nerves"—formed the headlines that we were reading in 1941. My husband and I read them in our little thatched home among the coconut palms on the Philippine island of Negros. Our brows knitted, we pondered their significance.

And yet in time they dulled with repetition. In such peaceful surroundings war seemed incredible—at least to Americans well endowed with optimism.

Thus it was that, without a care on my mind, I sang as I sat at the piano early one December morning.

Suddenly my husband dashed up the stairs and into the house with unaccustomed haste.

"Darling," he cried, "it's begun! At Pearl Harbor!"

Something in his voice and manner made explanation unnecessary. I hurried over to him, and we looked at each other aghast, stunned by the impact. It was as if our rock-girt island were melting beneath us and we became terribly

conscious of the 7,000 miles of ocean that separated us from the security and protection of our homeland.

"Thank God Imogene is in the States!" I exclaimed.

Imogene, the only one to materialize of the six children we had planned, had reached an age when it was better for her to be in America. So we had left her fifteen months before—when she was only eight—with hospitable relatives in California.

This fact was now the streak of silver in the black cloud which immediately eclipsed all joy in living and which was soon to rain destruction over our part of the world.

If we had been living in a tropical paradise, an unstable paradise, perhaps, it was not for lack of warning.

"Why do you want to go back to the Philippines?" my father pleaded in August of 1940. "We are going to have war with Japan, and you will find yourselves in a concentration camp!"

My father was ripe with the wisdom that comes only to a man of keen, vigorous mentality after a lifetime of experience and constant, wide reading. We discounted his prediction, however, as being influenced by his desire to have us stay with him and share his comfortable, roomy home in Seattle. He was elderly and widowed; and, perhaps because he had worried about me when I was a delicate child, he had always been especially fond of me.

But my husband's roots were deep in the Philippines, where he had lived and labored since 1902, for many years as a provincial governor and afterwards as a coconut planter. He had, in his youth, vigorously and paternally administered head-hunting Ifugaos, Ibilaos, Manobos, and turbulent Moros. The latter he had pacified in the province of Cotabato, and one of the most powerful datus had admired him so much that he had adopted him as his son.



No swivel-chair governor, he had, in those days, spent weeks at a time hiking through the territory of the wild Ibilaos, or Ilongots. As there were no paths through their jungle-covered habitat, he had toiled up stream-beds, over ridges, down other stream-beds. As a result of his efforts, murder quite went out of fashion among this tribe, formerly so addicted to it. Unfortunately, under subsequent, more sedentary governors, it reappeared.

Since the governors in the early days were, ex-officio, provincial engineers, my husband had built trails through the country of the primitive tribes, running the grade himself with a hand level. Now when he visits these districts, it pleases him to find that later engineers have been unable to improve on his pioneering efforts and have constructed automobile roads on the trails he made.

The readers of Dr. Heiser's interesting *Odyssey of an American Doctor* may have received the impression that Dr. Heiser had cleaned up the Philippines single-handed. Such was not the case. For some years my husband was governor of Agusan in Mindanao, whose capital, Butuan, had been known to be the filthiest town in the islands. Later Dr. Heiser visited Butuan and, in compliment to my husband's efforts, pronounced it the cleanest, most sanitary town in the Philippines.

These things he had done long before I met him. For the fourteen years just past he had been a coconut planter. And as I looked into his eyes it was as if his words "It's begun" foreshadowed a crashing fall of all he had built.

Because of my husband's seniority in age and accomplishments, I have always felt too respectful to call him by his given name, and hence commonly refer to him as the *Gov'nor*, and sometimes even address him as *Your Excellency*.

In the United States, where his tall, powerful frame is

concealed and nullified by coat and trousers, he is only half himself. He longs for the life of varied activity and accomplishment he always led in the East. On the plantation, dressed in sport shirt and shorts, he sheds a large part of his calendar age both in appearance and feeling. One elderly American woman expressed surprise that I allowed him to wear shorts after our marriage, "because the hair on his legs looks so bad." I definitely preferred him in shorts and thought his legs unusually handsome. Indeed, there is only one thing I do not like about the Gov'nor—his gestures. I become physically tired just from looking at the large gyrations and powerful thrusts he describes with his hands and arms while talking. Yet I cannot logically object to them, because they are an expression of his dynamic force, which I admire.

So we had disregarded my father's advice, for the East was imperiously calling my husband to return.

Leaving Imogene was desperately difficult. She was the more dependent on me, and our affections were the more firmly knit, because, unlike practically all American mothers in the Orient, I had never employed an amah. I was her amah, and later her teacher.

We had comforted ourselves with the thought that I would return in exactly two years and find her still small. She and I would then go to live with my father; and, after a few months more, the Gov'nor would finally retire from the Philippines and join us.

Such comfort is of short duration with children, however, and after our departure, in the midst of her sobs, Imogene had asked, "Will they ever come back? Will I ever see them again?"

Reassured on that point, she asked suddenly, almost prophetically, "What about the war?"

"Dear child", I thought now as I held my husband's hand, "what, indeed, about the war?"

Our transPacific trip had been uneventful until just after we left Honolulu. Then a message from our government reached us over the radio, advising American citizens to leave the Orient!

We were together when we heard the announcement. I felt as if the foundations of our life were being suddenly removed, that we were suspended over an abyss. I looked at the Gov'nor. He laughed easily.

"It's just a bluff—another move in the war of nerves," he said. "Japan would not dare fight the United States, and people in the States don't want war."

"I don't *think* Japan would be so foolish," I rejoined. Yet the possibility of war had been one factor in determining me to leave Imogene in America, and this message added to my feeling of insecurity.

When we arrived in Yokohama the ship docked beside us was unloading rusty scrap iron. It had come from the United States. Our country had by this time forbidden the export of this commodity to Japan, but this cargo had left America before the prohibition went into effect. I do not know whether the junky iron that was clanking down onto the dock was destined to be used in the Sino-Japanese "Incident" or to be showered down on Pearl Harbor or Manila. But I realized it was to be used against China or us, and I had earlier decided on the only course of action I was able to take. From the beginning of the "Incident", without any prejudice against the Japanese except for the military clique and its Black Dragon Society, I had boycotted Japanese goods, even to wearing cotton stockings before nylons appeared on the market. And I made my immediate family join in the boycott! The only toys in our province were of Japanese manufacture,

and the Gov'nor still laughs about how I scolded him for buying Imogene a thirty-cent parasol.

While in Yokohama we had lunched with a young, Hawaiian-born Japanese friend of ours. He had grown up as an intelligent, likable youth under the influence of an elderly missionary in Hawaii, and had been educated in American universities. Now he was working for an electrical company in Tokyo.

"Have you been frightened out by this war of nerves?" he had asked as soon as he saw us.

"No," I replied. "We are on the way *to* the Philippines, not *away* from them."

Although he had discounted the "war of nerves", he confessed that the political climate was becoming uncomfortable for him, and that he was thinking of going either to the Philippines or to the United States. We had wondered whether he had left Japan. But it was not of him I was thinking then, as the shadow struck our hearts. From a whirling mind I recalled how we had left Manila, was it only the year before?

We had sailed about five hundred miles southward through smooth, blue, island-studded seas to Negros. Since the Spaniards had found this 5,000-square-mile island largely inhabited by *negritos*, or small blacks closely related to the pigmies of Africa, they had named it *la Isla de los Negros*, the *Island of the Negroes*, and this name it still bears, though few of its aboriginal *negritos* remain.

How happy we had been on the interisland boat when we saw the Horns of Negros rising high in the light of early dawn! These well-named precipitous summits of a jungle-covered mountain rise to a height of 5,000 feet, and are so distinctive that, when we saw them, we knew we were almost home.

As our ship approached the shore the Horns were touched by the rising sun. Gradually the sunshine crept down the shaggy mountainside, tinting the clouds nestled in its ravines, and then spread out in a warm flood of light over the groves of coconut palms that covered the coastal plain.

Now we were so near the shore that, to our right, we could see palms bending gracefully over the beach. In front of us was the pier and, to the left, buildings belonging to Silliman University, a missionary institution, and some fine residences along the waterfront. This was all we could see of Dumaguete, the capital of Oriental Negros, because the town is almost completely hidden by the coconut palms and acacias.

We had drawn alongside an animated pier; for it was Sunday, and, while our ship from the north had tied up on one side, a ship from the south—Zamboanga, Cotobato, Jolo—had moored on the opposite side.

Stevedores were there to unload flour, canned goods, hardware, and machinery, and to load copra—dried coconut meat. Other people, many of whom had already attended early mass, were on the pier to welcome friends, to visit with passengers who were not disembarking, to share in the motion and excitement occasioned by the weekly visit of the two ships. The majority were Filipinos, but there were also mestizos, Chinese, Spaniards, and Americans. Conversations were going on noisily in Visayan, Spanish, and English.

The Gov'nor, in shorts and sport shirt, had been the first down the gang plank, and I could see him greeting his friends, talking, and gesticulating with his usual vigor. His happiness was unmistakable. In America he had been a caged animal. Now he was free, and it was worth some risk.

Intrusting our baggage to stevedores, I joined him, and began to answer the questions, "Where's Imogene?" "Dónde

está la chiquita?" "Hain ba ang imong bata?" Never had I gone any place without her! Even when I attended balls I had taken her along—put her to bed in the house where the party was given and left a servant with her while we joined in the festivities.

Chief among those who welcomed us had been our nearest American neighbor, Colonel Miller, a retired army officer and an old friend of my husband's, who had managed the plantation in our absence. Extricating ourselves from our friends, we turned our baggage over to the smiling plantation truck driver, who was also down to welcome us. Then, with the Colonel, we motored over to the Far Eastern Grocery, the leading grocery of the province, to get the things he had already ordered. The Chinese in the store seemed happy to see us back—indeed, everyone seemed happy. Perhaps a warm climate predisposes people to be light-hearted and carefree.

Out of the town we motored on a coral roadway through the coconut palms. For miles we drove along the beach. Slim dug-out canoes with outriggers were drawn up on the sand. Under the thick canopy of interlacing fronds houses of thatch and bamboo stood up on stilts. Some of them were on land covered with water at high tide. White butterfly orchids blossomed in the open windows, and areca palms and clumps of banana trees grew near the houses.

Once I had driven along this road with a young girl who had just come from the United States. "How tropical!" she kept exclaiming, "how *tropical*!"

We could see the long island of Cebu only four or five miles away from us across the calm, blue water of Tañon Strait.

At times we passed lush green rice fields, where little dikes retained the water in the level plots. For some distance we

ran through a mangrove swamp. Here the dwarfish vegetation lifted the ends of its roots out of the water to breathe. Kingfishers made flashes of blue through the thicket. *Carabao*, or water-buffalo, looking like antediluvian creatures, passed us hauling carts, while others, at leisure, soaked themselves in convenient mudholes. On their protruding, mudcovered backs stood white herons.

After going through several towns shaded by acacias and flame trees we came to the municipality of Tanjay, twenty miles from Dumaguete and the nearest town to our destination, which was Pamplona Plantation. As we made our turn to go inland we passed the box of a traffic policeman. This man had never been trained, and to obey his signals would have invited death or disaster. The Gov'nor once suggested to the chief of police that this man was more of a danger than a help to traffic and should be either instructed in his duties or removed.

"I know it," replied the chief goodnaturedly. "We just keep him there to make the arrests in case something does happen!"

We got by him in safety, soon left the zone of coconuts and rice and drove through rolling land covered with sugarcane. The thick, dark, burnished red canes grew densely, and the long, waving green leaves reached a height of twelve feet or more. Then came a bit of pasture land on which was an emergency landing field half hidden from the road by clumps of feathery bamboo that looked like great green fountains.

Since turning inland we had had a marvellous panorama before us: on the rolling land where plain and mountain met, the palm trees of Pamplona and Polo Plantations lay in a broad band of frondy dark green, beyond which rose

jungle-covered mountains dominated by one needle-sharp peak.

We had entered the *barrio* or village of Pamplona, the center of which was a large, rectangular plaza containing a flimsy church, a small *convento*, and, at the other end, a tiny market. Around the plaza were residences, some of thatch, some of wood, four Chinese stores—throughout the islands most of the storekeepers are Chinese—and *tiendas*, or little booth-like shops run by Filipinos.

Waving to all the smiling villagers, we passed on into the plantation and did not stop until the car slipped under our thatched home. The servant girls ran down, the foreman, Pedro Piñero, and others rushed over from the *bodega*, or warehouse; and we had our homecoming reception without any delay. Any lack of style was atoned for by the atmosphere of sincere welcome.

As soon as it was over, I had been free to look around my home, the home in which I was now standing as these thoughts of a pleasant past fought for precedence with fears for an unknown future. How good home had looked to me then, as it stood, vine-covered, in its square of lawn. Philippine houses are set up on poles, a fact somewhat concealed by banks of shrubs. The area below has no English name, but in Visayan it is called *silong*. Here the car is kept, and the washing and ironing are done.

Our *silong* had formerly had a dirt floor, where Imogene and her playmates had captured *babuey-babuey* or ant-lions from their little depressions in the dust. While I had been away, a cement floor had been put in, and a guest room and bath had been added.

Pleased with these improvements, we had gone upstairs and into the house. Colonel Miller had feared my inspection, and had prepared for it. He had had men come in and



polish the walls and ceiling, which were of Philippine mahogany, until they had a dull luster. The walls did not extend to the ceiling. Above them an open latticework twenty inches wide invited every stray zephyr to enter and cool the rooms within.

The men had also helped the servants *skate* the floors until they shone brilliantly. To polish a floor in the Philippines, one takes half of a coconut husk, places a bare foot on it, and *skates*. This may sound like good fun, but it is really hard work.

No window washing had been necessary in this house-cleaning. Instead of glass, our windows had small panes made of flat, translucent sea-shells and were always open. In fact, they were fastened against the outside of the house, and to close them one had to climb a ladder! This was done only two or three times—when there were typhoons—in all the years we lived there; for ordinary weather the overhanging thatch was a sufficient protection. Our typhoons were infrequent and comparatively mild, as we were south of their proper belt.

"How clean! How neat!" I exclaimed upon entering the house.

Colonel Miller smiled and drew a breath of relief. He had known women returning to their homes to be very critical.

But I found nothing to criticize. The canary sang in his large screen cage in the silong. The orchids along the open gallery that led out to the kitchen, store-room, and bath—which were not otherwise connected with the house—had been watered regularly. Large yellow bells and many colored crotons were still banked against the house. Hibiscus and bougainvillea made splashes of color on the freshly mowed

lawn. My tuberose and gardenias were blossoming. Jasmine and chains-of-love still dripped from the thatched roof.

When, in America, I speak of my thatched home, people are often incredulous. They do not know what thatch is, and do not believe I ever lived under it. Our particular kind (for there are several) was made of leaflets of the nipa palm which are sewn onto the midriff of a palm frond to form what is called a *shingle*. These shingles are lashed with rattan onto a frame, overlapping as wooden shingles do, to form a roof. Almost all roofs in the Philippines are of either thatch or galvanized iron. The former is cheaper, cooler, and—I have always felt—far more romantic.

Here, in this unpretentious but comfortable little home, surrounded by seventy-five thousand coconut palms, we had resumed the life we enjoyed and for which we felt predestined. Had it not been for the latter circumstance, could we have left Imogene, and, in spite of the warnings of dangers ahead, come back here?

My father, an astonishingly and incorrigibly radical person who will not hear a word against Russia, once surmised that out in the Philippines we were living on the backs of the people. That was not true in any sense whatever. Since the dawn of history, countries have profited from their possessions. And America is the exception that proves that rule! The Philippines have gained much by being under the Stars and Stripes, but the United States has gained little if anything as a result of the relationship.

In our own province, many of our Filipino friends and neighbors lived more lavishly and had finer houses and larger, shinier automobiles than we, the Millers, or the faculty members of Silliman University—the only Americans in the province. Of course, the governor and all other officials were Filipinos or mestizos.

Pamplona Plantation is owned by a stock company, and the stockholders were not becoming wealthy from their dividends. Because of mismanagement before my husband's arrival, and of drought and depression afterwards, they had had no returns for many years. More recently they had received modest dividends, but these would never become large unless the three-cents-a-pound excise tax on coconut oil in the United States were repealed, and there was little hope of that. In the Philippines copra was mainly produced by men too poor and ignorant to know anything about economics; they could not understand that this tax lowered the price of their copra. And President Quezon had explained that it benefited the country as a whole. The tax, paid in the United States out of American pockets, was sent to the Philippine Government and provided such a good pork barrel that the Filipino politicians did not want it repealed. For years Pamplona Plantation brought in to the Philippine government through this one tax more than the plantation's *gross* income—more than the total received from it by stockholders, manager, and laborers!

If the United States in general and the Pamplona stockholders in particular were not enriching themselves by exploiting the Filipinos, still less was the Gov'nor doing so. On the one hand, so far as the finances of the Bryant family were concerned, he was in a very bad position. On the other hand he did all he could to help the laborers and to improve their standard of living, which was, indeed, low compared to American standards, but somewhat better than that prevailing around us. We knew that the families on the plantation fared better because we were there.

Proof of this had been evident a few years before when we had a vacation in America. The interim manager, following the custom of his father's plantation which was halfway

between us and Dumaguete, stopped giving food to the laborers, adding only five centavos to their daily wage instead. As a result, the men had only a bit of cold food brought from their homes for breakfast and luncheon or, due to improvidence, worked hungry all day long.

The Gov'nor, on his return, had at once started feeding the laborers again—hot, substantial meals served to them where they were working at 8:30 and 12:30, and raw food issued to them weekly for their evening meals, which they ate at home with their families. If the food was less rich and varied than we should have liked it to be, it was, to the best of our knowledge, better than any other Filipino laborers were receiving. And the time was to come when the Gov'nor and I would gladly have exchanged—paying a heavy premium—the rations given the two of us for the ration of one of our laborers.

But then we could not foresee that circumstance. We were home where we belonged and where we were happy, until the fatal day when the violence of war would threaten our little world.

My part in that pre-war world was, of course, only relative and subsidiary; but it satisfied a childhood ambition—to live on a farm. What is a plantation but a large farm—a farm *de luxe* so far as the planter's wife is concerned? Many women would have found the life lonely and boresome and have longed for telephones, movies, clubs, and luncheons. I longed for none of these. I was never lonely or bored. No doorbell or telephone disturbed us. No noisy traffic raised the dust. I did not miss these evidences of civilization.

In our thatched home, almost as open as a birdcage and consisting largely of verandas, we quickly settled into our old routine. For more than a year we led an almost idyllic existence in a land of perpetual mid-summer. If the ther-

monometer should dive down to seventy-five degrees on a clear, cold December or January night, and we, shivering, had to pull up a sheet, it was a small matter; for we knew that, if the next day were sunny, it would be close to ninety by afternoon. If it should be rainy all day, the mercury would stay between eighty and eighty-five. Yet the hot season, which came in the dry months of spring, was not oppressive, as our annual range of temperature was only about thirty degrees.

With the exception of the Chinese storekeepers all the people within a radius of ten miles were Filipinos. Relations between races were especially harmonious in our province, partly due to the fact that most of the few Americans in the province belonged to the staff of Silliman University, a large Presbyterian missionary institution. Socially there were intermingling and great cordiality between Americans and Filipinos. And not a few of the latter were opposed to independence. As the *presidente*, or mayor, of our nearest town once told us, "Independence is fine, but a man has to count the cost. We have the United States Navy behind us. Our city council passed a resolution saying we did not want independence—not even in fifty years!" One woman said to a friend of mine who commented on a picture of Woodrow Wilson she saw on the wall, "We did have Quezon here, but we took him down. I hate him! We were getting along fine, and he had to go and get us independence!"

Harmony was also the keynote of our relations with our three servant girls. They were the unsophisticated daughters of plantation laborers. Only one, Anita, had ever gone to school, and she had completed only the fourth grade. As the schools are conducted in English, she knew that language slightly when she came to us, and had learned more since. The other girls spoke and understood only Visayan, and, as they were very young, inexperienced, and ignorant when they

entered our employ, they had willingly learned to do everything according to our notions.

By no means over-worked, these girls considered themselves fortunate to have agreeable, remunerative positions of such dignity. They moved over the polished, uncarpeted floors on silent bare feet. Immaculate in blue uniforms and white caps and aprons, they served our meals very properly on thin, hand-painted china—meals of good food: filet from the beef that we butchered once or twice a week, fried chicken, leafy native vegetables, salads of cucumber, tomato, avocado, and fresh water shrimp; ice-cream made in our kerosene-burning refrigerator, papaya, mangoes, pineapples, various kinds of bananas, and fruits unknown in this country.

My husband was busy, meanwhile, with the work that interested and satisfied him. He was devoted to the plantation.

In my youth I thought I would never marry a man who smoked. I knew that, if I did, I would always come second in his affection. I *had* married a man who smoked, but I found I did *not* come second. Not at all! The cigarettes, of course, came first; the plantation, second; our daughter, third; and I—contentedly—*fourth*.

Several times during the few preceding years the Gov'nor had received offers of twice the salary he was receiving to manage other plantations. However, he was interested in this one, Pamplona, not because he owned any appreciable amount of stock in it, for he did not, but because he had found it mismanaged, heavily in debt, the young palms stifled by wild vegetation with 30,000 of them having to be replanted, and he had gotten it out of debt and developed it as no other plantation in the islands had been developed. It was his creation and he loved it.

"I think this will be my last job," he told me with charac-

teristic disregard of his own financial interests, "and I want it to be a good one. I don't want to leave it until I get all the land titles straightened out. That won't take more than two years, but if I took this other position, I could not accomplish all I would want to accomplish before we leave the islands."

Ever since 1902 he had been thinking he would, in a few years, leave for permanent residence in the United States. When we married in 1929 he had said to me, "Go ahead and plant the orchard if you want to, but we won't be here to eat fruit from it." We were to eat ten kinds of fruit from the trees I planted!

Blessed with a very practical imagination, he would outline his inventions and schemes to me and sometimes I would laugh.

"Another thing you should do," I once told him, "is to put periscopes all over the plantation so that you can sit on the front porch and see what all the gangs of men are doing."

"Yes," he rejoined, "and I must also have a gadget that will kick them when I press a button if I see they aren't working!"

But the remarkable thing was that all his schemes worked out as he planned them. The former manager had written a long dissertation to prove that Pamplona Plantation could not be irrigated. Yet my husband, at a small cost, irrigated the greater part of it abundantly. The water of one ditch and flume served a three-fold purpose: it transported nuts to the copra dryer from the fields where they were grown, turned a water turbine, and was used for irrigation. The irrigation had greatly increased production—nuts were both larger and more numerous than on similar unirrigated land. The leguminous cover crops had also aided in making them the thriftiest to be found under the same conditions of soil and climate. Of course, an immense labor of clearing had

had to be done first of all. Then good roads were built, making it easy to bring the heavy, fresh copra from other parts of the plantation to the dryer.

Excellent copra can be made by sun-drying on trays if the weather is clear. But the dry season is short, and sometimes interrupted by showers; and coconuts ripen the year around.

So the Gov'nor installed a mechanical dryer. It was a large iron case into which trucks, each containing a score of trays of copra were pushed. The air inside was heated by steam coils and circulated by fans that were turned by the turbine. Incidentally, the latter also supplied power to a generator that furnished electricity for lighting the laborers' houses and our own. The whole building that housed the dryer was full of the sweet, heavy, coconut-candy odor of clean, well-made copra.

Under the coconut palms grazed humped, grey cattle. The Gov'nor had found, when he came, a small herd of scrubby native stock, and had carefully bred it up until now there were about eight hundred fine animals, some three-fourths, others seven-eighths Indian Nellore, a breed which is immune to rinderpest. They were used for beef and as work animals, but were never milked. The tropics are unsuited to dairying, and the Philippines depended on imported canned milk.

Here and there over the plantation were grouped the cool and appropriate houses of the laborers. Appreciative of the good treatment they received, they were all very loyal to the Gov'nor. He joked with them and amused them and, armed with a stick or a stone, he would chase the children, while they ran from him shouting and laughing. It was not necessary for him to stand on his dignity in order to be respected.

As for me, my main job of the previous few years was ended. I was no longer to be amah, teacher, and chaperone for my daughter Imogene. But I was not languishing in



complete idleness. Indeed, I was to find time for my hobbies.

Every morning after breakfast I enjoyed an hour of singing. Amid a great stamping and clacking of castanets I kept up my Spanish dancing by an occasional practice at five A. M., since that was the coolest time of day. When we went to town once a week I taught some of the dances to a group of girls at Silliman University.

And I had a delightful new hobby. For years, whenever I had wanted Christmas cards or invitations, I had made up a bit of doggerel—just frank doggerel that made no effort to be anything better. I had never thought of trying to write verse—indeed, had assumed, without any particular thought, that it required some special talent which, of course, I did not have. But with my new-found leisure I decided to try. What fun it was seeking to express my thoughts in a measured, rhythmical way—how encouraging to find that I could! I thereupon wrote two volumes of verse, *Palm Fronds* and *Rachel and Imogene*. I typed out very limited editions of these, had them bound, and sent the former to my father, and the latter, which was children's verse, to my daughter for the Christmas of 1941.

At sunset I enjoyed a solitary walk. If I strolled on the plantation under the long, gracefully drooping palm fronds, I might stop for a while to pick and eat wild passion fruit. Or I might go to the Mangoto River, a clear stream, which at one point widened and deepened into a natural swimming pool, completely shaded by large breadfruit trees. On the plantation coconut palms marched in straight lines across valleys and over hills, but they were interrupted at the streams, where wild vegetation was left to prevent erosion. Or my destination might be the larger Tanjay River. Nothing more tropical could be imagined than the scenes across and up the Tanjay, its banks covered with palms and other lush

vegetation, and jungle-covered mountains rising beyond. The bamboo above me made dainty lace designs against the sky, and white herons flew down the river.

But often I walked outside the plantation to enjoy a more open view. Having the palms around me constantly, beautiful though they were, gave me a touch of claustrophobia, and it was a relief to get out of them and command a great sweeping expanse—a kind of visual stretching after a cramped position.

Leaving the square of lawn among the palms, I would pass first a huge banyan tree. When I went under it I seemed to be in a dim Gothic cathedral with green stained windows. It occupied the space of many coconut trees, but no one would cut it, for it was the abode of spirits. One night I saw a witch doctor summon these spirits for a feast he had prepared for them beneath the tree. While they were supposedly eating, he harangued them in a singsong manner, at times dancing barefooted on a bed of coals.

My way led on through the barrio where everyone greeted me, and past the airfield—sometimes across it. This field, the location of which had been suggested by the Gov'nor, had been constructed by the Bais Sugar Central, but was very little used, was not kept in repair, and was not marked except for an arrow on the school roof that pointed to it.

Often on these walks I disproved the common belief that the waterbuffalo is very belligerent to Caucasians. Repeatedly I passed through a herd of them and none ever tried to molest me. If overheated, however (they lack sweat glands and, if working, must be allowed to rest and soak themselves frequently) they may attack people of any race.

Out on the airfield or on the road beyond it I had the expansive view for which I had come: the sweep of pasture land; the great area of palm trees, where an occasional big

mango lifted a dome of verdure above the sea of fronds; the mountains; and, in the opposite direction, beyond the fields of sugarcane, the more monotonous low mountains on the island of Cebu.

The scenery of our island is beautiful and varied, with the sea, the mountains, fields of rice and sugarcane, forest and palms, acacias and flame trees. It is, indeed, more verdant and tropical than the region around Manila, as our dry season is shorter and less severe.

It was only natural that our scenery had spoiled us. Once we had visited Ohio, and the Gov'nor's kind friends and relatives had taken us driving and called upon us to admire various beautiful landscapes. "Poor people!" we thought, "they have no better scenes!" After Negros, Ohio looked flat, bare, colorless.

Land and sky were especially gorgeous at the time I usually took my walk. Such are the climatic conditions that no region of the world can surpass the Philippines in sunsets. The whole sky is aflame with variegated, changing colors, and the atmosphere is permeated with a greenish, luminous beauty.

For other diversions there were visits, most of them on my back porch. We had many charming and hospitable Filipino friends, some of whom had degrees from the University of the Philippines and institutions in the United States. But most of the people around us were poor and ignorant, and the distance between the two classes is far greater than in our own country.

One visitor was snaggle-toothed old Mrs. Reyes, who made a living bringing me the fresh water shrimp that her husband, a superannuated laborer, caught in a trap in the river. The shrimp were always alive and extremely active when she brought them. Once Imogene had opened the woven pandanus bag that contained them and a look of

understanding overspread her face as she saw the squirming occupants. "Germs," she had said, "germs!"

Other women came to sell me eggs, which my servants tested in water. If they lay down flat, they were fresh. Some came selling bananas. For cooking there were long thick bananas about twenty inches long, one green variety, and one yellow, besides two species of ordinary size; and there were various kinds to be eaten raw. I have tried at least fifteen varieties but some of them I have seen only once.

One day I started a letter to my daughter by saying that I had eaten twenty-eight bananas for breakfast. At the end of the letter I wrote, "Are you still worrying about all those bananas? They are a tiny, dainty variety I never saw before. With the skin still on them they are smaller than my little finger."

Lame Maria came to visit me whenever the truck drivers gave her a ride to Pamplona barrio. I had first seen her sitting on the ground by the road, serene, dignified and smiling. But her only method of progress was to put her right hand forward on the ground and give a spring. Her left arm and both legs were paralyzed. Whether it was muddy or dusty she progressed in this way. I had sent her to the Silliman manual training shop to have a wheel chair made for her, but it could not make one she could propel. Then I placed an order for a wagon a child could pull, but the order was never filled. So Maria continued to drag herself around. I was warned not to give to her, as she was a gambler. "She has to have some fun in life," suggested the Gov'nor, so I continued to give her a little money, a new blouse or sarong, and refreshments for immediate consumption.

Women also brought their babies to me for medical advice. They could get that free from our plantation *practicante*, or

junior doctor, who had much more knowledge of medicine than I. But if, as often happened, it was a matter of diet, I could counsel them quite well, and, if necessary, furnish the diet, or part of it. Luck was no doubt largely responsible, but all my cases promptly got well.

Without trying I had, indeed, acquired something of a reputation. Once a woman who had sold me something was suffering from a toothache. As it happened, my dentist in Manila had sent me a local anesthetic for just such a need. I gave it to her, telling her that it would simply deaden the pain, not cure the toothache, and that she ought to have her bad tooth pulled. But, by a coincidence, the tooth stopped aching permanently while the anesthetic was still effective, and she could not be persuaded that I had not cured her! Then she wanted me to cure her child who had suffered from "a stomach ache for three months." Since I quickly succeeded in the case of the child, other women came with their babies.

One was a little bag of skin and bones because the mother had no milk and was giving the baby fresh *tuba*, or sap from the coconut palm. When given canned milk and fruit juice the child developed very properly. After she was old enough to live on food the family could afford, her mother made me a present of a halfgrown chicken. Pointing to her daughter she said, "This is your little girl. When she is bigger, I will give her to you, and she will stay with you always and go to America with you."

That had been several years before. Since then, every few months she would bring me a present and tell me that my little girl needed clothes, whereupon I would give her a little dress or some cotton material.

One of my amusements was to serve ice-cream to my back-door visitors and watch their amazement. Never in their lives had they felt anything colder than seventy degrees.

"Tugnao!" (cold) they would exclaim. Some of them did not like it, but most of them did.

Life on the plantation was pleasantly secluded, but we were by no means cut off from the world. Good magazines kept us well informed on current events. News came over the radio from Manila and London, although occasionally we listened to many far-scattered stations. It was my father's contention that we were separated from all cultural advantages. I felt that we were not. Indeed, I read in the *London Illustrated News* about the operas being given in Covent Garden!

Cut off from the world? It almost seemed to us we were the center of it! Once we had actually entertained here the Opium Committee of the League of Nations! That was soon after our marriage, when the League seemed a most important institution. We were summoned to meet Governor Early of Mountain Province on the Dumaguete dock one morning, and were surprised to find him coming in on the *Apo*, the governor general's yacht, conducting this committee around the islands.

"Would you like us to come out for luncheon?" he asked after presenting us.

I hurried home in a rented car with a block of ice—it was before the days of the kerosene burning refrigerator—slipped a canned ham into the oven, had a large table brought in and set for twelve, and met the arriving guests on the front verandah.

By making a blunder, I happened to start things off rather well. The last to arrive was a brunet whose name I had not caught on the pier.

"Had I known we were coming here where *you* are," he exclaimed, "I would have been the first to arrive!"



### OUR THATCHED HOME

*Among the palms an open square  
Filled with clean, sweet country air;  
A modest house of thatch and wood  
Where formerly dense jungle stood;  
Flowers and verdure, calm and peace  
Where quiet pleasures never cease;  
Freedom from all that's brusque and rude;  
Love, contentment, solitude.*



IMOGENE AND HER PLAYMATES



"Now I know you are an Italian!" I rejoined, "otherwise you could never say anything so nice!"

"Oh," he cried, "how terrible! All the years I was in the States I was afraid some one would think I was a dago, and no one ever did. And now you think I am!"

While he, a Czech, as it happened, mourned, the others laughed, and the party started off in a lively way. Governor Early told us, when they left, that it had been a great diversion, for everyone had gotten on everyone else's nerves during the trip.

There were also a Dane, a Belgian, an Englishman, and an American from New York City on the Committee. Several American and Filipino officers and officials accompanied them.

Of course the Gov'nor, old Yankee that he is, did have to joke about the Czech's kissing my hand when he made his farewells.

We went off the plantation very little. Once a week we went to town to do our errands. When they were accomplished my husband had a game of golf with Filipino friends while I taught my Spanish dancing class. Then I would join him and the other club members on the lawn in front of the thatched clubhouse for a cold drink while the sunset flamed above and around us.

Occasionally we attended a ball. Filipino parties have an atmosphere of great enjoyment. Some were given in the club, some in private homes. One of the finest we attended during the year was a ball given after the wedding ceremony of the daughter of one of the sugar planters. Of Spanish descent, she was the most beautiful bride I have ever seen, and her white gown and lace veil were rich and elegant. After the ceremony at the Catholic Church at Bais we went to the bride's home. The several hundred guests found tables

loaded with a profusion of rich food—pigs roasted over an open fire, turkeys, boned fowls stuffed with sausage, meat pastries, cakes. For me the dancing was far more important than the food and drink. Filipinos and I agree on this point. In a swirl of pink organza I did the cariñosa, a pretty flirtatious native dance, with the governor of the province. Several times I was the partner of the bride's uncle, whom I considered the best dancer in the province. When the Gov'nor and I danced together, we would, at intervals, execute some dizzy figure, then stop and bow to the side lines for applause.

It is true that we had missed our daughter's lively presence. She had been very happy on the plantation with her little playmates. She delighted the Filipinos. "She talks more like a Filipino than the Filipinos do," they said. Life was less amusing and less interesting without her.

But we knew she was well cared for, loved and happy, her homesickness for us having been of short duration. We had left her with the Gov'nor's nephew and his wife, both exceptionally charming and admirable people, who had three children of their own, all younger than Imogene. When they had invited her to stay with them it was too good an offer to refuse, although we had never thought of leaving her—indeed, I had thought I was not the kind of mother to go away and leave so young a child.

Before we left they said, "If anything should happen, don't worry about Imogene. If you should never return we would always think of her and treat her as one of our own children." In view of such an eventuality we had made out legal guardianship papers. But we considered this a mere formality. We fully expected to return as planned. Meanwhile I thought of the Chinese song whose two stanzas end:

Yet is spring far when spring is in my heart?  
Yet are you far when you are in my heart?

That is what I felt—that I possessed both her and my father in a real and satisfying manner in spite of the wide Pacific.

She wrote us airmail letters every week telling about the good times she was having with her cousins and the progress that she was making in school and with her music.

In November of 1941 I received a letter from her which said, "Grand Daddy has just visited me. He says your neighbor Japan is about to lose its temper, and then where will you be? I wonder. He says to tell you to come home. Do come! You are the only Christmas present I want. Bring Daddy with you. I know it is hard, but it is up to the end of the numbers times harder for me to sit here alone and worry about you! Please come, Mommie! But Grand Daddy says that he is afraid it is already too late." And below her signature she drew a picture of a submarine shooting a torpedo at a ship, while a whale and some fishes looked on. By this time, in spite of the feeling of uncertainty I had had on crossing the Pacific and in spite of additional warnings from our government, the ground had seemed tolerably stable under our feet. It was hard to believe in the possibility of war in a place so peaceful as Pamplona. I was sorry that Imogene had been worried, and I wrote a letter to reassure her, saying that Japan probably would not attack; but that, if it did, we had soldiers, planes and ships to defend the Philippines; in any case she was to pray for our safety and then, trusting God to protect us, stop worrying.

These were the thoughts—of simple daily life, of people we knew, of work we had planned, of scenes that had come to mean so much—the thoughts that shifted kaleidoscopically in my mind as I stood looking for that brief moment at my husband, hearing in my ears the echo of his words: "Darling, it's begun!"

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## Chapter 2

XX

IT WAS only two weeks after we received Imogene's letter begging us to return to America that we were faced with the fact of Pearl Harbor, the destruction of our planes in Luzon, landings to our north and to our south, airplanes in formation roaring over our heads, ships passing our defenseless province and sometimes stopping just offshore. Enemy planes! Enemy ships! There were rumors of a landing of parachute troops on our island. We could be taken any day, any hour. Filipino neighbors visited us, their faces working with the anxiety they felt for their families. Chinese storekeepers, looking seasick, waited patiently on customers while their shelves grew empty. Frightened people left their homes in the towns along the shore and took their large families into the malarial foothills. It was pitiful to see them passing through the plantation. No one knew what to do, and everyone was thinking of the rape of Nanking. Our good food seemed dry and hard to swallow; our nights were beset by unpleasant dreams. It seemed improper that the sunlight should be as bright as ever, that the green fronds embowered us as before. The physical Eden-like framework remained, but it was

paradise no longer. Paradise, I learned, was largely a frame of mind, and now our anxieties had wrecked it.

The first day of the war I packed two bags, a little concentrated food and a few essentials for each of us, something we could snatch up if we suddenly wanted to run. From time to time thereafter I packed and repacked other bags and boxes. The emergency air field at the edge of the plantation was a source of anxiety to us. Our enemy could land there and be upon us in five minutes, and, of course, they knew about the field. Indeed they knew more about the islands than the Americans did! A short time before the war a Japanese had come from Dumaguete to take pictures of a six-legged calf, but he had not neglected to take pictures of the landing field nor of the Pamplona barrio schoolhouse, on whose roof was a sign with an arrow pointing toward the field.

Another thing we worried about was the anxiety Imogene and my father must feel about us. We were almost more concerned about their worrying than we were about our own fate. And, indeed, I learned later that Imogene had cried all day after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

The Gov'nor, keeping his head amid our fright and excitement, did something very prosaic and practical that first day. He had a number of men and boys spend all their time feeding salt to selected cows and patting them to tame them. The province had depended upon canned milk, which it could no longer import. Soon we were supplying milk for ourselves, the laborers' babies, several families of evacuees who were in our locality, and the Mission Hospital, which had left Dumaguete and moved to a place two miles inland from us.

At Bais Sugar Central, ten miles north of us, were stationed a few Filipino soldiers, inexperienced young men who were

taking their five months' required training under an American captain.

Until a month or so before we had never had any American officers in our province, and a few days after the war started the captain was transferred to some other locality, and an American major was sent to be the ranking officer.

We went to see him. He had arrived only the night before and was serious and very tired, but hopeful.

"Tokyo's burning right now," he told us, mistakenly, of course.

"My men are not going to give up without a fight." He did not say, but we knew that his few hundred soldiers were poorly equipped and had very little ammunition.

"I figure," he continued, "that if we can hold out just forty days, there will be plenty of help for us from the States."

We spoke to him about the Pamplona airfield.

"I can't spare a single man from the coast. I'm going to put you in charge of that field," he told my husband. "We will leave it open so that our planes can use it, but be ready with men and materials to block it if Jap planes try to land."

At the moment the impracticability of this did not occur to us, but, even after it did, my husband prepared to follow instructions, placing carts along the edges of the airport and keeping a squad of villagers constantly at hand to move them into the field to serve as obstructions.

A few days later I saw the major and suggested that my husband and the villagers would be machine gunned before they could block the field. He then said to place obstructions on the field at once, and, if American planes came, they could fly around until it was cleared.

Sometime later the major and his men were transferred to Mindanao, and our province was left practically undefended. An American quartermaster captain became then the ranking

officer of the province. Poor fellow! Nervous and irritable, he was unpopular with everyone. He was in a climate and a country that he hated. He was in an almost hopeless situation and he was worried nearly to death. On one occasion he ordered an ambulance to hurry to a PT-boat that was wrecked south of Dumaguete. Through someone's blunder the ambulance was late in arriving, and a man died in consequence. In a thoughtless rage the captain kicked a young Filipino doctor, apparently thinking he was just a *muchacho*, or boy, whose carelessness had occasioned the delay. He later apologized, and the doctor professed to hold no grudge against him. Nevertheless, incidents of this type between the two races, usually, of course, without apologies, lowered the *esprit de corps* in some parts of the islands. Kicking should be reserved for members of one's own race!

We had various alarms. There were rumors of landings on our island by means of parachutes. Once, before the airfield was blocked, a telegraph operator sent word that forty enemy planes were headed in our direction, whereupon my husband, warning me to leave the house and hide under a bamboo clump, hurried to the field. One night we were awakened by the plantation foreman, who reported that a ship was approaching the shore some miles down the beach, and that the *presidente*, or mayor of Tanjay, who lived in Pamplona barrio, wanted to send some men down there. Would we lend a truck? The news was all the more terrible because we were startled from our sleep in the middle of the night to hear it. We were carefully observing the blackout regulations, so I took the black paper from around my silver sandals to cover the lights of the truck. By the time I had pasted it on we received word that the mysterious vessel had proved to be only an inter-island ship which, running without lights, had frightened the people living along the beach. I

still wonder what an unorganized group of Filipinos, unarmed except for bolos and a few odd pistols, rifles, and shot-guns, could have done had it been a Japanese ship.

Practically all inter-island ships were sunk with astonishing promptness. An exception was the tiny ferry, capable of conveying two automobiles, which plied from Tampí on our coast across Tañon Strait to the Island of Cebu. It continued its trips in spite of airplanes and submarines and served as a tiny link between the two islands. But with the exception of this contact it was amazing how quickly and completely we were cut off from the world—not only from the United States and foreign countries, but also from the other islands. After the war began we received not a single magazine, and only one much-belated Manila paper. Of course there were no more letters except from our own locality.

Although I had considered war a possibility, such was my ignorance of military affairs that I was astounded both at our isolation and the speed with which the Japanese were taking the islands around us. I had not realized they would inevitably be taken, until that fateful moment when the Gov'nor announced, "It's begun!" Then I had at once sensed our helplessness.

My hobbies were now forsaken as being irrelevant to the situation, and I could not concentrate. War was the most prosaic thing in the world; and its terrific impact drove all poetry, as well as all joy, out of life.

I read the Old Testament. So full of warfare, it seemed appropriate. I wrote a few articles for the local paper in an effort to bolster peoples' morale and to urge them to raise more food. Our province had always imported grain and canned goods, and now it could not do so. To set a good example I went out with my servant girls and made a Victory garden.



It was useless to make copra now that it could not be shipped. It had formerly been sold to the agent of Procter and Gamble in Dumaguete and sent to California. Some tons of it that were already made the Gov'nor sold to the sugar central, for making soap to supply the local war-time needs. The Spaniard who was managing the central, Mr. Barata, was a friend in whom we had great confidence. "Don't pay me now for this copra," my husband told him. "If we *should* be taken prisoner, we will no doubt be robbed of any money we have. But possibly you can get this money to us while we are prisoners, or use it to buy things for us."

Mr. Barata agreed to do this, provided he should still be in the province, but he had heard that the Japanese had removed the manager of the central belonging to the same Spanish company in Luzon. Although a neutral, Mr. Barata was harassed and worried, weighed down by the responsibilities of his position—and homesick.

The copra dryer was not long idle, however, for my husband experimented with salted slices of beef and found the resulting dried beef was excellent. It could be eaten without further preparation, toasted, or made into stew. He sold it to the people of the locality who were already accustomed to buying fresh beef from the plantation.

The army soon heard of what he was doing and got him to dry beef to be taken up by submarine to our forces in Bataan. Twelve to fifteen cattle a day were slaughtered for this purpose, and the copra dryer no longer smelled like coconut candy, but had an appetizing roast-beef odor.

Meanwhile the Japanese were occupying island after island, and as I thought the matter over I had a rather obvious pipedream.

The interior of Negros was an uninhabited, unchartered wilderness. A short time before the war my husband had

sent a young man on a tour of exploration to find land suitable for pasturing cattle. Far over the mountains to the southwest he had found a large, grassy valley, occupying a small part of which were ten friendly families, quite isolated from the world.

In my dream we would take some cattle and some of the people from the plantation and migrate to this happy valley, which we would turn into a Shangri-La. The cattle would carry our baggage on the trip and, arrived in the valley, some would be used for plowing, some would furnish milk, and some, occasionally, beef. The unspoiled inhabitants of the valley would help us build huts of thatch and bamboo and would sell us eggs, chickens, and bananas. We would lead a pleasant, pastoral life in that secluded spot until the war was over. The Japanese would not bother us, because there was no road to the valley, no trail, no defined path. I had read that in China the Japanese did not go off the roads and that even in Shantung there were free areas.

My husband, who was, of course, worried, and who was blaming himself for having brought me back to the Philippines, was much pleased by my dream. It was a plan to work on, something he could do.

"There's a fighting chance," he told me, intimating without saying so that he thought our chances of getting through alive were slight. He would send me, but he would stay at the plantation, for he could not desert his place and the greater part of the plantation people.

I argued that if he stayed, one of three things would happen: the Japanese would shoot him on sight, put him in a concentration camp, or compel him to run the plantation for their benefit. Furthermore, I would not go a step without him.

He was forced to agree and finally consented to go. For

the laborers and their families he would send food, and a little building material which could be supplemented from the forest, to a few points at the edge of the mountains near the plantation. These large families could not go so far as the proposed valley, but they could build themselves huts near the food depots he would build for them. If he made this provision, he felt he could accompany me to the Happy Valley.

However, when he examined my dream in the light of his greater experience, he found that many of the details were impracticable. The valley was unduly far from us, but a man could reach it from either Dumaguete or Tolong in one day's hard hiking. If he went there, people from these two towns—when they got hungry—would flee to us; and our food supplies would immediately be exhausted. It was doubtful whether cattle could be gotten over the intervening mountains at all, much less carry burdens for us. We would have to go to some point in the mountains nearer than the valley; and, since the mountains were jungle-covered and had no pasturage, we could not take cattle. We would remain in our home as long as possible, but we would keep packed up and ready to leave on short notice.

He immediately located a site, built a camp for us and sent to it many sacks of corn and rice, some cases of canned food, and dried beef sealed up in petroleum cans. A family from the plantation moved in to take care of the place for us.

This camp was reached by going inland up the road that led to the Arnaiz Lumber Mill, then four miles farther along a rough logging road from the end of which our camp could be reached by a twenty minutes' hike through the jungle.

This was to be our first camp. We would have a second in a far more inaccessible place, and maybe still a third. A hardy, self-reliant family of mountaineers had been found

living all alone in the center of the island and had agreed to help us.

It really seemed as if we could avoid capture if anyone could. We were glad that our home on the plantation was already five miles inland instead of on the beach, where the enemy might land at any time, and where their ships did sail by and sometimes—ominously—stop just offshore.

Frightened as we were, this plan helped to calm and stabilize us. Another thing also helped a great deal, and that was faith. For both of us religion was an integral part of our lives rather than just a war-time measure, and below our anxiety, intense though it was, was at least some of the peace that passeth understanding.

I was comforted, too, in thinking of something that had happened two years earlier. Letters had reached me from a Catholic sister I had known in Manila the year before my marriage, and from her mother superior in New York, informing me that I had been made an associate member of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic. If anyone should ask me how I, a married woman and a middle-of-the-road Protestant, was eligible for such an honor, I would be unable to reply. Enclosed in the letter of the Mother Superior was a certificate which stated that I would share in all the prayers and masses of the Maryknoll Order. Into my mind as I read, there came a verse of the Twenty-third Psalm: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Now I thought, "Can the prayers of my Protestant friends and relatives, including my daughter—for had I not taught her to pray?—and of all the radiant Maryknoll Sisters be in vain?" I believed that they would not, either for obtaining for us strength and guidance or for averting anything finally and overwhelmingly evil.

Through all crises daily life must go on. I experimented on roasting native coffee, which we had never before used. From carabao milk, which is extremely rich, I made cheese and butter, snow white, but good. The milk was from carabaos that soaked themselves in clear streams, not mudholes!

Our nearest American neighbors, Colonel and Mrs. Miller, who lived ten miles away on the next plantation, came to see us. She was from the deep South, and talked accordingly, consistently omitting *r's* and final *g's*. She was almost prostrated by fear, and there were tears in her eyes and voice when she talked to us. Her greatest immediate concern was to accumulate a stock of canned goods. She had always served and enjoyed an abundance of fine food and would grow lyrical when talking about special dishes. Consequently, she had not succeeded in reducing. Not too much overweight, however, she dressed well and had white hair with a beautiful natural wave in it. Now she told me how many cases of canned milk and corned beef they had been able to buy, and how they were making salt pork and bacon. My husband and the Colonel, after discussing our general situation, talked about various ways of preparing native tobacco, now that they could not buy any more American cigarettes.

Mrs. Miller wanted to move farther inland, but her husband insisted they were going to stay at the plantation.

"Supposing the Japs land at Dumaguete," he said, ignoring the possibility of landings much nearer and speaking with the authority of a military man, "it'll be at least a week before they get to our place, more likely a month."

We wanted them to join us in our camp when the time came, but the colonel would not consider it. He must keep in touch with Polo Plantation, he said; so he built a camp for themselves in the hills above it.

During the first month of the war we continued to drive

once a week, as we had before, along the palm-shaded road on the beach to our provincial capital.

One day while we were there a Japanese cruiser passed. It could have raked us with artillery fire or stopped and taken the province. Although I realized while I was looking at it that I might be living my last moment, I was not really frightened. For one thing a quick, clean death was not at all the worst we had to fear; although, of course, mutilation was a dreadful possibility. For another, if the cruiser did shell the town, most of the people in it would not be injured, and I have such a large share of American optimism that in such a case I quite expected to escape! And third, for an imaginative person dangers seen are frequently less terrifying than those imagined. I confess to having been frightened by dreams and forebodings, but the cruiser passing by at a distance of one or two miles seemed far away. Now, if it had turned toward the town—

As I have said, most of the Americans of the province belonged to the staff of Silliman University, located in Dumaguete. Most of them left town at once and went to camps in the mountains where they were accustomed to spend the hot season. The others were in a state of constant alarm, as Japanese ships had the sinister habit of stopping just off-shore in a threatening way for a few hours or a day or so, then sailing away.

We were concerned about the faculty members still in Dumaguete, for they had nowhere to go nor any good plans for this emergency. We talked it over and decided to invite them to come out and stay with us for the duration of the war or until we fled to the mountains, in which case they would accompany us. Two of them, Bessie Bridges and Elizabeth Jones, had come from Japan only a few months before to escape the impending war. They were both short

and plump and about thirty years old. Elizabeth was a very creditable brunette, while Bessie was a blonde with a beautiful complexion and wavy hair. She sang well. That was all we knew about them at the time. Another, Marian Bruce, was a large, robust, jolly, generous woman of about the same age who taught German and physical training. The fourth, Adele Masters, was a thin, middle-aged woman who had taught for many years in Silliman. She was inclined to be fragile and could not eat eggs and milk and this and that. But she was interesting and charitable, could get along with almost anyone, and we had always liked and admired her. Besides these single women there was a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, who were expecting a baby.

These six we would invite. There was another American woman in Dumaguete, a spinster named Mahitabel Smithers. Being a capable and industrious person she had built up a successful business in Philippine embroideries which she exported to the United States, and she spoke in a very positive and uncompromising manner. She was nervous, pessimistic, and noticeably lacking in any joy of living. Her headquarters were in Manila, but she happened to be in our province when the war started.

"We had better not invite her," I told my husband, "because she would get on your nerves just terribly." He considered carefully and finally agreed with me.

What, then, was my surprise, when the first two guests to arrive were Adele Masters and Mahitabel Smithers! But suddenly I saw the latter not as an old maid who would get on our nerves—why should we indulge in the luxury of nerves in time of war!—but as a poor, frightened woman who needed whatever shelter and protection we could give her. I immediately felt sorry for her, and welcomed her with a hug as heartily as if I had sent her a dozen invitations. Adele

soon got me aside and told me that she had let Mahitabel think that our invitation included her. She has never been enlightened on that point.

By January 8, 1942, all of our seven guests had arrived. We gave the young married couple the old guestroom next to our own bedroom. The five single women occupied the new guestroom down in the silong and another room we made there simply by fastening up palm fronds to form walls.

We had other uninvited guests that the women brought with them: four white cats and five canaries.

Although we missed our former solitude, it was really rather jolly having these folk with us. Mahitabel really did not get on our nerves too badly. True, she was pessimistic while the others were optimistic, and she would contradict them so flatly and rudely that the Gov'nor finally reproved her, kindly and privately, after which she moderated her manner. Again, she and Elizabeth sent back their poached eggs to be recooked, as they *knew* that eggs cooked less than forty minutes were indigestible. When they continued to do this, I simply did not have any eggs served to them for a while, for, as it was, my servants were having their problems with the suddenly enlarged family. This punishment was not very dire or conspicuous, however. Elizabeth needed an extra ration of liver, so I had liver, but no eggs served to them for a few days. On the other hand, Adele, who for years had been unable to take anything containing eggs or milk, was beginning to find that she could take both.

All the guests seemed to enjoy the food, and all gained weight. Mahitabel would salt her soup twice, pepper it vigorously, lean over toward me and say confidentially and approvingly, "Good soup!"

Elizabeth, something of a spoiled child, would eat only the white meat of chicken. Yet she did not know which pieces



were white, and asked the assistance of whoever sat next her in picking them out! As we found out later, however, she always showed up well in moments that were blackest.

Indeed, the only one of our party whose courage failed her was Mahitabel. She spent the nights moaning and groaning. Often she complained that a year of her life was being wasted. Her work was not going on, and all her notes in Manila—to say nothing of her objects of art—would be destroyed. She and Mrs. Miller had much in common both in their fear and in the bitterness of their hatred for the Japanese—*all* Japanese.

Mrs. Miller told us once of some Japanese in Borneo who had been forced into a burning oil tank. "Good place foh'em, I say," she exclaimed, chuckling with gusto.

Our guests protested against our employing additional servants. They did their own laundering, and helped me keep the house clean. Some work was good for us all—especially since we lived continually under a horrible uncertainty. The servants concentrated on preparing and serving the meals.

I had to find a new cook. Unlike most Visayans, Jovita, my cook, was not gifted with docility. She had never smiled easily. My servants were accustomed to houseguests and dinner parties, but seven houseguests at once who stayed indefinitely and sent back the eggs for recooking—that was something new in their experience. Anita and Francisca took the situation with good humor. They had regarded our home before as an important institution, and now it grew in importance for them—and their stature increased accordingly. Besides, the war was a strange, frightening thing. It would be best to stay close to us, for we would know what to expect, what to do. However, Jovita, with her willful, independent disposition, chose a different course and left us.

To find another cook was easy, although there was practically no one in the locality who knew anything about American cooking. I simply went out to one of the little villages on the plantation and offered the job to Jovita's older sister, who had worked for me before her marriage. She had one baby and was expecting another, but she gladly left the former with her mother-in-law and came back for two months. During that time she trained Primitiva, the daughter of our foreman, Pedro Piñero, as cook. Like her father she was responsive and loyal. If she had his temper, which occasionally flared up in his dealing with the laborers, I never discovered it. She was both the best educated and most intelligent servant I ever had there. Indeed, she was a lovely girl, and my change was definitely for the better.

Mahitabel industriously swept the house every day. It was easy to forgive her the egg episode because she was so grateful. Often she fairly wept on my shoulder with gratitude. She was grateful not only for a share in our home and plans, but also for the diet we furnished her. She was an expert on vitamins, minerals, proteins, and fats, and she highly approved of our table and of the milk and fruit juice I passed around between meals.

For a while she supervised the making of bandages in a Red Cross Center which had just been opened in Tanjay. Then I would save her share of the ice-cream that we always had at luncheon and take it down to her when she came home in the middle of the afternoon, hot and tired from riding her bicycle.

But, although she did not get seriously on our nerves, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard did. They often woke us up in the night. During siesta time—a sacred time for all who have lived for many years in the tropical East—they disturbed us by reading aloud, talking, walking around and going in and out. Sounds

go without let or hindrance from one part of a Philippine house to another, since ventilation is so essential. Naturally we did not like to have our midnight slumbers interrupted; and, since we were accustomed to our afternoon nap and were up at five in the morning, we resented their disregard of our siesta. Hints were lost upon them. Finally the Gov'nor told the young man that they should either be more considerate, or move into our plantation community house or into a small house near the Mission Hospital. They chose to move into the house by the hospital.

Meanwhile, although the single women were not bothering us, they had some complaints among themselves. Mahitabel and Elizabeth hinted darkly that we did not know all that was going on downstairs. Elizabeth especially found the atmosphere in their quarters so uncongenial that she walked up to the hospital almost every day and spent several hours there.

Once, for a change, she went to stay with a family camping on a mountain above Dumaguete. The night after her arrival there a PT boat attacked and sank a Japanese cruiser just offshore from the town—a conflict described in *They Were Expendable*. The noise of that battle reached her clearly on the mountain, and she hurried back to us the next day.

Adele and Marian were having a wonderful time. The one frail, the other twenty years younger, extremely robust, and full of fun and vigor, they were very chummy. Secure in their friendship for each other and in the knowledge that they stood high in their hosts' regard, they did not care what Mahitabel and Elizabeth thought.

Bessie had not impressed us much at first. Her interests were more practical than intellectual, and she would interrupt our reading with irrelevant remarks. We thought she might have pulled herself together a little more both physically and

mentally. Perhaps this relaxation helped her to get along with others, however, as she never fell out with anyone. And she improved constantly on acquaintance, for no one else was so clever at foreseeing other people's needs and so kind and thoughtful in providing for them.

Whatever Marian's faults might be, my husband and I had not discovered them. She was witty, industrious, and capable. She bought percale and made clothes for ragged children. With the help of Adele, Bessie, and sometimes Elizabeth, she made and watered a garden. They also opened a daily vacation Bible school in the community house and then—since schools were all closed—branched out into the three R's.

What friction there was in our household was confined to the silong. Upstairs we all lived in local peace. Of course our general situation kept us constantly alarmed, now more, now less. At the same time that we congratulated ourselves on being in an area still free, we were faced constantly with the prospect of invasion.

Late each Sunday afternoon we had a service in our home for ourselves and others in the locality who cared to come. Our missionary guests took turns leading the services. Elizabeth was best at this. She was intelligent and spiritual. Adele was good. Bessie, better at more practical matters, reviewed a book without emphasis. Marian would not lead. She had grown up a Lutheran and argued that women should not be heard in church and besides, preaching was a priestly function, and she and her companions were not ordained for it.

At night the electric fan made the blackout tolerable. We curtained the windows, turned on the lights and fan; and some of us read, while others engaged in a friendly game of bridge.

Occasionally on Sunday we would all ride on a truck the ten miles to dine with Colonel and Mrs. Miller. Our fellow provincianos would laugh to see us riding in our rugged conveyance, and we would laugh and wave at them, while Marian would take a basket stool, lower it over herself, and glare out at the passers-by like a wild animal in a cage.

More often the Colonel and his lady had dinner with us. A few other guests usually dropped in, the Stoddards, the Scotch nurse from the hospital, or Filipino friends, so there would be fifteen or sixteen of us, and we would serve the meal buffet style on the front porch.

On one such occasion the Millers brought with them three young Americans who had escaped from a ship the Japanese sank off the coast of Mindoro. They had hiked over Mindoro, Cebu, and much of Negros, greatly helped by the Filipinos they encountered along the way. They spent some days with Colonel and Mrs. Miller, and then, with two or three other American servicemen, sailed from the southern tip of our island in a small sailboat for Australia. It was a perilous undertaking, but we heard later that they reached their destination safely.

Once when we returned home after having Sunday dinner at the colonel's, we were surprised to find two cars by the house. Then we saw two strange girls lying on a blanket spread on the lawn in the shade cast by the house. They were both asleep, so we went up the stairs. On the verandah a plump Filipino was asleep on a divan. Another was in an easy chair with his head thrown back and his mouth open.

Just then the mayor of Tanjay came out onto the verandah.

"It's the Quezon family and their party!" he said to us in a low tone of voice so as not to awaken the sleepers. "They escaped from Corregidor on a submarine! I brought them

here to take a siesta. Quezon is in there," pointing to our room.

"They may be hungry," he continued. "My family are all at the camp, and I don't have anything in the house."

At once I sent for my servants, who were not far away in their respective homes, and we soon had a supper prepared, which we served on the verandah to the Quezon family, the politicians who accompanied them, and our houseguests.

Quezon was very nervous. He drank one glass of ice-water after another and smoked incessantly.

Mrs. Quezon talked as incessantly as her husband smoked, telling of how they lived in a tunnel on Corregidor and escaped by submarine; of how Filipino soldiers on Bataan were so heartbroken when they heard of her husband's illness that they were ready to give up, but when Quezon got up from his sick-bed and showed himself to the soldiers they were inspired to continue fighting valorously; of how, when she visited the hospitals, the dying soldiers thought they were going straight to heaven if she but touched them.

The Quezon party were obviously hungry and most of the food we had prepared speedily vanished. As soon as the meal was over, they thanked us and left. They said nothing about their plans, but we heard later that they had left our island on a PT boat for Mindanao; and, as everyone now knows, they flew from Mindanao to Australia.

Before he left the province Quezon ordered that sugar land be plowed up and planted in corn. The province had always imported rice and corn, so this was a wise move. In our province all the poorer people used corn instead of rice as their main food. They ground it coarsely and tossed it in a flat basket to shake off the chaff. It was then called *corn-rice*, and was cooked and eaten like rice.

Quezon had also authorized the issuance in Cebu and Iloilo

of "emergency money," as currency was scarce in the southern islands. These emergency bills soon reached us and were used freely. Nevertheless, although they will no doubt be redeemed, people had less confidence in them than they had in "old money." During the early part of the Japanese occupation of our island speculators were buying them up for thirty centavos a peso.

Some time before Quezon's visit my guests, one at a time, had taken me aside saying, "Mrs. Bryant, I want to talk to you." Each time I thought, "Gracious, what *have* I done now!" Then each one proposed paying board and insisted on doing so. Ordinarily we would not have been interested in taking boarders even at a fat, round figure. This was an emergency, and money seemed the most unimportant thing in the world; but, to make them feel better, we agreed to accept 25 pesos, or \$12.50 a month from each. Marian and Adele had brought a number of cases of canned food with them, but refused to take any rebate.

We no longer took our weekly trips to Dumaguete. We were afraid that if we went that far, the Japanese might make a landing between us and our home. When my husband had found it necessary to go there alone in January, twelve Japanese planes had zoomed around very low over the town for half an hour. They dropped no bombs, but terrified everyone.

We still went to Bais Central occasionally to get change—which was scarce—buy up what coffee, margarine, corned beef, and yard goods we could, and pass the time of day with our Spanish friends.

Once, when we returned, the houseguests met me with long faces saying they had bad news for me.

"Go ahead," I said. "What's broken?"

"It's worse than that," they replied. "Our canaries have killed yours!"

My canary was a pretty little bird who sang a great deal, but its loss seemed a very small thing under the circumstances.

As for the four white cats, I fear I was inhospitable to them. It seemed they could not eat the food on which my hardy, short-tailed native cat thrived. They needed milk and canned fish, which I did not feel interested in supplying at a time when human beings needed it badly, so they were soon sent back to Dumaguete.

After the Stoddards left us, a Mrs. Maughan with her five-year-old son, from another island, joined us. She was careful not to disturb our siestas, taking her little boy away from the house and playing with him or reading to him during the early part of the afternoon. She was a slender, fragile-seeming woman, well-educated and intelligent. She must have come from a wealthy family, as she mentioned her mother's tablecloth which was sixteen yards long and indicated that, as a girl, she had always carried a well-filled purse.

Her husband was now a civilian employee of the army and his headquarters were located in Dumaguete. He spent most of his time in a big car and consumed great quantities of irreplaceable gasoline, having his chauffeur drive him about the province at a furious rate of speed. He often had luncheon with us or stayed overnight, but sometimes he would come out twice in one day, and dash back to town after only five minutes, without accomplishing anything more than exchanging a few words with his wife. He never remembered to bring us anything from town. One of his duties was to have the dried beef we were making in the copra dryer taken from the plantation to the ferry for Cebu, from which place it was conveyed by submarine to Bataan. He always seemed to get the beef to the ferry landing just after the ferry left. And



since he could not lower himself enough to ride on the truck with the meat, the truck driver disposed of part of it by selling or giving it to his friends.

Mrs. Maughan was loud in her indignation against the truck driver.

"It is no worse to steal beef than it is to steal raincoats," remarked Marian dryly.

Mrs. Maughan flushed. While salvaging for the army, her husband—thinking U. S. goods were for the benefit of Americans—had taken two raincoats, which he said were worth twenty-five dollars each, from a PT boat that was on the rocks south of Dumaguete.

After staying with us a few weeks, Mrs. Maughan and her son moved into a camp in the mountains near Dumaguete.

When our island was invaded Mr. Maughan went to the interior of Mindanao. There he joined a band of guerillas operating under Colonel Fertig and was killed while fighting very courageously.

The people of the province alternated between fear and optimism. Now they would all scurry to the mountains, taking what belongings they could with them. A few days later they would return to their homes and predict that the Japanese would never invade their island.

One day we all loaded ourselves onto a truck and attended the wedding of one of the Filipina nurses. The ceremony took place in a tent on the front lawn of the hospital. A good dinner was served afterward, to which I contributed the wedding cake with diminutive bride and groom on top. It was during one of the periods of optimism. Indeed, I was considered a pessimist for saying that we would be very fortunate if the war with Japan lasted no longer than a year.

One American guest, for example, had just been to Cebu, and he had great things to report: submarines were coming

in there bringing supplies, and airplanes had been sent from Bataan to Cebu, because there were actually more in the former place than were needed! One mestizo suggested that, if such were the case and since this was such an agreeable gathering, we have another such feast every week.

It was mid-afternoon when we reached the plantation. What a change in mood! Pouring through it from the town out into the hills came the refugees. Our bubble of optimism was broken again—ships were offshore, and people thought the turn of our province had come.

It was pitiful—these poor folk having to leave their homes and take their families out into the wilds. Sometimes their houses were robbed while they were gone, and many developed malaria in the hills at a time when medical supplies were cut off.

In general throughout the Philippines malaria is not found along the coast nor in the mountains, but in the foothill district between the two. Pamplona was in this malarial zone. But the type of anopheles mosquito which carries most of the malaria in the Philippines flies only in the middle of the night, and we had succeeded in escaping the disease by living in a screened house and sleeping under mosquito nets.

We now experienced a reversal of our former living conditions, for, whereas we had lived inland in relation to most of our fellow provincianos, the center of population now swung out to and even beyond us; and people often dropped in for a chat and a cold drink. They valued the latter all the more for the lack of refrigeration in their new homes and camps.

The fact that we stayed in our home as long as possible may have had a slight stabilizing effect, and may have encouraged a few to avoid premature evacuations. At least our good old schoolmaster, who had nursed the barrio school from a little

one-room shack to a modern four-room building of which he was principal, said to me, "I told them to stay at home. I told them that of course you and Governor Bryant would know if it was dangerous, and you would not stay here if it were." I felt the pathos of his trust in us. We knew as little as any of them what to expect, and we were just as helpless as they. Aside from being completely helpless, we felt completely isolated. We had supposed that all chance to communicate with the United States had passed when Manila fell. I had sent a cablegram such a short time before its fall that I feared it had not gone through.

One day, however, we were surprised to receive a radiogram. It was merely a message from friends in California to wish us well, but it meant a great deal to us, for it showed that we were not entirely cut off yet from those we loved on the other side of the Pacific. We immediately sent word from Bais Central *via* Cebu not to worry, that we had excellent plans for all eventualities. I knew our relatives were sufficiently familiar with our island to guess what the plans might be. After that we sent and received messages until the fall of Cebu in April.

These first few months of the war were acutely uncomfortable mentally. We were pitying the people of Manila and other conquered territory; but the sword of Damocles dangled constantly over us, upheld by a mere cobweb. When it would fall, how deeply it would cut, we had no idea.

The news that came to us over the radio was ghastly; it told of the fall of Hongkong, Manila, Zamboanga, Batavia, Rangoon, Singapore, Bataan, Cebu, Iloilo, Corregidor. They fell on our hearts.

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## Chapter 3

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XX

ONE MAY MORNING the Gov'nor and I rode through the flaming glory of a tropic dawn to Tanjay, now an empty town, as almost everyone had fled to the mountains. In spite of the lush vegetation in which it was set, it had a bleak appearance. The windows, ordinarily all wide open, were closed; the streets were deserted; the shops, except for one Chinese store, were boarded up. The shelves of this store were bare, but the owner had a little flour left; and, if we came early enough, we could buy bread.

Here we met Colonel and Mrs. Miller, looking pale. Mrs. Miller's white hair waved as beautifully as ever, but she had on no make-up, and her face twitched.

"Come outside," she whispered.

We went into the center of the empty street.

"Corregido'," she said, choking, "it's fallen!" Tears rolled down her cheeks.

"General Wainright has surrendered all the Philippines," added her husband grimly. "Had to do it to keep his men in Corregidor from being slaughtered. All our forces still free are ordered to turn themselves in. I reckon most of

them don't have enough ammunition to put up a fight anyhow."

"The Japs put out a proclamation that emergency money's not to be used any mo'," lamented Mrs. Miller. "Our emergency money's no good at all!"

"*Money*," I thought, "at a time like this! What is money! The world is ruined, ruined! Or, if it is redeemed—at what a price: broken hearts, broken homes, lives broken and lost, hundreds of thousands of our best young men who should be the fathers of our next generation and the backbone of our democracy irrevocably lost! And our own fate—"

The evil days had come; the sun was darkened; the pitcher was broken at the fountain.

"Oh, look!" cried Mrs. Miller glancing around nervously. "Ain't that man a Jap?"

We turned to look at the man in civilian clothes who had appeared in the silent, empty street. He *did* look Japanese. I do not know whether he was.

Already the Japanese had completely and closely surrounded our island. In April they had overrun Cebu just a few miles east of us across Tañon Strait and Panay to the northwest of us. Still earlier they had taken Zamboanga and the Sulu Archipelago to our south and Masbate to our north. Their ships had repeatedly passed through Tañon Strait between Cebu and Oriental Negros, and from these ships they had even sent men ashore in our province once or twice to inquire about some very high-ranking person among them who was missing, the victim of an airplane accident. Leaflets were dropped to this effect, and fishermen were hailed and told about it. Rumor had it that the missing person was a prince of the imperial family.

The Japanese were negotiating for the surrender of our island, and as envoys they sent four Filipinos from Cebu, one

of them a son of Osmeña. They were killed by Filipino soldiers in Occidental Negros, the western of the two provinces on the island. According to what we heard, the Japanese lacked shipping, and were collecting small boats in Cebu to cross over to our province.

Our last lingering hopes that we would be spared invasion were now gone, and we decided that the time had come for us to leave home and go to our first camp. Moreover, the day that Corregidor fell my husband made a verbal contract with two young men from the Torres family, the family of mountaineers whom our explorer had found living alone in the center of the island, to build us a second camp near the Magalabi River, far in the interior of Negros.

Now we did our final packing. We had already sent our trunks to an isolated place belonging to our *practicante*. As there was no road leading to it, the trunks were taken the last part of the journey on sleds drawn by carabao. In them I had packed our "States clothes," woolen, silk, and rayon things for which we never had any use in the islands, our evening clothes, my husband's white duck coats and trousers which he used so seldom, the beautiful Irish table linen that friends and relatives had given us, and the crocheted tablecloth on which our niece had worked for a year. Two new day-time chiffon dresses, just arrived from America, were also put in as unsuitable for use in the mountains. Most of our correspondence and papers we burned, but I put in my trunk a few treasured letters from my father and my child. I also included my music, my castanets, and my gay flounced Spanish costume. Even if I should feel like dancing, which was unlikely, camp floors could not withstand the stamping of Spanish dances. The trunks of our guests went with our own.

My nail enamel—Revlon, Windsor—and other such friv-

olous nicknacks I put in a box and gave to our cook, Primitiva. She never had used such things, but she might like to.

Accounts, contracts, records, data for a doctor's thesis gathered by a friend whom the war overtook on another island, went into two metal drums, which we buried at Camp One. I hope that the dampness has not found its way into these containers, but it probably has.

In our suitcases I packed my husband's shorts, sport shirts, socks, and shoes, and my cotton dresses. Food, dishes, pans, medical supplies, soap, and bottles for water went into boxes and baskets. Earthenware stoves, oven, and water jar were ready to be loaded into the trucks, and tarpaulins and oil-cloth were at hand to wrap around our bedding.

We made the break the morning of May thirteenth. One who has not gone through this experience cannot fully imagine how harrowing it was, to leave the home where we had spent all our married life, knowing that, quite probably, it would be looted and burned; to leave our friends and servants and the plantation people, not knowing what might befall us all before we met again, or whether, indeed, we should ever do so; and to go out into a rough, dangerous, unknown future.

Compared to this a funeral might be considered a joyous occasion, for it merely marks the natural earthly end of an individual. This was the unnatural, violent end of an era. Our guests had experienced what we were now feeling when they had abandoned their own homes. To them, this was but another, more uncomfortable move, not the wrenching split we were feeling.

We packed our impedimenta in the two trucks and were ready to leave. The servants, weeping, kissed my hands. I hugged these faithful ones, unable to hold back my own tears.

"Go in and loot the house! Take everything you like that

you can carry with you," I told them, knowing that they, too, would go to the mountains, but with their own families, not with us.

Our caravan was ready—a Chevrolet, an old Ford, and two trucks. But scarcely had we started when I remembered my broom.

"Stop!" I cried. "My broom! I've forgotten my American broom!"

I ran back to the house, where the servants were carrying out my wedding presents—things of great value in terms of their economic position. But they were still weeping.

The next day Primitiva wrote me a letter in which she said, "After you left yesterday, we talked things over. And when you come back, we are going to bring you all the things we took from the house."

As we rode through the palm trees and along the Tanjay River, roughly dressed and sorrowfully leaving our home, perhaps forever, I began to think of a very different trip. I thought of the time when, in a light green silk dress with grains of rice dropping from my big flower-trimmed pink hat, I had first arrived at that home. It was only a few days after our marriage in Manila, and we were met on the Dumaguete pier by a rice-throwing crowd who took us to a breakfast at one of the Silliman residences. In the shiny big car of an American couple who then lived at the central, we had come home over the coral road along the beach with our own less luxurious car bumping along behind.

Shortly before we reached Pamplona barrio an unusual ceremony, which was as great a surprise to the Gov'nor as to me, took place. We were met by all the men and boys of the plantation, who stopped us and shot off fire-crackers. Then the men attached a rope to the shiny limousine and began to *pull*. Half a dozen horsemen rode ahead of the line





THE AUTHOR IN MANOBO COSTUME



WILLIAM CHENEY BRYANT,  
"THE "GOV'NOR"

of men who were pulling us, and behind our state carriage came our own battered car, while all the boys brought up the rear. It was almost as if some baron were carrying me off to his castle with medieval pomp. At the entrance to the plantation, and at the gate which admitted us into our square of lawn, were triumphal arches made of palm fronds, and on each were the words, "Welcome home." Assembled on the lawn were all the women and children of the plantation. As I stepped from the car one girl, dressed in her best, handed me a bouquet, while another strewn flowers in the pathway.

I realized that this unusual reception—I have never heard of another like it—was not for me, a stranger. Rather it was an expression of the laborers' feeling for my husband, and it made me very happy. It was barely three months before that I had met him, and during most of that time he had been in Negros and I in Manila. But the laborers had known him for years.

This was, indeed, a far different trip. But how good had been the years between! There was a satisfaction in that. And a great satisfaction in the thought that the fruit of our love was safe and would never lack for the best of care and training.

How resilient is the human soul! Having struck bottom, it bounces. Also, no matter how sad the journey is in prospect, it always seems better after it is started.

It was a bright sunny day in the hot, dry season. The palm trees and then the forest were verdant around us. Life in the greenwood would have its charms, and on this island would be free from winter and rough weather.

Our caravan climbed past the Mission Hospital, and past the Arnaiz Lumber Mill, where we spent a few minutes talking to Mr. and Mrs. Arnaiz. They were Spanish mestizos, and had decided that he would stay at the mill to try to save

his property, but that his wife and children would camp out in the forest in a tent—perhaps, they hoped, for only a few days—at the time the Japanese entered the province.

On leaving them we bumped up the logging road to its end and then hiked to our camp Number One built near a stream called the Magsusunod, while eighteen plantation laborers carried up our luggage and housekeeping equipment.

The camp was a long, one-roomed structure, its floor made of large slabs of bark, its thick roof of palm fronds. There were no walls, but the overhanging roof came down almost as low as the floor on two sides. One end of the camp was full of sacks of corn and rice and cases of food piled high.

The family who had lived in the camp and guarded it for us were just moving into a new shack of their own nearby.

I seized my precious American broom and swept the bark floor with great vigor. It was good to have something to do, it was good to have a real American broom with which one could give a strong, effective stroke. It was suggestive of the American way, and comforting.

Our houseguests scrubbed, and by the time the place was absolutely and unquestionably clean it was time for luncheon, and we were hungry. We prepared to eat standing around the table. Just as we were about to start a man arrived with water buffalo milk for us. We brought the rich milk to a boil and had some of it with our luncheon.

Three water buffalo had been taken to a place above the sawmill. As long as we were at Camp Magsusunod, milk was brought up to us every day. The Nellore milch cows had been distributed—one to one family, one to another, a herd to the Mission Hospital, and a herd for our foreman, Pedro Piñero, to use for his own family and the other plantation people.

During the afternoon we unpacked. We unrolled our

mattresses and spread them on the bark floor. Those of our guests were placed next to the sacks of corn and rice and cases of food at the back of the house, which part of the camp we now christened *the harem*. It was divided by a curtain from the front room, in which we placed our mattress and the table. Basket stools, now unpacked, were turned over and placed around the table.

Our cooking was done outdoors in front of the camp on small native earthenware stoves. These stoves are somewhat similar to flower pots, and one is required for each item being cooked. Since pots and pans are directly above the fire, they immediately acquire a thick, black coating of soot. The smoke escapes freely, and a considerable amount of it gets in the eyes of the one who is cooking.

However, we made out a schedule whereby we six women took turns at cooking and dishwashing, so the work was not burdensome for anyone. There was, at this season, no rain to interfere with our cooking, but at noon it was hot work cooking out in the sun.

We were in a small clearing where the trees had been felled, but not removed. Their huge, barkless, bleaching trunks lay like corpses where they had fallen. In between them the family from the plantation were preparing to plant corn.

Tall trees still standing around the clearing were afire, as some evacuee was destroying a bit of forest to make a small field. At night they were a beautiful sight—swarms of golden sparks flying upward, cascades of golden sparks falling down. Occasionally we heard a crash and felt a heavy thud as some forest giant, partially consumed, toppled over and broke itself falling space in the jungle.

It was, of course, a dangerous situation for us. The camp was of very inflammable material, and a tree falling in our

direction or a wind-borne spark could have easily set it afire, but we were spared.

The day after our arrival the eighteen laborers began carrying our supplies up to Camp Number Two, which was then being constructed near the Magalabi River. This was work to which the men were unaccustomed, so we made the packs light, about thirty-five pounds each. The laborers made a round trip every day and spent the night in a hut in our clearing. We had a great deal of corn and rice taken up, thinking that we might be cut off in the wilderness for many months.

A few days after our arrival in Magsusunod, the Gov'nor and I made a trip back to the plantation, stopping at the lumber mill to hear the news from Mr. and Mrs. Arnaiz. Their radio was turned on when we arrived, and popular music wafted from it sent out by a station in Manila. How incongruous that those carefree melodies should be coming from the occupied city! "It's opium!" I thought, "emotional opium for the enslaved people." Then the music stopped, and an announcement was made about the rationing of rice. Already hunger was settling down on the formerly happy islands.

Mr. Arnaiz told us that the Japanese had entered Occidental Negros, but had not yet come into our province. They were even being driven back by our forces. This last was not true, as we found out later, for there was no fighting in either province when the Japanese entered.

Thus emboldened, however, we ventured on past the plantation to Tanjay, thinking we would make a last visit to Colonel and Mrs. Miller. But in Tanjay we were told that they had gone to their camp, so we returned to the plantation.

There we found Pedro and a few others selling fresh beef,

of which we laid in a supply to take back to camp. The families of these men were already in the mountains.

Then we went to the house, where, in the silong, we found the canaries still in their big cage. Its doors were open, and they flew in and out. Pedro kept seed and water available, and so far only one bird had disappeared.

We went upstairs and found bananas and bottles of boiled water that Pedro had sent there for us. When I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, he replied in a phrase very meaningful in the Orient, "You are just the same as my mother."

We burned a few last papers and left our home, never to see it again.

Life moved on at Magsusunod. We bathed and washed our clothes in the clear waters of the stream. Sometimes in the evening we had a short bridge game by lantern light. Adele snagged her shin, and an infection developed that crippled her temporarily. She also had her hair bobbed for the first time. Marian did the shearing, and had a hard time at it, as Adele considered it an emotional crisis and was critical of the results. Marian achieved a chocolate cake with frosting, in spite of our primitive equipment. We had no bread but ate corn and rice instead. As Pedro sent fresh fruit and vegetables, we did not have to open many cans; and, as we had several large paper cement sacks full of dried beef, which we used for ourselves and the laborers, we did not have to use any of the meat in the twelve five-gallon air-tight cans.

I wrote a letter to my daughter, sealed it in a jar with my rings and trinkets, and buried it with similar jars prepared by our guests. Writing the letter was hard emotionally; and when Elizabeth noticed my difficulty, she insisted on taking my turn at cooking that day. When Pedro came to visit us, we showed him the site of the buried possessions and told

him to dig them up after the war in case we did not come through.

We were, so far as the circumstances permitted, tolerably happy; but I did not feel inspired to tune up my ukelele, which I had personally carried this far, but which I took no farther.

At first we felt comparatively safe in our camp. Then, one night about two o'clock, we were awakened by someone calling. It proved to be a man with a torch who had brought us a letter from Mrs. Miller saying that the Japanese had dropped leaflets on Dumaguete telling the Filipinos to take all Americans and hand them over to the Imperial Japanese Army!

This was a most depressing blow to us. If the Japanese laid down as a condition of the surrender of the province that we were to be turned over to them, how could we escape? The Japanese would mistreat the Filipinos until we were caught. A few days later we heard that the leaflet had been worded somewhat differently and that it had really said, "If you see any Americans or British, turn them over to the Imperial Japanese forces." We knew we could trust the Filipinos *not* to see us. But, after the midnight arrival of Mrs. Miller's letter, Camp Magsusunod no longer seemed so peaceful and safe as it had.

The morning of May 26th the Gov'nor took Adele to the hospital to have the infected shin treated, and when they returned at noon they reported that the Japanese were in our province, both in Dumaguete and in the north. We had planned to move to Camp Magalabi on the 28th, but now we decided to move the next day.

All that hot, sultry afternoon we spent packing. Then we moved our table and stools outdoors, and were having supper there when a messenger arrived from Pedro with a note.



"The Japs are already in Tanjay," it said. Tanjay was only twelve miles away.

That night the drought was broken. All night tropical torrents poured down on our thick, thatch roof, on the clearing, the jungle, the mountains. I lay awake wondering how we would climb the steep and slippery mountainsides in such weather, of how wet our luggage would get, of how near the Japanese were.

Long before daylight we were up and dressed and packed, and Marian had mush and coffee ready for our breakfast. She was staying behind us at Magsusunod to look after Adele, who was not yet in a condition to do any hiking. The two of them were still the most esteemed of our guests; and it was hard to leave them, as we were afraid we might never see them again.

After breakfast we handed our bags to the laborers.

"Have we got everything we are going to need?" I asked of the party in general, looking around to see if I had gotten all the house-keeping essentials. "How did the Children of Israel ever do it!"

And then, just before we started, the rain stopped! Shortly the sun rose and shone upon the jungle. We were cool and shaded in its depths. There was no defined path, which made us feel safer, and our spirits lifted.

The jungle was beautiful. Many of the trees rose to a height of more than a hundred feet. Buttresses extended like walls from their thick trunks, gradually decreasing in height. These giants of the tropical forest, because of their height, their weight of branches, and the typhoons, need these additional supports. There are perhaps half a dozen to a tree, and they extend outward like the buttresses of a cathedral, forming alcoves around the base of the tree. A profusion of vines clambered upward in their search for light. Some

clung tightly to trees, and went straight up. Others circled around the trunks, while still others hung loosely from branches. Airplants clung to the trees, and an occasional shy orchid blossomed out of a crotch. A small hard fruit that looked exactly like nutmeg, but tasted different, fell here and there. We were, indeed, near the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, which Magellan was trying to reach when he discovered the Philippines.

Although the jungle was dense, it was not too difficult to go through, because the denseness was chiefly at the top. The thick layer of foliage high above us cut off light to such an extent that few bushes could grow.

Up hill and down we went, though mainly up. We came to steep, slippery places where we had to hold to shrubs to keep from falling.

After several hours we came to the Magalabi River, a clear, dashing mountain stream. Here we walked for some distance up the stony stream-bed, so as to leave no trace whatever of our passing. Then, branching off to our right, we saw a wild jungle-filled canyon. One would have sworn there could be no human being there. We turned up this canyon, walking in the bed of a small stream, upon leaving which and travelling a little farther through the jungle we came, most surprisingly, upon our Camp Number Two, and were greeted by our explorer, his mountaineers and the laborers who had already arrived with our baggage!

Scarcely were we inside the shelter when torrential rains again poured over all the mountains!

Our new camp was built right in the dense jungle. It was a long, one-roomed building without walls and constructed without a nail, as the mountaineers had made it of the materials they found at hand. The floor was made of the

split trunks of a small palm lashed with rattan to the poles that supported it.

The roof was of a kind I had never seen before. Palm leaves about six feet in diameter were folded and then lashed onto the framework, overlapping each other. Seen from outside, the roof was shaggy, like other thatch; but from beneath, it appeared as smooth, neat, diamond-shaped sections. The roof was not finished when we arrived, but the work went very rapidly, and was completed that day. The thatch was green then, but soon turned brown.

We were so tired when we arrived that we made a luncheon of grapenuts and cocomalt, and rested most of the afternoon.

After that we put up a curtain to make a "harem" in the front of the house and stacked up our cases of canned food to make a little division between our room, which came next to the harem, and the dining room. We had brought two card tables, which we unfolded; and again we unpacked our basket stools and turned them over to sit on. Behind the dining room was the kitchen, which had no floor, but did have a roof and a cooking platform on which to put our clay stoves.

We also curtained off a place in front of the harem for the Torres boys, the two young mountaineers. Two of Pedro's brothers had come with us, and they slept in the dining room. The laborers had returned to Camp One, but they continued carrying up supplies a few more days, and then rejoined their families in their evacuation centers.

The morning after our arrival we started planning improvements for our camp, which Pedro's brother and the Torres boys executed: a floor and shelves for the kitchen; a path to the stream; shelves below our roof on which to store

our rice, corn, sugar, and dried beef, a house for the Piñero brothers.

The two young mountaineers were robust, capable, silent young men. One of them I never heard utter a word, and his brother said he had an impediment in his speech. He listened, smiling like an intelligent child to all that was said. His hair was curly and, except that he was more attractive and primitive rather than decadent, he reminded me of Harpo Marx.

The habitual expression of the other brother was serious, and it was with him we contracted for our improvements. He never wasted a word, but answered us in short sentences or understanding, sympathetic grunts.

The bulging bare chests of these young men seemed to indicate unusual lung capacity. Once the Gov'nor told them that if they would go down and bring us a load from Camp Magsusunod, they could then go back and get themselves a load of corn for their families. We were surprised when they came back, each carrying more than three times as much as we had given the plantation laborers to carry. They had brought their load and ours at the same time!

They would stay with us about two days, then go home for a week. After our camp had been made as convenient as circumstances permitted, they came once a week to visit and trade only. Although they walked rapidly it took them three and a half hours to go home from our camp. No one lived in the intervening area, and in the opposite direction our nearest neighbors were the plantation family at Magsusunod.

When the mountaineers came, the barking of their dogs announced their arrival. The men always carried long spears, which they stuck into the ground, point up, outside the house, and each wore two knives or *bolos* in his belt. They would bring *camotes*, or native sweet potatoes, camote leaves, some-

times a chicken, a few eggs or an eel, for all of which we would pay well. Then they would buy yard goods from me at the same prices I had paid for them. I also let them have needles, thread, salt, and matches, though the last were merely a luxury to them, as they carried flint, steel and tinder in a small bamboo case. Not being used to figures, they preferred to buy one thing at a time, pay for it, and receive the change before making the next purchase. It was a time of great, unprecedented prosperity for this family.

Once the father came, with a fine tasseled spear, his pride and joy, which he struck into the ground with a flourish. His sons might come to barter, but not he! He came bringing a chicken and other presents for his new neighbor. He was as talkative as his sons were silent. None of the family spoke any English or Spanish, so we talked in Visayan, or, more properly, he talked. His manner was very hearty and chummy, and we thought he would have made a good politician.

He told us how his place was really the center of everything! It was the very center between Tanjay, Tolong, and Dumaguete . . . Didn't we have any *tuba*, palm wine, in the house? Pedro's brothers must bring some up, so he could have a drink next time he came. He couldn't eat without it (and, in fact, he talked and ate nothing while his daughter and youngest son partook of the food set before them) . . . No, his family were not *infieles*, or pagans (there are a few pagan tribesmen in the mountains of Negros), they were Christians. All his children had been baptized . . . Yes, he knew Cornelio, our former laborer. He lived two hours hike beyond Torres' place. Would *Gobernador* Bryant like to have him killed? If so, let him say the word! . . . We ought to station a guard below our house to notify us if Japs approached so we could run away and hide. Also, it would

be a good thing to have a small house some distance away where we could spend the day. No one could come at night . . . How he would like to get a crack at the Japs! What if he did not have a gun! He would fight them with his spear!

And, breathing out bravery, he took up his spear with another flourish, and strode off on his gnarled, bare feet over the mountain, followed by his offspring and dogs.

Our camp was at a considerable elevation, and consequently our weather was cool, even chilly when it rained, and it rained a great deal. Coconut oil, always liquid at Pampuna, here was solid all day long, so we had to put the bottle by the stove to keep it thawed out. It was used for frying the flapjacks that often constituted our breakfast.

As the rain seemed to come straight down, we did not need walls to our house, although we did have—fastened up under the eaves—tarpaulins which we let down only two or three times. We were so protected by the forest that winds could not reach us, although we saw the tree tops moving. At night, even if there were no clouds, we could scarcely glimpse moon and stars through the trees, but glowing stars of phosphorescence studded the forest floor.

The jungle was so devoid of food that there was not much animal life about us, and what creatures there were preferred to remain unseen. No doubt there were pythons, but we saw none. During the hours of darkness we heard the barking of large fruit bats. And we did have a nocturnal visitor of whom none of us got a very good view—a furry feline as large as a fox or larger, but not very cat-like, who was interested in any stray bits of food he could find. One midnight when he was under the kitchen, I went into it; and, holding my flashlight down below the edge of the slat floor, turned it on. I wanted to see him and thought that the light

would frighten him. But, no! He growled, spat, and sprang toward my hand, which I speedily withdrew.

Unfortunately there was one species of widely distributed small animal, which immediately invaded our shelves—rats! The Piñero boys brought up a large kitten, and every night he battled them successfully.

I bathed in the mountain stream, which, clear and cold, dashed melodiously over large stones. It was in the pools between them that I bathed, with a palm leaf at the water's edge to serve as bathmat. It made me feel as if I were in the Garden of Eden to bathe in this beautiful, solitary place embowered by the luxuriant verdure of the primeval forest which rose high above me.

In these pools, too, I rubbed away at my own and the Gov'nor's clothes. And how I watched the patches of sky visible through the tree tops! When it grew clearer, I was cheered; when it grew darker, I felt unhappy and hurried. And, quite often, before I finished, down dashed the rain! I would then hang the clothes along the edge of our room, where they might drip for two days. As a last resort I would put coals from the fire into the charcoal iron and iron the clothes for hours trying to dry them. I also tried hanging them over the kitchen fires, but then they got so brown and full of smoke that they ended worse than they began.

I had never before encountered such extreme humidity anywhere!

The jungle was incredibly dank. Things in our suitcases or out of them mildewed and moulded far worse than they ever had in the lowlands, and our mattresses—untouched by rain—were almost sopping wet. We could dry things only by lighting fires under the house and letting heat and smoke together come up through the slat floor. Our sugar, unrefined and light brown in color, was in sacks on the slatted

shelves. It absorbed moisture and dismally dripped molasses, which the bees came in buzzing swarms to garner.

It would have been pleasant there in the dry season. Then I could have enjoyed camping, but only under peace-time conditions, and with more solitude than our sizable group permitted.

During the first few weeks we felt reasonably safe. Two or three times we heard shouts, and wondered whether they were from a party out looking for us. We did not think the Japanese would come up; but they might send some Filipino riff-raff—is there not some riff-raff in every country?—to get us. So when we heard the shouts, we held our breath. Once the man shouting came almost to the camp. It was remarkable he could come so near without seeing it. We learned later from the Torres boys that the sounds were of hunters calling their dogs.

Another time we heard a rifle shot. This was ominous, for the hunters depended on their dogs to catch the prey, and had no guns. The shot must have been fired by Filipino soldiers, disbanded farther north, who were crossing the island to get to their homes, but it gave us a serious fright.

The two women at Magsusunod also had a scare at about this time. While they were sitting outside the camp late one afternoon, they saw seven soldiers armed with rifles enter the clearing.

"They look like Japs to me," Adele whispered to Marian.

No escape was possible, so they sat still, their hearts pounding. The soldiers crossed the clearing and spoke to them courteously in good English that had a Filipino accent! They were the soldiers whose gunshot we heard.

The encounter provided a thrill for both parties to it. The soldiers spent the night in the clearing, cooking their own



rice and accepting some dried beef; and next morning they went on their way after a cordial farewell.

My husband's camp work was chopping wood. He did this before breakfast and in the late afternoon, because he did not want any outsiders to hear him, and he felt sure no one would be in that locality at those times of day.

The Piñero brothers, after our improvements were made and their house built, occupied themselves making a small clearing a short distance away in which to plant a garden. They also trapped fresh-water shrimp for us every day in the river.

About once a week they would go down to Magsusunod, and often on farther to the place where our laborers were living. They would bring back greens and fruit and messages from Marian and Pedro.

As they seldom returned when we expected them, how we would worry! Fifth columnists, we were sure, had turned them over to the Japanese, and they were probably undergoing torture for refusal to reveal our hiding place. We would be far too relieved to scold them when, a day or so later than we expected them, they would return to us.

On the other hand, we felt alarmed when anyone else came, for he must bring bad news! Our explorer came once unexpectedly. And a messenger from Mr. Arnaiz told us to take our automobiles away immediately. He was frightened, as the Japanese were questioning him about us at the point of a bayonet.

Before coming to Magalabi we had had the automobiles and trucks taken from the end of the logging road far out into the brush, without any regard to the possibility of getting them back to the road. We only wanted them so well hidden that the Japanese would never benefit from them. Now my husband sent Pedro's brothers down to take them back to

the plantation. They would have to get laborers from the lumber mill to help them push the vehicles back onto the road. Even after they reached the road probably one or more would have to be towed, due to being out in the weather so long, and all this would have to be done over miserable roads in the dead of night. All that night the rain poured down relentlessly. I lay awake praying for the safety of the two brothers.

In due time they came back. They told us that when they drove the vehicles into the far end of the plantation where some of the laborers were camping, the latter thought the Japanese were coming and ran away from their huts. The Japanese had often visited the plantation, but had never gone out to that part of it. The boys then ran the cars into some brush and concealed them.

Other people than Mr. Arnaiz were beginning to be afraid to have anything to do with us; among others our practicante was now alarmed, and sent our trunks back to the plantation at night and had them put in the fuel shed at the copra dryer. Pedro then had them transferred to the community house.

Pedro had great responsibility. People were becoming hungry, and there was a great deal of disorder. At this particular time Filipinos were killing more Filipinos in our province than were the Japanese, the murders being at times a matter of vengeance on old scores, at other times an accompaniment of robbery. Foreseeing that, the Gov'nor had had the laborers make themselves bows and arrows for protection from their own kind.

On one occasion Pedro, with his gun, and backed by the others with their bows and arrows and clubs, stood off a mob of 200 who had come to raid the bodega in which my husband had stored food for the laborers.

Meanwhile more grain must be raised. The men would

go to the corn and rice fields on the plantation to work during the day, posting a guard to watch for the Japanese. At a signal from him the workers would disappear.

There was one disquieting piece of news that the Piñero brothers brought up repeatedly: from the time the Japanese entered our province they were determinedly looking for Mr. Caballero, a Filipino who was the bank manager, and my husband. After a time we heard that they had caught Mr. Caballero, tortured, and killed him. A Filipino politician named Pepe Martinez had aided in his capture.

When we had been at Magalabi three weeks, we were surprised by the arrival of Marian and Adele. The latter's infection was not yet completely healed, but a nurse from the Mission Hospital had warned them the night before to leave, and they had hurried up with the two brothers, who had spent the night at the lower camp. Both women were excited and frightened, believing that the Japanese were almost on their heels, and the brothers had carried up incredibly heavy loads thinking that they would not be able to go down again.

They told us that the Japanese had not only come to the Mission Hospital, but had forced the doctor in charge to disclose the hiding places of his American patients, a decrepit old man and Doris Johnson, a young woman who was critically ill with pneumonia and pleurisy. The Japanese had immediately taken them prisoner.

Fortunately a younger doctor had treated our guest's infection, and he fled to the other side of the island, which was wild and without roads, rather than come in contact with the Japanese. So our guests had not been seized, and had been able to come to us. They had not dared wait another day at Magsusunod, however.

We were, at first, affected by their nervousness, but that partially wore off. Now our group had increased again—

seven in our house, and the two brothers in their own house nearby.

Three weeks later still, one of the laborers from the plantation came up to the camp, set down a valise, and announced, "Colonel Miller!"

The Gov'nor and I hurried down the canyon to the river, and there, truly enough, were Colonel and Mrs. Miller with several more laborers carrying bags and boxes. The Millers were tired and panting and highly excited.

"They got Gib," they gasped as soon as they saw us. Mr. Giberson was an old man from Cebu who had happened to be on our island when Cebu fell. Being too fat and infirm for life in the wilds, he had remained in the plantation house at Polo when Colonel and Mrs. Miller left it.

They told us that a Spaniard had sent them warning and they had left their camp less than an hour before the Japanese came there to get them. Then they had hidden during the day in the forest. At night Pedro had furnished men to carry their luggage, and two horses for them to ride, and had led the horses to our Magsusunod camp. Here they had slept for a few hours, and at dawn had set out for Magalabi, where they had arrived completely exhausted.

Our isolation and our company were good for their morale, but on the other hand, we felt a little less secure than we had.

One thing pleased Mrs. Miller for a few days: in her fright she had lost her appetite and was beginning to lose weight. But very soon the acuteness of her fright wore off, and she began to take an interest in food. Although our diet at this time was plain and much starchier than that to which we were accustomed, it was not really deficient in anything. For breakfast we had flapjacks or cornmeal mush; at noon we had rice, toasted dried beef and vegetable, or rice with dried beef and vegetable stew, and at night we had rice or corn,

canned fish, and vegetable. We had canned or fresh fruit at least once a day, and sometimes oftener. The fresh shrimp we had every day, often made into a salad with the growing bud of a forest palm tree. Marian would sally forth with an ax and chop down the tree, in order to take the young, growing part out of the top. For dessert both at noon and night we would put a second helping of corn or rice in our bowls, add coconut syrup, or sugar, a little milk, and cinnamon or cocomalt.

Mrs. Miller soon yearned for something more tasty. Marian also had a keen appreciation of good food, and, with her boundless energy, she concocted muffins, cream pies, and other good things, which she baked in a round, earthenware oven set on a stove. Live coals had to be piled discreetly on top to assure an even baking of whatever might be in the oven. Marian was an excellent cook, and we all appreciated her efforts, although they did often disturb our siestas.

But we were beginning to see some of her faults that had loomed so large in the eyes of Elizabeth and Mahitabel. She seemed to have a characteristic of moving from one extreme to another. At Magsusunod she had opened cans, even when we had plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, but now no one was more economical with canned food. She had been the most optimistic of any of us before the Japanese entered our province, but now she saw armed enemies behind every bush, and insisted very brusquely on having brought up from Magsusunod, much against our wishes, several large, heavy suitcases that she had filled with things that could be of no use in the mountains. We thought they should have been sent to the practicante's with our trunks, or, failing that, left at Magsusunod where we had all left part of our equipment. We felt that every trip of the Piñero brothers added slightly to our danger, and could be justified only if

they brought up things that were essential to our well-being. These suitcases made them some hard and unnecessary work, but they did it cheerfully; and Marian, who was always generous, rewarded them well.

For Mrs. Miller food was the poetry of life, and should be delicious.

Mahitabel's interest was of a different kind: it was her grim determination that she, at least, should have an abundance of vitamins, minerals, proteins and fats. She had slight respect for starch, so she would not eat much of our corn and rice, and as a consequence she began to lose weight, although no one else did. But, although she ate little starchy food, of which we had an abundance, she helped herself prodigally to the margarine, which we were trying to use economically, always taking at each meal so much more than any of the rest of us took that, after a while, my other guests suggested rationing the margarine, measuring out for each one an equal portion—a fair procedure, which we adopted. Everyone else tipped the milk can gently, since we allowed ourselves only one tall can a day. Mahitabel tipped it up and let it flow freely, so we began measuring the milk out in tablespoon-fuls.

However, she was always eager to save me any trouble that she could, pointing out the fact that I had more duties and responsibilities than the others. When it was our turn to work together, she insisted on cleaning the chickens and washing the dishes. And she still wept on my shoulder with gratitude for our having taken her with us.

Finally came a day of alarms. First a laborer who had been the guard for a supply depot—now abandoned—that we had had below Camp One, arrived from the plantation with letters for us. He knew the direction of the camp, and other laborers who had been to it had told him how to go there.

Nevertheless, he said he would never have found the place if he had not heard the Gov'nor chopping wood. He had started up the day before, camped beside the trail, resumed his hike at dawn, and so approached the camp before the early morning wood chopping was finished.

The letters were of a startling nature. Our practicante had given them to him and had written one of them, saying that he thought it was better for us to come in and surrender rather than to wait until the Imperial Japanese forces attacked our hide-out. Another letter was from the ex-governor of the province. He, also, advised us to surrender, saying that he would have his car at the lumber mill at a certain time for our convenience in getting to Dumaguete. A third, from Mr. Giberson, said that he was interned in the Mission Hospital in Dumaguete—the Japanese had made it move back there from Pamplona—that he was being well-fed and treated with every consideration; he, also, advised us to surrender.

Of course we felt sure he had been forced to write this, so we read the letters and handed them back to the man who brought them, saying "Take these back to the practicante and tell him that you could not find us. Then go at once and hide in the mountains, and when the war is over we will reward you."

After he had had breakfast he started down the canyon.

Later in the morning, while I was bathing and washing clothes in the stream I heard a great barking of dogs. I hoped it was the Torres boys come to visit us; but I had a feeling it was not, and I was perturbed. Nevertheless, since I could not prevent whatever it was, I finished my washing before I returned to the camp.

There, outside the house, I found my husband, visibly worried, talking with a strange man who might be a laborer.

A young American mestiza, a protegee of mine, then living with a Filipino family near the sawmill, had written a letter and sent it by this man, who knew the way to the camp, because, while it was being built, he had stumbled into it in the course of a hunting trip. The mestiza wanted my advice on whether to marry the *presidente* of Tanjay. I wrote advising her not to get married during the war and not to send up more letters, as we did not want anyone coming and going except Pedro's brothers, and even that was a danger.

We had already considered the matter of making another, still more secret and still more inaccessible camp. To do so and to transport to it all our stuff, which was mainly food, would be a heartbreaking labor, and the attempt to keep it secret would greatly increase the difficulties.

Our two unexpected visitors in one morning made us think that perhaps we ought to do this and do it very quickly. We might move as soon as a small, flimsy shelter was constructed, carrying on our own backs what we could over the mountains.

How we hated the thought of leaving our camp, which was now comparatively convenient and comfortable, for such a prospect! And we might not be much safer. We did not come to an immediate decision.

Early that afternoon the two brothers started to go down to Magsusunod on one of their weekly jaunts, but by the middle of the afternoon one of them returned breathless.

"That spy, Pepe Martinez, is coming up here!" he cried. "He has his brother, Captain Martinez, and some Filipino soldiers with him!" It was Pepe Martinez who had aided the Japanese in capturing Caballero.

This was what we had feared! I had sometimes looked at the beautiful little valley in the mountain tops and wondered whether it would be the scene of brutal deeds. At least it was a Filipino captain and soldiers who were



coming up for us, so, if anything horrible awaited us, it would be elsewhere, not in our little valley. Each of us made hurried preparation. Mrs. Miller hid her solid silver, Martha packed a knapsack with food and concealed it out in the brush, I stuffed various papers into the roots of a tree. Then all of us gathered in the front of the camp to welcome Pepe and the Captain. We would make the best of our bad situation. Everyone was pale.

We waited and waited, for Pepe was plump, and the climb was hard. Eustaquio Piñero, who had brought us the news, stood just outside.

"They had a spy follow that laborer who brought the letters this morning," he explained. "And now that fellow is showing them the way up here. Here is my bolo," he continued, turning toward the Gov'nor, "and if you say the word—"

Brave, rash youth! The Martinez brothers had pistols, and the soldiers who were coming with them were armed with rifles.

Finally they arrived. My husband knew Pepe and greeted him cordially. "If we only had our clubs here, we'd have a golf game!" he said.

Then we all sat down and talked, while the soldiers went to the Piñeros' house.

Pepe did not need to state his mission, as we knew it already, but he answered our questions. He thought we would be well treated, but he made no promises. The Japanese were very strict, very stern; indeed, they had slapped his brother, but they were not at that time exercising a great deal of brutality in our province. Yes, they had tortured Caballero, and he had seen it.

"It is a good thing to be on the side you know is going to win," I remarked pointedly.

"I am in a very uncomfortable position," he replied. "The Filipinos consider me a traitor. I suppose the Americans think I am against them. And the Japanese don't trust me."

Some months later he was killed by Filipinos.

We had to entertain the party overnight. At supper the Gov'nor quickly corrected the seating arrangement, as the seat I had intended for Pepe had too good a view of the radio receiving set that Colonel Miller had had brought up the week after his arrival.

I no not believe that Pepe and the captain ever relished their mission to us, and the longer they stayed with us, the more they detested it.

They agreed to take my husband back with them to Dumaquete, but to leave the rest of us in camp for the present. He was going to try to persuade the Japanese to let us stay in camp, or, failing that, to return to the plantation.

The next morning after breakfast I packed a bag for the Gov'nor, and accompanied him and the Martinez brothers as far as the river. As he is a soft-hearted man, very easily moved, I had warned him of a simple little scene I intended to enact and told him not to take it too seriously.

When I took leave of the Martinez brothers, I said, letting my voice break at an appropriate place, "Gentlemen, I have a favor to ask of you. Please do all you can to help my husband. If anything happens to him while he is with the Japanese, or if anything happens to us, in case we have to go in, you will never forget that you helped them get us. You will never forget." It was not entirely acting.

I saw tears in the captain's eyes. Pepe was drying his with his handkerchief.

They promised.

Then my husband started down the river bed with them.

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## Chapter 4

XX

GREAT AND PLEASANT was my surprise when the Gov'nor returned the very next day—and without any soldiers or guard! We listened avidly to the tale of his experiences.

He had found the ex-governor of the province—the same with whom I had danced the cariñosa the year before—and the ex-floorleader of the Philippine Assembly, a brilliant young politician in whom we saw good presidential timber, waiting for him at the lumber mill. The Japanese had made the most prominent men of the province work on the matter of capturing him. Pepe Martinez was working with the Japanese much more than were the others. The presidente of Tanjay had already fled to the wilds because the Japanese had given him an ultimatum to bring in my husband within three days. These men who were waiting for him had long been our friends, and were unhappy to help in his capture. On the way to Dumaguete they had had such a visit that the Gov'nor came back with more warmth of friendly feeling for them than he had had previously.

In Dumaguete they took him to a fine pink stucco residence which was being used for provincial headquarters. They

were all admitted by a young, shaven-headed Japanese, bare to the waist, who motioned them to chairs around a table in the lofty *sala*, or drawing room. Here they waited ten minutes, talking in a low tone of voice about inconsequential matters for fear of some hidden dictograph. Then another shaven-headed son of heaven entered carrying a tray. He served each a small saucer of flavored and sweetened ice-cubes.

"Arrigato gozaimasu!" said the politicians, having already learned to say *thank you* in Japanese.

After they had eaten the ice-cubes and waited another ten minutes, an ugly, bare-footed, slouchily-dressed lieutenant appeared with a short Japanese named Murya, who acted as interpreter. The latter had been a shopkeeper in Dumaguete, and he was now dressed in neat civilian clothes with a pistol in his belt.

The lieutenant, Hosatani, nodded to the politicians, who rose to bow to him. Then he sat down, doubled his feet under him, looked my husband over, and said something in Japanese.

"He say, 'What big feet you have!'" the interpreter announced.

"Captain Tsuda, our ranking officer of province, he is not in," he explained, "So Rieutenant Hosatani interview you."

Then Hosatani asked and Murya interpreted a few questions about age, occupation, our party, the plantation. This was largely a matter of form, as the Japanese already had complete information on everything and everybody before the war began.

"Your party ar come to Dumaguete, be interned in hospitar," next translated Murya.

"Can't we stay in the mountains?" asked the Gov'nor. "We are not doing a thing you could possibly object to."

"It cannot be," replied Murya after interpreting.

"Well, then, couldn't we stay at the plantation?" begged the Gov'nor. "You could use it for the internment camp and take out there the Americans you have in the hospital."

Again Murya translated. "It cannot be," he said. "You must come Dumaguete. But no restraint. We wir open schoors. Women teach. Maybe pretty soon you go back to prantation."

Hosatani spoke at length. "Our rieutenant say," quoth Murya, "that you go now. He give you five days get party to sawmir. He send two autos, two trucks, bring everybody, everything Dumaguete. Best everybody dress up—no rong faces, he hope. He say you," turning to Captain Martinez, "go with him, be guard."

"What, take that hike again!" exclaimed Captain Martinez. "Never! Besides it would be silly. If Governor Bryant says he will have the party at the sawmill in five days, they'll be there. Won't they?" he asked, looking at the Filipinos.

"Absolutely," affirmed Jose Romero, while the other two nodded vigorously. The two Japanese watched them questioningly.

Hosatani gave a sign of assent, and had an arm-band brought and pinned on the Gov'nor. The interview was over, and my husband felt relieved, for it had been very informal, and Hosatani had not seemed at all frightful—in fact he had been remarkably courteous.

My husband's friends made their farewells to him in the street. The ex-governor lent him his car and chauffeur, who took him immediately to Pamplona barrio. On the way he met a Japanese officer driving very fast in the opposite direction, who signaled the chauffeur to stop. This was Furushima, the secret service man, who had long been working on our capture. More business-like than Hosatani, he questioned

the Gov'nor sharply, but not discourteously. He particularly wanted to know how many soldiers were in our party. The Japanese had heard that the Gov'nor was feeding and inspiring two hundred members of the disbanded army. We had heard that these men had wanted to join us, but we had seen nothing of them, perhaps because they did not know where we were, and we certainly could not have fed them. After the questioning, Furushima permitted the Gov'nor to continue on his way. It was dark by the time he reached Pamplona barrio, where he spent the night with our practicante.

The latter, as badly frightened as anyone, had fled to the mountains. But the Japanese had posted signs saying that if people did not return to their homes, Moros would burn them. The practicante had a house almost new, much larger and finer than ours, with room for a good-sized Chinese store below it. He used the latter only as a store-room for sugar and grain, as the most enterprising Chinese store in the barrio paid him for *not* renting it to a competitor. In spite of his fright, and hoping to save his home, he had returned to it, leaving his family in the mountains.

In the center of the big house the two men conversed in the lowest possible tones for fear of fifth columnists, for everyone was living under a cloud of terror. Joaquin, a brother of Pedro's who had returned to his home in the barrio, came to see the Gov'nor that night. The latter sent him out to the mountain settlement of our plantation laborers with word for twenty-one laborers to meet him in the morning at Camp One.

When my husband left the practicante's next day he sent his bag to Joaquin's house, as the practicante was afraid to have it in his.

So he had come up without a guard and with twenty-one

laborers to carry down our baggage, mainly corn and rice, which had been so laboriously brought up.

His report encouraged us. We still abhorred the thought of going in, and did not know what treatment to expect. On the other hand a great weight of responsibility was lifted off our shoulders. Before, we had thought, "if we can do exactly the *right thing*, and if we can keep our location *sufficiently secret*, we may be able to escape." And it was so difficult to know what was the *right thing* and to keep our location *sufficiently secret*—especially since our party was rather large.

Now we would not have to hold our breath for fear of discovery. We would not have to worry about Pedro's being caught and tortured to reveal our hiding place—although he had resolved never to be captured alive. Now we would not have to build another camp and transport all our supplies to it. All that was finished.

Again we were sorting and packing. We decided to take with us enough of everything to last for a month. The rest we would send back to the plantation to be hidden there, as we fully expected to be robbed, especially if we took much with us.

The greater part of the packing had always fallen to me as hostess and housekeeper, but now Marian offered her assistance, and I was glad to have it. When she had packed two or three loads I "hefted" them.

"These are awfully heavy," I observed.

"Eustaquio says loads of this weight are not too heavy," she replied.

"The foremen are always harder on the laborers than the Gov'nor is," I insisted.

"Well, these are no heavier than the roll of bedding I packed for Adele and me," she said, becoming angry and talking loudly in an overbearing way.

"Then you had better unpack it," I rejoined, fighting fire with fire by adopting an overbearing manner myself.

"If we don't have heavy packs, we won't get all our stuff down," she shouted.

"If it is a choice between causing hernia to some laborer and leaving part of our stuff, we'll leave it," I stated decisively.

The loads were sullenly repacked. This was our first head-on collision, and it had no lasting effect on our friendship.

The laborers made daily trips carrying everything down to the camp at Magsusunod.

It was now that old father Torres made us his second visit, his sons accompanying him. He stuck his spear in the ground as valiantly as before, but how he drooped when he heard we were prisoners of the Japanese! His boasts and threats and bravery withered suddenly. No, they could not carry anything down to Camp One—they must go home immediately!

His sons were interested in our fate.

"Instead of money, I'll give you a sack of salt and a sack of sugar for the things you brought," I told them.

"The Japs took all their money!" one of them explained to the other in Visayan. One of them peered into the house and saw the empty shelves. "The Japs have stolen everything!" he exclaimed.

Even when we told them that the Japanese had never come to the camp, the father insisted on hurrying off, and rapidly hiked away followed by his sons and dogs.

Finally, the morning of July 19, 1942, we left our mountain camp. None of us regretted having fled to the wilderness, even though we had postponed capture only two months. The change of climate had been beneficial. The jungle was beautiful and interesting, and most of us had never become



intimately acquainted with it before. Now the brown-thatched camp, with all its convenient shelves, would be deserted. Forest creatures would make their homes beneath the floor. The structure would settle down to a pile of thatch and poles, and then sink into the forest floor, while even faster would the little clearing the Piñero brothers made revert to jungle. In spite of the extreme dampness and the anxieties from which we suffered, the little valley remains beautiful and peaceful in my memory.

We started down in various frames of mind. Mahitabel was literally and physically sick with fear. Elizabeth tagged along with her at the rear of our straggling procession, trying to encourage her. Bessie and Elizabeth had had so many pleasant peacetime contacts with Japanese that they could scarcely think we would be mistreated, in spite of all they knew or had heard had happened in China and in the Philippines. The Gov'nor and I were encouraged by his interview, and believed that, if we had to surrender, we were doing so under the best possible circumstances.

Again we were out of doors in the beautiful forest, comfortably shaded by the mass of verdure above us. An occasional glimpse through the branches showed us that the sun was shining with tropical brilliance. Yet we were in the restful, soothing dimness of a cathedral whose windows were stained green. How beautiful the world was, how enjoyable was life, and how happy people could be if they could only live in peace! Comparatively few wanted war. If a fraction of the effort and intelligence used in preparing for war and waging it were used in solving the world's problems, these hideously recurring upheavals—in which the victor, also, loses, and which never solve anything satisfactorily—could cease. Soon beauty, warmth, exercise, and physical well-being drove from my mind morbid thoughts inspired by

the world's raging fever. The thought actually occurred to me that we had been playing hide-and-seek, and now we had been caught and were going back to base!

After luncheon at the Magsusunod camp, the Gov'nor and I paid off the laborers in good "old" money, giving each man a considerable portion of his share in silver change, which was then very scarce and greatly in demand. Then we went on down to the end of the logging road, where the truck from the lumber mill was waiting for us. We loaded our luggage on it and climbed on top. It went slowly and bumpily to the mill, where we took possession of the Arnaiz home. Mr. Arnaiz had been bothered so much by the Japanese on our account that he and his family had moved into Tanjay.

Scarcely had we arrived when Mrs. Caballero, who was then living near the sawmill with her six small, fatherless children, came over to visit us. She told us how her family had moved from camp to camp, each one flimsier than the last, until finally they had no roof over their heads, trying to escape from the Japanese; of how her husband was captured, compelled to disclose the hiding place of the bank's funds, tortured to death in an effort to make him locate more than there was, and buried in a shallow grave. Animals had dug up his body and confirmed the suspicion that everyone had of his death.

To hear all this from his widow was most pathetic and disheartening to us. I suddenly knew it was indeed not a game of hide-and-seek we were playing.

That evening Mr. Arnaiz and the new puppet mayor of Tanjay came out to see us. Mr. Arnaiz told us about his experiences with the Japanese, how they had repeatedly questioned him, believing that he knew our hiding place, searched his house, stolen things. The mayor said he had

decided to try to help his fellow-countrymen and so had accepted his position. We did not discount his statement too much, because we had already heard that when the Japanese sent him to take some townsman, he had sent the man warning before going to his house.

Before they left, they gave us two pieces of excellent advice: first, that the Japanese in our province would accept *I don't know* as an answer; second, that we should confine ourselves to answering questions without elaborating or explaining anything and without volunteering the slightest scrap of information, no matter how trifling and irrelevant it might seem to be.

During the night ox-carts from the plantation took our surplus supplies and luggage from the end of the logging road back to the plantation where they were to be hidden. When the carts reached the Arnaiz home, the Gov'nor and I went out for a last talk with the plantation men, who, armed with bows, arrows, and clubs, were conducting this dark caravan. We spoke carefully and quickly in low tones. Tell Pedro to have the cattle driven into the foothills . . . The rice and corn were for the laborers . . . Perhaps they would be able to send us the canned food later . . . Bury this jar of money, but if you need it desperately, dig it up . . . Eustaquio, use my ukelele if you like, but take care of it. It has a good tone—I want it for Imogene . . . You had better take the trunk keys . . . Good luck . . . God bless you!

The wooden wheels creaked and the men and carts passed on. We looked around apprehensively. My husband felt sure the Japanese had some one watching our movements.

Earlier in the evening I had received a letter from my meztiza protegee.

"I'm in such trouble!" she wrote. "When we moved from the corn mill into the mountains I left a drawerful of letters

and pictures there. There were letters from the *ex-presidente*, and also some from you, Mrs. Bryant. And the Japanese found them. Now they are after me. I don't know what to do!

"Another thing, the man in charge of your depot would not give us the drums of alcohol that you hid there and said we could have. Mr. García" (the man with whose family she was living) "needs it badly for the cornmill. That's his only income now."

The drums of alcohol were very near the sawmill, and when I received the letter I thought, "We can easily show the messenger where they are, and then Mr. García can come and get them."

"No," said the Gov'nor when I told him about it, "we must be careful not to complicate our case. The Japanese must have some one watching us here. We can't tell which of the men hanging around may be a fifth columnist, even one of these servants."

I was quite of his opinion, now that I thought about the possibility of danger. We could not risk anything that might result in his being treated like Mr. Caballero, so I wrote Frances that I hoped we would be able to help her in some other way. The Gov'nor thought no soldiers would be sent to bring us in—just automobiles and trucks driven by Filipinos. I counted the money in my bag and divided it into two rolls, one of them for Frances. When we should reach the cornmill, soon after starting on our way to Dumaguete, I planned to have the car stop an instant and hand the roll to Mr. García, who came from his mountain camp and spent the day in the mill.

Our fear also kept us from sending one of the two cases of milk, now on their way to the plantation, to Mrs. Caballero, who was having trouble with her baby. Moreover, she had

sent us a quantity of delicious fruit, fine big papayas and well-ripened mangoes, which we hated to accept from a widow in her straightened and precarious circumstances, and we did not dare even send her a word of thanks. We regretted her visit to us as being perhaps a complication in our own case. Fate was cruel to that poor woman. In addition to her greater misfortunes, she was suffering from a foot infection for which she could get no medicine.

That night after the carts had passed we had the luxury of sleeping on real beds, which the servants had made up for us with snow-white embroidered linen. The beds, as is usually the case in Filipino homes, had no springs, but woven rattan screens in their place. With thin kapok mattresses, they were cool and comfortable. And, having done all we could that day, we ensured sleep, in spite of our situation, with sleeping tablets, as we wanted to be fresh and rested the next day.

Next morning, remembering the lieutenant's wish that we be well dressed and exhibit no "long faces", we got out the best clothes we had with us. I even put some of Mrs. Arnaiz' enamel on nails that showed the results of life in the mountains. The Gov'nor and the colonel had nothing but shorts and sport shirts to wear. But Mahitabel and Marian dressed in their oldest, dirtiest clothes. They knew what would happen, and they certainly were not going to dress up for it!

With some nervousness we waited interminably, playing cards to while away the time. The servants cooked rice for us, and we opened sardines and ate at the large round table in the dining-room, which was littered with our baggage. More of it encumbered the verandah and downstairs bedroom. The day, which seemed to us very hot after the coolness of Magalabi, finally wore itself out. The Japanese had

not made it certain on which of two days they would expect us to be at the sawmill.

Next morning we resumed our waiting, and finally, in the middle of the afternoon, we saw an automobile and a truck-load of soldiers driving rapidly toward us. That was not reassuring—the Gov'nor had thought that no soldiers would be sent. It was an uneasy moment, for the juggernaut of war was about to roll over us.

The two vehicles came to a sudden stop in front, and the soldiers quickly surrounded the house. There was not a window or door on the first floor through which a soldier was not looking, and some of them were already upstairs. They were all dressed in shabby khaki, with strips of cloth hanging from their caps to protect their necks from the sun.

Lieutenant Hosatani, who was in charge of the expedition, sprang onto the porch and sat down in a straight chair in front of the door. He was a rough looking man, and his manner was entirely different from that he had assumed during the interview with my husband. Without looking at us, he harshly ordered him and Colonel Miller to load our baggage on the truck.

Because of my boycott of Japanese goods, I did not know the shopkeeper, Murya, his interpreter, who was standing by him. However, I said "Good afternoon", and squeezed him out a smile which he returned with interest. Perhaps he smiled from some friendly feeling, perhaps he was thinking of possible customers after the war should end.

"Too much baggage. Reave half!" stormed the lieutenant through Murya. "You go Bacorod, no can take ar. Not enough room on truck with sordiers."

This was terrible—we had nothing with us that we did not need. The thought of having to discard half, and of separat-

ing it instantly from what we could take, made me feel weak and helpless.

"But we need food," I remonstrated mildly. The shopkeeper translated. The lieutenant assented.

"We need clothing," I continued. The lieutenant assented.

"And we need bedding." Again the lieutenant nodded.

"Here is Mr. Arnaiz' truck, and there is his truck driver," I concluded; "let us put part of our things on it and take them all!"

The lieutenant, still not looking at us, assented! Furthermore, he called some of his soldiers to help load the truck.

Then he saw something move in a pillowslip one of us held.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A cat."

"Ret it out. No can take."

"But it's a lovely cat for catching rats," I protested mildly again.

The lieutenant smiled, but did not give us permission to keep the cat.

While the baggage was being loaded I tipped the old woman and two girls who had made us as comfortable as possible during the two days we had spent there. As I did so a soldier watched me through the kitchen window.

The impedimenta once on the trucks, the Gov'nor climbed on one and Colonel Miller on the other to keep an eye on our possessions. Mrs. Miller, Marian, and Adele rode on the seat of one of the trucks.

We had been told by an American who left Manila a few hours before the Japanese entered that city, and who had then been in Bataan and escaped from there, that all the Japanese soldiers hated Americans fiercely, and that it would be terrible for any of us captured in the provinces where we did not enjoy

the safety of numbers. But none of the soldiers, in spite of the speed with which they had surrounded the house, had shown us the least animosity. On the contrary, here was a soldier on the truck with the Gov'nor offering him a cigarette!

Murya gallantly escorted Bessie, Elizabeth, and me to the automobile. "I ride on truck," he said, "and you can ride with our captain." He helped me into the front seat, then looked at Mahitabel, who, dressed in her worst and looking like a witch from Macbeth, was following me. "The ord woman can sit front seat," he said, turning to hand Elizabeth and Bessie into the back of the car. Then we were off.

Hosatani, on the back seat with Bessie and Elizabeth, began to converse with us in English.

"Baby?" he inquired.

I was the only one who had a baby, and mine was in America.

"Husband, you?" Again I was the only one to reply affirmatively.

He branched out. "Mountain, mararia?" he asked, pointing.

"No malaria in the mountains," we assured him.

Then Bessie and Elizabeth began to talk Japanese to him. He was delighted and began to enjoy himself more than he had for months. The Japanese chauffeur came in for his share of the enjoyment, while the soldiers on the truck ahead saw how entertainingly we were getting along and enjoyed it at second hand.

The lieutenant had never been a man of any refinement, and had been brutalized by five years of warfare in China. Indeed, I heard later that even among the Japanese he was called *the assassin*. Bessie and Elizabeth did not like the way he spoke to them. As teachers they were accustomed to being treated with great respect, but, in talking to them, he used a



pronoun for *you*, which, they said, he would have used in addressing his wife or his dog.

However, he became very well disposed toward us. The captain had intended to intern us in the Mission Hospital, where there were already several Americans, but we asked to have a cottage by the hospital instead. Marian and Adele had lived in it before the war, and it was now empty. Hosatani promised to try to get permission for us to have it.

Since we were being conducted by the Japanese, I did not follow out my plan of leaving money at the cornmill for Frances.

We stopped in Pamplona barrio, however, and the Gov'nor, accompanied by a soldier, got his bag from Joaquin Piñero's house. I could not figure out his expression when he came back to the truck with the bag. I thought something terrible must have happened—perhaps Joaquin had been beaten or Pedro killed. After our arrival in Dumaguete I learned that nothing of the kind had happened, nothing but our capture. That was hard on my husband, far harder than on me.

By this time many people had returned from the mountains to their homes. The Japanese had threatened to burn the latter if they did not; and life in the mountains was hard, if not impossible.

It was interesting to observe people's expressions as we went along. At first sympathy for us predominated. Farther on fear and distrust of our captors were the feelings most in evidence. Most houses displayed a small Japanese flag.

When we were almost to Dumaguete we passed two cars full of officers going in the opposite direction. They looked at us with interest and approval. Nicely dressed women riding along agreeably with a Japanese officer in conquered territory—that was really war as it should be!

When we arrived in Dumaguete we were taken to the headquarters of the Japanese forces of the province. We entered the building where, in better times, we had enjoyed elaborate balls, with some apprehension. In this beautiful place Caballero had been tortured.

From the radio wafted a popular American air. We sat down in the *sala*. A small monkey jumped from one to another of us as a German police dog chased him. Mrs. Miller chewed gum vigorously. Young Japanese, bare from the waist up, carried trays upstairs.

Three shaven-headed youths stood in a row at one side of the *sala*, while Hosatani harangued them in an extremely loud, harsh tone of voice. At given intervals the three youths bowed with what seemed to me a beatific expression, but Bessie told me later that she thought they looked thoroughly frightened.

Then Hosatani sat down with us and asked, through Murya, "How much money you got? One hundred thousand pesos?"

We hastily disclaimed any such wealth, wondering whether we would be told to hand over some impossible sum, and be tortured for our inability to do so.

Soon the captain entered, asking in Japanese, "Who are all these elegant people?" He asked as a matter of humor, as of course he knew very well who we were.

He was only twenty-four, and I imagine he must have come from a very good family. He could understand us perfectly, so we spoke directly to him; however, he addressed us through the interpreter rather than lose face by replying in what might be broken English. During the interview he refrained from looking at us, which seemed strange to me, but Bessie later told us that it was merely a point of Japanese etiquette.

After asking us a few questions, he made us the following gentlemanly speech, which he had Bessie translate:

"War is an international matter over which we as individuals have no control. It is a great pity that there are wars. I am sorry that I shall have to deprive you of liberty and reduce your standard of living for awhile. I regret this particularly because two of your party have spent years of their lives helping my fellow countrymen.

"You may have the cottage by the hospital that you want. But you must stay in it, because if you do not I shall get into trouble. You may walk back and forth on the path between the cottage and the hospital for exercise, and you may also employ a girl to do your washing, ironing, and marketing.

"You need not fear mistreatment, and your baggage will not be taken from you."

We left, highly pleased with this rather remarkable speech, and a soldier escorted us as we walked to our cottage. Our baggage was brought on the trucks and turned over to us without even being searched.

The cottage was filthy. It had been looted of dishes and other small objects by Filipinos, and then the Japanese had removed most of the furniture, including stove, refrigerator, and beds. Now a layer of letters, pictures, programs, and Christmas cards littered the floor, while the dust and cobwebs of six months shrouded everything, and some rooms were even defiled with human excreta. We were too glad to have the house to repine, however.

The Scotch head nurse at the hospital, who had stayed at her post and was still nursing, though now a prisoner, sent us a pot of cooked rice and some coffee, and we opened sardines. After supper, having no light, we spread our mattresses on the floor and, of necessity, postponed the cleaning until next day.

All of us began work on the following morning, I with my highly prized American broom; and by night the place was clean and orderly. A large round table had been left in the house, and a few chairs. We had the basket stools, pans, and dishes; and we were already accustomed to sleeping on the floor. The girl we employed as *lavandera* bought us some earthenware stoves. As they were too smoky to put into the kitchen, we placed them in the *silong*, and did our cooking down there.

The second night in Dumaguete, weary from the cleaning, we all retired early and were soon asleep. In the middle of the night I was awakened by footsteps, voices, the opening and closing of doors. Waking the Gov'nor, I sprang out of bed—or rather *off* the mattresses, and *out* of the mosquito net—and hurried into the living-room, where I found several of our party in dressing gowns.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"The captain has sent for Governor Bryant," someone replied. "They want to take him to headquarters."

Headquarters! It was there they had tortured Caballero. And for what good purpose could they want him at this hour of the night? It was an appropriate time for sadism. For some time I had had a feeling that my husband was more in danger than any other member of the party, and now I feared that the Japanese might try to make him write letters to other Americans of the province who were still out in the mountains or even go on *missions* to them. Or they might try to make him turn over to them more money than we had or could in any way obtain. Other people always believe that all Americans are fabulously wealthy, and my husband was head of the largest American enterprise in the province with the exception of Silliman University. A Filipino, who had

brought the message, was waiting on the verandah, and a car was in front of the house.

I hurried into some clothes intending to go along. I would *insist* on going. The Japanese might be less brutal if I were there. My suitcase I turned over to Adele.

"Take care of this," I said, "It has all our money in it. If we don't come back it may be a help to you."

By this time the Gov'nor was dressed. A knock sounded at the door, and Murya stepped inside.

"Never mind," he said. "Tomorrow ar right. Captain Tsuda not know you arready asreep.. Tomorrow ar right. Goodnight!"

He left, and the car rolled away into the night. The Gov'nor pulled out his watch.

"Why, it's only ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. To all of us it had seemed midnight.

Next day he was not taken to headquarters. Instead he was only asked a few questions at the house.

A few nights later we had another episode. While preparing to go to bed, I heard a knock at the front door. I waited to answer it, as the Gov'nor was in the bath, and I wanted him to go with me. But the unknown visitor, not receiving an immediate response to his knock, tried the door which opened onto the verandah from our room. It was unlocked, and in he came, a soldier complete to tin hat and fixed bayonet with all kinds of leather cases fastened to his belt. Having heard his knock, I was not startled. He quickly looked into the clothes closet, then dived across the living-room and into the three bedrooms beyond, where the rest of the party were in all stages of undress. As they had not heard him arrive and did not know he was alone, they were more than startled to see the soldier in their midst. After looking around for a few minutes, he left the house. Next

day when the interpreter dropped in the Gov'nor complained vigorously about the intrusion, but I have always believed that no one was more frightened that night than the lone soldier.

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## Chapter 5

XX

WHILE IN Dumaguete, we were comfortable and well-fed, thanks to our own funds and efforts. An abundance of vegetables, fruit, fish, and meat could be bought. The Mission Hospital had brought to town the herd of cattle the Gov'nor had turned over to it, and sent us a pitcher of milk every morning. As Dumaguete was still largely deserted, abandoned pigs and chickens roved about. Marian caught some of the latter, which may have been the more delicious for being almost stolen. None of us had any qualms about it.

The Americans in the hospital paid for their board.

The Japanese gave us nothing, but we made no complaint on that score for fear they might take away what food and money we had and then supply us a starvation diet.

For six and a half months I had acted as hostess and house-keeper for the party. When we reached Dumaguete, I suggested that, since we were in the house formerly occupied by Marian and Adele, they should now take their turn, all of us to help with the work, of course, and to share equally in defraying the expenses. This was agreed upon, and I felt considerably more carefree as a consequence.

Indeed, we had an easy life. Marian had assigned a room with private bath to the Gov'nor and me. To some it might seem incongruous to have a private bath and yet to sleep on the floor; but to us, after camping in the mountains more than two months, it was luxury.

Every afternoon we took our siesta according to custom. It is true that about the moment we fell asleep we would be awakened by a loud and horrid noise. This noise was not a part of the war proper. It was caused by some defect in the kitchen water pipe and indicated that Marian was diluting the little milk left from breakfast to make a casava starch pudding.

Sleep being murdered, we would lie and read. Our mattress commanded a view of the kitchen window, through which would emerge, soon after Marian left that room, two hands peeling a mango. Although mangoes were rather expensive for us, there were a few in the fruit dish in the center of the table. The rest of us would take one occasionally, then content ourselves with bananas for a few meals. But Mahitabel, probably more for vitamins than flavor, had an extra one every afternoon.

She had brought so little money from the mountains—having made various *caches* in the wilderness—that after the first week we had to pay her share of the expenses. Soon we were paying also the shares of Bessie and Elizabeth.

Even so, we had no misgivings about our rapidly diminishing funds, because the "news" was so abundant and marvelous. As we found out later, it was not true; but during August of 1942, when in reality the Japanese were threatening Port Moresby and the Russians were still retreating, we delighted in believing that our forces had Mindanao and Palawan, and that our ships were patrolling northward as far as Manila Bay. Such, indeed, was the abundance of



rumors that if the Gov'nor and I did not see each other for an hour—he, perhaps on the verandah, and I in the silong or bedroom—we would ask each other eagerly when we met, "Have you heard any news?"

Usually we were not guarded, and occasionally a Filipino friend would slip in bringing us a present of fruit. Also, we not only walked for exercise back and forth on the acacia-shaded drive bordered by hedges of hibiscus that led to the hospital, but we also went into the hospital and saw the doctor, nurses, and the Americans who were interned there. So we were not entirely cut off from the world and received, if not news, at least reports which we believed for the time.

Great was our surprise one day when Lino Piñero, Pedro's son, furtively entered the house. He had been a student in the Trade School in Manila when the war broke out and now had just arrived home, having come down from island to island on small native boats.

He told us that the Japanese had brought Pedro to Dumaquete soon after our capture, had questioned him, and then let him return to Pamplona on a passenger truck. They had had an automobile follow the truck, however, to prevent Pedro from getting off and going back to try to see the Gov'nor. He also told us what answers Pedro had made the Japanese, a matter of great practical importance to us.

The Gov'nor sent messages to Pedro about various matters. A few days later Lino returned bringing us some money; but we warned him not to come back, as it was too dangerous, both to him and to us.

About this time the foreman at Polo was killed by Filipinos. He had had to show the Japanese where Colonel Miller had hidden his car and truck, and some Filipinos had considered the act collaboration.

Also, the foreman of the plantation south of Polo had been

severely beaten by the Japanese, who were trying to locate the planter. It is said that one never entirely recovers from a Japanese beating, so serious are the internal injuries sustained. It was, indeed, a dangerous time for foremen and their families.

We had Japanese as well as Filipino visitors. A young soldier, assigned as a guard in the Silliman grounds, often came to the back door to talk to Elizabeth. He had been a teacher in Japan before the war. As his sister had been interned in Davao during the early part of the war he professed especial interest in our welfare, and he was glad that women were not being mistreated in the Philippines as they had been in China. The Gov'nor feared he might be a spy, and possibly he was. But not improbably he was simply a homesick young man to whom friendship came more naturally than the arts and attitudes of war.

Hosatani frequently dropped in to visit on our front verandah, which was banked with airplants and orchids. He seemed much interested in the fact that Bessie and Elizabeth were not married, and he had told us he was a bachelor; so I was afraid he might propose himself as a suitor. A rough, brutal man, he was an undesirable enemy and, as a suitor, would have been equally undesirable. However, when he visited us, he was courteous enough except for his habitually rough way of talking; and, still more important, he did not attempt any tender passages, in spite of my fears. Possibly that was because fate did not give him time.

We were often visited by Furushima, the secret service man, who had been a merchant in Cebu before the war. He did not question us with anything like the severity we had expected. We heard that he often became disgustingly drunk. One night he had a fight with another drunken Japanese in the hospital—he spent most of the nights there. Drunken-

ness was common among the officers; but when I juxtaposed Furushima's drinking with his rumored great friendship for a missionary in Cebu, I wondered whether he drank as an escape from the war and especially from his part in it. Anyway, we never saw him drunk, and I do not know why he seemed to be more intensely hated than other Japanese officers.

Mrs. Miller, who hated them all with the greatest intensity, called him *High Pocket*, but the rest of us dubbed him *Cherry Blossom*. It hurt her particularly to see him roll up to our house in her own fine new Dodge. Once, while driving it, he had an accident which damaged both the car and him. She would have thought the car well lost if it had killed him!

He had searched all the American homes and spent hours poring over old letters and papers. This search continued after our arrival in Dumaguete—we saw him enter the empty houses and saw, shining through the window, the light that enabled him to read during the early hours of the night. He also dug holes under the houses. Once, while trying to find an underground vault in which Silliman records had been hidden, he got himself well messed up in a sewer, which delighted us all.

When he came, those of us who were cooking came up from the silong, hot and reeking with smoke, and joined the others on the verandah.

Cherry Blossom would first click his heels together and make a sound which is usually indicative of extreme nausea. This was our signal to bow. After returning our bow he would sit down in the porch swing, clicking his sword, and we would take the chairs and stools.

Perhaps one reason he was hated was that he was keen mentally, and hence too well able to ferret things out. But he did not gain much from his interviews with us. We told

him, in reply to his questions, what he knew already—that there were two American families from Silliman somewhere in the north of the province and several others somewhere in the mountains, but we did not know where—which was more or less true—and that we had not seen any of them for many months. Furushima did not want to take *I don't know* as an answer on this point, and he hinted that Colonel Miller was lying.

With righteous indignation I sprang to his defence. "From the beginning of the war," I protested, "people in this province did not dare leave their camps or homes. Japanese ships were always stopping offshore. We never knew when or where a landing would be made, and none of us wanted to be cut off from our families and base of supplies!"

Apparently this silenced him, for he changed the subject.

"Where are the Pamplona account books?" he asked, speaking as he always did in faultless English.

"In the mountains," replied the Gov'nor, not, of course, explaining that they were at Camp One.

Cherry Blossom sighed, made a gesture of unutterable weariness, and dropped the subject. He had worked almost two months on our capture and fully realized the remoteness of Camp Two and the difficulties of getting there. We had been better hidden than any of the Americans of the province, but the Japanese had been more anxious to get the Gov'nor than the others.

When he ended his interview, he rose, clicked his heels, and again registered nausea. We arose and bowed, and he went down the stairs with his sword rattling.

Frequently he came saying he would like a little additional information; then, when we assembled, he would ask us only our ages and occupations. I think he did this merely to make sure that we were all staying in the house and behaving our-

selves. As time went on I gradually lost most of the anxiety I had felt about my husband.

Other officers called upon us. The visits had a social character, and we were warned of them in advance if officers from outside the province were coming, so that we could be suitably attired. I believe that the officers considered us an interesting interlude in the grim business of war and respected us as superior examples of *homo americanus*, a species with which they had never before come in contact. It is true that at the usual sign of nausea we rose and bowed at the conclusion of the interviews. But our visitors also bowed to us. For the Japanese—as for us, really—bowing does not indicate subservience necessarily, but is a matter of courtesy whether between equals or persons of varying rank. Bessie and Elizabeth said that these officers—unlike Hosatani—always addressed them with respect as though they were equals. All our visitors professed great interest in our welfare and told us to keep up our health and our spirits.

The most august of them all was an old colonel from Bacolod who had a somber expression and a long, lank moustache. The prisoners from the hospital had been brought to our verandah for his visit. He started out very solemnly and gravely by asking us all our ages and occupations. Then he concentrated on questioning an old American who had gone somewhat native—an expression which seems derogatory to the native inhabitants, and yet for which there is no substitute. The colonel went particularly into the subject of all his ailments, having the Japanese doctor who accompanied him suggest names for them. After that he became expansive and genial. Could he do anything for us? Did we have enough to eat? Fortune came in waves. Ours was now at low ebb, but it would not always be so. In the meantime, we must keep up our health and our spirits! So

saying, he took his departure, leaving behind him an aura of great benevolence. He had even charmed Mahitabel. "I like that old colonel!" she exclaimed, smiling.

Bessie had her difficulties during these interviews. Since she had grown up in Japan, she spoke Japanese with ease and fluency and, consequently, often acted as interpreter. We cautioned her not to tell one unnecessary thing, and it was difficult for her to follow this advice and yet show enough affability to avoid angering the officers. On one occasion the interpreter, Murya, asked her a question in Japanese. Since he spoke English and since she wanted us to know what was being discussed, she replied in English. "I'd like to slap your face!" he told her furiously. Yet, in spite of her efforts to be discreet, Colonel and Mrs. Miller were convinced that she was telling the enemy far too much. Indeed, they had little use for either Bessie or Elizabeth, and had no hesitation in saying so.

During these weeks in Dumaguete Marian again evidenced her inconsistency. Once she asked an officer if we should put up a Japanese flag. Of course he said *yes*, and then we had to obtain a flag and live under it. On the other hand, a few days later, when for some reason a guard was put over us at night, she wanted to refuse his request for a chair. When we remonstrated, she carried down a stool, while Mrs. Miller screamed, "Don't go out, Bruce! He's just a-waitin' foh a chance to shoot you!" Marian objected to my giving two cucumbers to an internee in the hospital on the ground that such munificence made us appear too wealthy, but she made and took to the hospital a chocolate cake. She scolded me for questioning a little boy, who sold us mangoes, about an American major who was imprisoned in a jail in Dumaguete, yet it was she who beckoned the vendors to the door

and bought from them and sent a cochero to market, all without the permission of our captors.

This American major, so we heard, had been captured near an isolated place in western Negros. He was now languishing in one of the two jails in Dumaguete, wounded, hungry, almost naked. The small boy I had questioned had sold him fruit and was feeling very sorry for him. I thought I might be able to get some Chinese storekeeper to have food sent in to him regularly. It was for this Marian had scolded me, saying that because of my indiscretion we would all be sent to Bacolod. Colonel Miller surprised me at this time. He had expressed great sympathy for his unfortunate fellow countryman, saying he wished he could have only two meals a day and know that the major was having enough food. When he knew I was really trying to do something about it, he looked worried and never again mentioned the major. I did not believe that the boy, who was the step-son of one of my Filipina friends, would betray my confidence. And I thought the cause justified some risk.

Marian's scoldings I had accepted quite meekly. But there was a strain of Prussianism that became very evident in her now that she was managing the house.

One day I was preparing to fry chicken. I had been ashamed of the last that I had fried; for, brown on the outside, the pieces were rare in the center. The others had protested that it was all right and had eaten it, but I was acutely aware that it was not, and now I intended to profit from my mistake. While I was cutting up the chicken in the smoky silong, Marian came in and scolded me about certain trifling matters, the nature of which I have forgotten.

Then she said in her most Prussian manner, "And don't you bring up any raw chicken today! The last you cooked was not fit to eat! My word! Raw chicken!"

"The trouble with you is," I replied, adopting my fire-fighting tactics, "that you are a regular Kaiser!"

She was furious, and I did not in the least regret what I had said. It was our second collision. We were never afterwards such good friends as we had been. Most of the household thought I was quite justified, but Mrs. Miller sided strongly with Marian because she made such good things to eat. The two were also drawn together by the fact that they were both trying to reduce. Neither of them wanted anything starchy set out for supper; for, if rice or corn was on the table, they would eat it. Mrs. Miller even made a virtue of this. When I suggested that she and Marian need not eat these cereals, even if they were prepared, she replied, "This is a good crowd, I say—it eats watevah's set befo' it!"

The light suppers were a little hard on those of us who wanted to gain weight. I had always been slender, and the Gov'nor had lost during the last eight months because of worry over his responsibilities: the plantation, the laborers, me, our guests. It was my philosophy that we should keep ourselves as plump as possible, so that we could live partially on our "hump" during the hard times that might lie ahead of us.



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## Chapter 6

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XX

OF COURSE we had the sympathy of the Filipinos all the time. Strangers passed our cottage loudly humming *God Bless America*. A nurse who had been invited to sing at a Japanese banquet averred that she was going to sing that song for the Japanese officers, but she compromised the matter by singing *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and *Star Spangled Banner* so loudly in the nurses' home that she could be heard over all our part of town.

At the time we were captured, however, the Filipinos were too terrified to offer any resistance. Soon afterwards it became apparent that their valor was rising, and that the Japanese had no very firm grip on the province. The guerillas raided one town after another at night. On one occasion they even came into Dumaguete, broke into a jail, and carried off a Filipino soldier who was to have been executed the next day.

One evening while we were having a bridge game, Hosatani and Murya came in, and it seemed to me that they were surprised to find us so harmlessly employed. Murya said that it was probably just a rumor, but that they had

heard that Filipino soldiers were going to attack the Americans that night. For our own safety they would take us all to spend the night in the Japanese Association. We protested, because we were afraid all our possessions would be stolen while we were away.

"You do not understand," said the interpreter. "These Firipinos bandits, not sordiers. Now if you want take responsibility—"

"I'll accept the responsibility, and we'll stay here," replied my husband with decision.

"This is orders! Don't talk!" commanded Murya. We could not take our mattresses, pans, dishes, food, but we did hurry all our more personal possessions into suitcases and took them with us.

They conducted us in two automobiles through the empty streets to a business building in the center of the town. The Japanese civilians of the town had moved into this building for the sake of safety. With the Americans from the hospital we were put into the large hallway upstairs. Even Doris Johnson, who had almost died recently as a result of pleurisy and pneumonia, had had to get up and come. After we made her as comfortable as we could by putting our blankets under her, we resumed our interrupted card game; for there was light, and a table with benches on either side, and we foresaw that a night on the bare concrete floor would be too long, even if begun late. At ten o'clock, however, the soldier who was guarding us said, "Rie down! Arready ten!" So we stretched out on the floor, and he put out the light.

The night was even longer than we had expected. The Japanese civilians, living in the rooms around us, came in and out. Some of them snored raucously, and several gave evidences of being thoroughly drunk. The mosquitoes bit

us relentlessly, and the floor became harder and harder, no matter how often we turned.

Finally morning came. The Japanese and Filipino women in the building set the long table in the hallway for the civilian Japanese, putting at each place a handful of cold boiled rice and a small hardboiled egg.

Then Hosatani returned and took us home. We were happy to find that we had not been robbed in our absence, and we were also happy in the thought that the Japanese were having trouble. Some days before, we had heard that the guerillas were going to take the town that night. Most of us kept an open mind on the subject, but Mrs. Miller believed it firmly, and crowed, as Cherry Blossom passed, "We know mo' than he does!" But nothing had come of the rumor.

We did not know, when Hosatani brought us home, that we would have only a few hours in Dumaguete. At two-thirty that afternoon Cherry Blossom came into the house. "You must leave for Bacolod at four o'clock," he announced. "The ship is at the pier. It is not a very nice ship. Better take everything."

We were almost stunned. This transfer had not been mentioned since we had come to Dumaguete. We felt that we were being sold down the river, for we had heard that the prisoners in Bacolod had very little food, that the men and women were separated, and that conditions were far from good.

My husband fumed. "This is not according to the terms of surrender," he insisted. "We were promised we could stay here."

"It's orders," answered Cherry Blossom. "They are from above. Maybe not so bad in Bacolod."

I, also, could be bold since we were going to be sent any-

way. "Are you going to take the American major?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, blinking, and left the house.

Again we packed in haste. When I set a suitcase in front of the house I saw the bright-eyed little fruit vendor, who was hiding in the hedge, beckon to me. I went over to him, and he thrust a letter in my hand. It was from the major, I found, as soon as I could get into our room and read it, and was not addressed to me but to anyone who might help him. It said that he and his three companions—an English remittance man, and an American father and mestizo son—had succeeded in having food sent in from a restaurant, but were almost out of funds, and needed assistance badly. Nothing had ever been given them but a little corn rice, and that with no regularity.

The move to Bacolod would be a change for the worse for us, but not for the major and his companions, I thought.

Soon a truck came and took us and our belongings to the pier. Various people were there—the stevedores, who would accept nothing for moving our baggage; the doctor of the Mission Hospital, torn between sympathy for us and fear of the Japanese; and the nurses who, because of their youthful charms, felt safer. The Japanese had immediately opened a red light district, and were not—at least at that time—accustomed to molesting respectable women in Dumaguete. My little boy friend watched from the top of a pile of building material. Cherry Blossom and Murya were there.

"When are you going to bring the major?" I demanded of the former.

"I'll go and get him now," said Cherry Blossom, and he climbed into his car with some docility. Soon he was back with the men from the jail, who were certainly not encumbered with baggage. What they had they carried in limp, almost empty gunny sacks.

When the small boy saw them join our group on the pier, he capered with joy in spite of his precarious position on top of the pile of material. He had acted as intermediary and felt he had a hand in the *dénouement*.

Naturally we were interested in getting acquainted with the major and hearing about his experiences. Fortunately he had not been wounded, as we had heard. A German mestizo had taken the Japanese to his hiding place. They had robbed him, his glasses being the worst loss; but, without any apparent bitterness, he took his misadventures with a philosophy that I admired and thought especially remarkable in a professional military man.

"There are always atrocities in war," I observed.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and they are never all on one side. Furthermore, they are exaggerated in the telling, and some are pure fabrications."

On our arrival in Bacolod he was taken to a camp for officers, and we never saw him or heard of him again.

Our conversation on the wharf was soon interrupted by the arrival of the internees from the hospital, some of whom had been captured since our arrival in Dumaguete. In all there were twenty-one of us.

Now we went down the gangplank onto the barge which was to be our conveyance to Bacolod on the west side of Negros, and which was already half full of Japanese soldiers.

We spent the night on loose, broken boards that held us insecurely a foot or two above the filthy bilge water. Of course there was no privacy—men, women, soldiers were all together. Fortunately there were no children with us, but there were two feeble old men, who had to be helped into the hold and up again, and there was Doris who was trying to recover from her acute illness, which had brought on tuberculosis. During the day the heat was too stifling inside, and we

stayed on deck under the blistering sun. For our meals Bessie cooked rice on a clay stove. At this time I was feeling so battered and dragged around that I would have gone hungry rather than make a fire, and I had been housekeeper for the group so long that I now felt free to indulge in a little idleness and low morale. At first we had fried chicken which had been prepared for us by the doctor's wife as soon as she heard we were to be transferred, and after that was gone we had a few cans of salmon that Cherry Blossom gave us. The barge's water supply was contained in an iron drum into which a can was dipped. The germ count must have been super-astronomical. There were no sanitary facilities aboard—not even a bucket.

However, the buoyancy of our spirits was proved again. The second night on the barge, as it was Sunday, we had a little service, which ended in a sing. With great gusto I started up "Over there—The Yanks are coming," and everyone joined in. The Japanese soldiers and Cherry Blossom certainly heard it. The latter knew English very well, though he may not have understood the song.

Our cheerfulness was not without basis. We thought the Japanese were far nearer defeat than they were, and that we would be back in our own province within a few months at most, probably within a few weeks.

Fortunately our trip lasted only two days, as we would all have been ill if it had lasted much longer. Needless to say, it was a great setback to Doris.

From the Bacolod wharf we were taken on trucks to the internment camp, which was housed in a school building just outside the town. The school was constructed according to the usual Philippine pattern—a one-story frame building around a patio, with verandahs serving as corridors. It was on low ground, and behind the yard was a mangrove swamp

and a bright green rice field, then a fringe of coconut palms and the sea. In front was a plain covered with sugarcane and then shaggy mountains dominated by the great bulk of towering Canlaon, a symmetrical and imposing volcano which usually wore a plume of smoke or a cloud of steam.

When we stopped in front of the camp the Bacolod internees leaned over the porch railing to size us up. I heard later that they had decided I was a missionary because I had on long stockings and a sun helmet, both for protection on the trip rather than as a badge of office, of course. They also decided that pink and white Bessie, who had the fairest complexion of any of us, must be part Japanese. They had heard that two of our party had been in Japan, and Bessie, being badly burned by the sun as a result of our exposure during the trip, had covered her face with a green ointment that gave a very weird effect.

There was something about the expression of the Bacolod internees that puzzled me. Was it because they were starved and mistreated? Later I found out that they were wondering whether we had brought any food, and were not feeling at all hospitable to us unless we had brought a large quantity of it. Alas, our food supplies were on the plantation!

Nevertheless, some of the Bacolod internees, bronzed by the sun and dressed in shorts and shoes only, carried our baggage from the trucks into the school yard and set it down in front of the building for inspection. While this was taking place, I winked at my husband, we picked up our bags, which had not yet been inspected, and carried them into the school.

"Which is the women's side of the camp?" I asked.

"There isn't any," I was told. "There are men's rooms and women's rooms on both sides."

The women of our party were assigned one school room and the men were given the room next to it.

Soon it was time for luncheon and we went out to the manual training building which served as diningroom and kitchen. We got in line and, upon arriving at the counter, we helped ourselves to plates and silverware. As we carried our plates along, women on the other side of the counter put food on them. Then we squeezed ourselves into the small school benches and enjoyed our first meal in Bacolod. The food was good, but we could have eaten twice as much.

That afternoon the old colonel came to visit us. We must forget we were from Dumaguete, he said. The Bacolod internees must forget that they were from Bacolod, and we must all live harmoniously together.

He must have thought there was danger that we would "gang up" on each other. In that case we would have fared badly, as there were about 120 internees in Bacolod before our arrival. Many of them had already been there three months. They had found the building filthy, and quite unsuited for living quarters. But they had cleaned it well, put sanitary facilities in outhouses, constructed wooden wash troughs for clothes; and, by the time we arrived, the camp was well organized and running smoothly.

Each able bodied person was assigned some work to be done for the camp. The men tended the camp garden, did carpentering and plumbing jobs, cooked the rice and boiled the drinking water. The women took turns preparing vegetables and serving the food, did most of the cooking, and cared for the sick. There were several capable women in camp who managed the mess and cooking and did it very well indeed.

The camp work kept most of us busy about two hours a day. Aside from that we had other chores to do. We took turns at sweeping our room every day and scrubbing it once a week. My American broom, alas! had been lost in the last



move. So, bending far over, we swept with a little bundle of twigs that had no handle. Every two or three days I took my clothes and the Gov'nor's out to the wash trough and rubbed away at them in cold water without any washboard.

As these activities left us a good deal of spare time, I decided to polish up my Spanish, which had grown rusty from disuse. A priest lent me a Spanish grammar, and a young American mestizo very kindly practiced the language with me. We sat on the front verandah in the evenings and discussed all manner of subjects. My use of the idiom was limbering up very well when we struck a snag: he could not convince me of the infallibility of the Pope! He was not so much concerned with my conversion to Catholicism as with the fact that I would not admit his argument to be unquestionable. As a budding lawyer, he prided himself on that. We remained friends, but our evening sessions were discontinued.

The Gov'nor, also, soon became interested in Spanish as a hobby. We practiced together and with other people, and I taught some less advanced students.

I should have liked to resume my attempts at verse-writing, but I led too much the life of a goldfish. It was hard enough to live in a room with so many miscellaneous women without increasing my difficulties by openly and deliberately putting myself into the category of the freaks who write verses.

There were six or eight priests, mainly Dutch, in the group, and mass was celebrated every morning and twice on Sunday. A Protestant service was also held every Sunday.

And we had a camp library, to which the internees had contributed the books.

On the whole the people in Bacolod were making the best of a bad situation, but it was definitely a bad situation.

The Japanese had never done anything for the camp except

to guard it to see that we did not escape or communicate with outsiders. Some of the internees from western Negros had brought cases of food with them, and the manager of a lumber mill had entrusted quite a sum of money to a Swiss to expend for the general benefit. As soon as we arrived the Gov'nor and I had to turn over to the camp one hundred pesos from the small amount of money we had left. The Millers turned over a like amount, and we all had to sign an agreement to pay our share of camp expenses after the war.

But the resources were already drawing to an end when we arrived, and no others were in sight. Our food was both insufficient and unbalanced, consisting mainly of rice.

For breakfast we had rice or coarsely ground boiled corn with sugar syrup and native, home-roasted coffee that looked and tasted like mud. By the middle of the morning, everyone was hungry. The midday meal was good and reasonably abundant. It consisted of meat or beans, vegetable, rice, and sometimes dessert. Supper usually consisted of rice and weak soup, and most people went to bed hungry.

Some, who had friends and relatives living in the town, fared better than the rest of us, as fruit, cakes, and other things were sent to them upon which they lunched before going to bed.

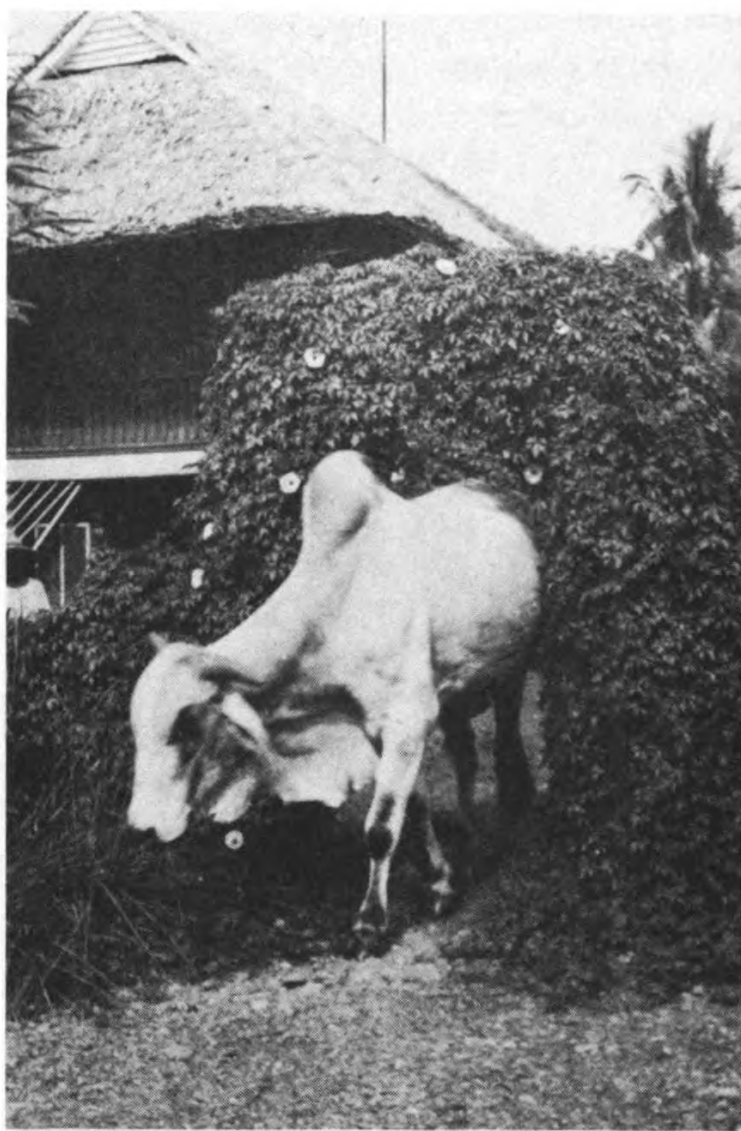
When we arrived a good many bananas were being served, but in time these disappeared entirely, and we got practically no fruit.

One day I helped prepare jackfruit—a huge species generally used for feeding pigs—and a tasteless melon, to mix together for a dessert. I rescued from the garbage the discarded parts of the jackfruit and the melon seeds, and carried them off to share with the Gov'nor. We ate every string and seed.

Meat almost disappeared from our diet. We were grow-



PLOWING A COCONUT GROVE



AN INDIAN NELLORE STEER

ing thinner and thinner, and we were about to run out of funds to supply any diet at all.

Colonel Ohta had visited us. He gave cigarettes to the women and candy to the children and asked what he could do for us, but the question seemed to be for effect, as he did not provide us with any food or money.

Although the Japanese were making no provision for our livelihood and were keeping us unduly cut off from the world, we were reasonably free from brutal treatment. Occasionally one of our men, engaged in unloading food supplies from a truck, would be kicked. And one evening drunken soldiers came into the camp, slapped one woman, spanked another (the severity of the spanking may be judged from the fact that she ran away laughing), and spat in the face of a third. As it happened I did not witness any of these cases, but I did not at the time hear it alleged that any of the kicks were particularly savage. Some of them may have grown since then! Considering our numbers and the fact that the camp was in use nine months, we were fortunate to have had no more serious mistreatment.

We may have narrowly missed it, however. A group of young men planned to escape, but were argued out of it by our camp leader, Mr. Pope. If they had carried out their intention, we would all probably have suffered for it in some way, and a few of us might have been executed if the Japanese failed to recapture the young men. There were instances of such punishment of fellow prisoners.

An important figure in our life at Bacolod was our commandant, Mr. Mori. He was an ignorant, dirty, dwarfish little man who, before the war, had been employed as carpenter by a sugar central (or mill) in the province.

Every morning at eight, daylight saving time—breakfast being over and the dishes already done—all, including infants

in arms, lined up behind the school for roll-call.

Mori, facing us, bowed and said, "Good-morning!"

We bowed dutifully and replied, "Good morning, Mr. Mori!"

Then Mori or our internee chief read the list of names. Each of us would reply *here*, raising an arm as he did so.

Every evening there was a similar roll-call.

A few visitors were occasionally permitted to enter the camp for a few minutes, but Mori listened carefully to every word they said, and, of course, all interesting subjects of conversation were tabu. The Gov'nor and I never had any visitors, as we were strangers in Occidental Negros. All the contact we had had outside our own province had been with Cebu, Manila, Zamboanga, but never with the other side of our own island.

Mori enjoyed the luxury of having his room cleaned by the manager of the sugar central which had formerly employed him as carpenter. The manager did not object to this, however, as it was an easy job for him.

When one entered Mori's room, one bowed at the door, advanced to the desk, bowed, stated one's errand, bowed, retreated to the door—one did not have to walk backward!—turned, and bowed.

The Gov'nor could not bring himself to do this. Our misfortunes fell more heavily on him than on me. I did not feel that my dignity was being compromised by being a prisoner, nor yet by bowing. So I visited Mori whenever it was necessary for either of us to get anything; the only way to obtain anything was to ask Mr. Mori to have one of his children get it for us. Our funds were falling so low that we got only that which was absolutely necessary. Mori was bad tempered and hated—he was killed after our removal from the province—but he was always pleasant to me and

always got what I wanted—usually soap—if it could be found in the town, for all commodities were exceedingly scarce.

One day I glanced through the window of Mr. Mori's room and was alarmed to see my husband inside with some Japanese officers. To me the best feature of our transfer to Bacolod was that it had seemed to free him from the possibility of having pressure put on him for some purpose or other. But perhaps he had not been freed of this. In suspense, I waited on the verandah. Soon he came out, grinning, and bowed to me elaborately.

"They just asked me some questions about the plantation," he reported. "And they had the funniest map of the place. A Jap carpenter made it, and I couldn't make head or tail of it."

Soon after our arrival in Bacolod we were summoned singly or in couples to the office, Colonel and Mrs. Miller being called in ahead of us.

"There's the meanest ole officers in there!" she told me angrily, going on to elaborate.

I entered the office hating them thoroughly, expecting to have a bad time of it, and determined to be very sullen.

During the preliminary questioning the officers could not catch the word *Ohio*, the gov'nor's native state.

"Like *good morning*," I suggested, for *Ohio* is pronounced exactly like the Japanese word for *good morning*.

The officers laughed and caught the word immediately.

Then they gave us something written in Japanese which we were to sign, showing us also the English translation. The translation was nothing which we could possibly have objected to signing, but I maintained that we could not sign the Japanese document, because we did not know what it meant. They insisted it meant the same as the purported

translation. Formerly I had been able to read more than two thousand of the Chinese ideographs that are used so freely in the writing of Japanese—the large square characters between the little pothooks of the Japanese syllabary—and I remembered enough to know that the officers were telling the truth. But, just to plague them, I held out. Since we could not read it, we could not sign it, I argued; for it would be treating them dishonestly and it would hurt our consciences. They were insistent, though pleasant.

Finally I said, "All right, we'll sign it this way," making motions with my finger as if I were making the brush strokes required for the Chinese characters. The officers laughed again, though they dissented. At last we signed and went out. I had really had a rather good time.

Mori was a respecter of persons: he had different treatment for the poor than for the wealthy and influential.

To the former class belonged a young American woman whose Filipino husband and young son were outside the camp. The little boy had obtained a permit to come and see his mother on his birthday; but, when he arrived, Mori would not let him enter the camp grounds and would not let his mother go to the gate. The child began to cry, and Mori went into his room. The Japanese soldier on guard at the gate was so sorry for the boy that he motioned the mother to go to the corner of the school grounds and sent the child to her. Just then Mori came out and saw what was happening. Cursing everyone vigorously, he ended the interview before it began.

Deep tragedy befell one very beautiful young American mestiza whose Spanish husband and three children lived in a neat white cottage only a hundred yards from the camp. One evening while the family was praying for her release, someone entered the house and shot the husband. He was



holding one of the children in his arms, and the two of them were killed. The frightened servants fled, and the two little terrified children were left alone with the corpses. A few days later the children were brought into the camp. As their mother was quite prostrated by her loss, one of my friends and I took care of them for a while. It was not easy, as they were very undisciplined; and soon, with the doctor's approval, we turned them over to her. Her husband had never expected anything of her except to be beautiful, and it was difficult for her to take charge of her responsibilities.

There were all kinds of people in the camp—Americans, British, half a dozen Dutch priests, two Catholic Sisters, an American Negro, a full-blooded American Indian woman with her half-Filipino children, people who had never been in the British Isles or the United States and who were largely Oriental or southern European in blood who happened to have British citizenship because they were born in Hongkong, or American citizenship because they had American fathers. There were a number of Filipina and mestiza women and children, and there were several American women married to Spaniards and Filipinos. The husbands and children of the latter were outside the camp.

Before the war I had noticed the inferiority complex that usually afflicts the parties to a mixed marriage, but until my experience in Bacolod I did not realize how their personalities are often warped and twisted. One of these American women declared to me that she did not care who won the war, provided that it ended quickly and she could get back to her family! Another, a very intelligent, capable, well-educated woman of good personality, actually said that she hoped the Japanese dropped bombs on Washington! She was a source of ill-feeling between the races in the province, for she told Americans that the Filipinos hated them, and told the Fili-

pinos that we scorned and despised them. Of course these two were extreme cases.

Mrs. García, in my own room, who had come with us from Dumaguete, was a case where intermarriage had not affected personality. Nothing could have! In the tropics she was the same cheerful, religious woman she had been in mid-western America. Without any pretense, she was always exactly herself. Her grammar was the worst I ever encountered, but one did not notice it. In some one else it might have indicated ignorance or stupidity, but in her case it meant she did not care to change from the style of speech in which she grew up. She was always neat, clean, becomingly dressed, and, although on the far side of middle age, she was vivacious, slender, agile, capable, and looked about half her years.

I had another roommate who had not been in the mountains with us—the Scotch nurse. Short, elderly, and somewhat ailing, she was a brave and gallant soul, devoted to her work, but somewhat limited. She eagerly and firmly believed every good rumor, and regarded it as a sacrilegious lack of faith if we did not. If it turned out to be false, she would say easily, “Well, it’ll be true *some time!*” As guardian of the Truth, she was always contradicting the rest of us. For example someone would say, “Two officers just went down the porch.” “There were *not* any officers,” she would retort, “it was just the guard.” The original speaker would insist, “But they were officers. They had swords!” “There were *not* officers, just the guard. I saw him myself.” The fact that two officers would just then come back past the door would not deter her from contradicting us just as bluntly the next time that she saw Truth endangered.

With nine women in the room, and each at odds, open or smouldering, with several others, we had a total of several

dozen feuds, and were possibly the worst group in camp in that respect. Mahitabel made Elizabeth a dress, but sometimes barked at her. Mrs. Miller stopped championing Marian, and started detesting her, cordially and openly.

Once Bessie and Adele discovered and brought into the room a number of school chairs with arms. None of the rest of us knew they were available until they were already in our room. Since they were never all in use at once, I finally took one to the Gov'nor, as he had nothing to sit on. As a matter of form, I mentioned to Adele that I had done so.

"Bessie and I brought all those chairs from the Home Economics Building ourselves," she said, sharply, "and not a soul offered to help us!" This from Adele, who had so recently spent four months in our own home. The Gov'nor insisted on returning the chair when he heard about her reaction, and he then made himself one out of scraps of boards that he found.

Another morning Adele arose saying hotly that she was going to speak to Mr. Nolan who had waked her up at four o'clock by talking on the verandah. I observed, as mildly as I could, that I had heard everyone in the room complaining about the fact that she and Marian awakened them at all hours of the night with their whispering. This cooled her off considerably. None of us had any use for a friendship that could not get enough talking done during the daytime.

It was a pity to have to live for a long time in such close and tense contact with people one had admired. One felt so disillusioned about some of them. Fortunately others stood the test.

I had no violent passages except with Marian. Now that I was with her so constantly, I found that her lack of consideration for others obscured all her excellent qualities. She disturbed us not only by whispering in the middle of the

night, but by noisily moving around the room, which vibrated at each of her steps, while the rest of us were trying to sleep at siesta time. Gentle remonstrances went unheeded. Finally, one day I decided that there was no reason for us to be imposed on by her.

I sat up when she woke us in the middle of our siesta and said with deep conviction. "You are the most inconsiderate woman I ever met, and you bounce around the room like a two-ton pachyderm!"

It was the second time I had called her names; and naturally she was furious, perhaps all the more so because she may have realized that she deserved it. But I felt I had the backing of nearly everyone in the room, and for a while she *was* more quiet.

One mystery of Bacolod was what happened to Mahitabel's gratitude. She had stopped weeping on my shoulder as soon as we arrived in the camp and it became evident I could do nothing more for her—our funds being too low to permit additional loans. One of her employees who happened to be in Bacolod got permission to visit her soon after our arrival, and Mahitabel wept on *her* shoulder. This employee—perhaps at great sacrifice to herself and family—then had a pint of waterbuffalo milk sent to her every day, and once a week sent her a nice selection of fruit, including four or five papayas each time, papayas of a size that are generally cut into four to eight portions. The fruit looked good, but for all I know its appearance may have been deceptive, for Mahitabel never squandered any on me, but ate alone, her face to the wall. I thought of the ice-cream I used to save and take down to her in the middle of the afternoon. I am fond of ice-cream, and, with so many houseguests, portions were not large. But I did not regret it. I would have liked a bit of her fruit once in a while, but I would not have cared to share her philosophy.

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## Chapter 7

XX

IN SPITE of Mori's strict guardianship, the Filipino doctor who was sometimes allowed to visit patients in camp dropped us a few words of news or rumor,—we never knew which. Soon after we arrived he assured us we would be out within two months. Although he did not have a chance to explain, he probably meant that we would be freed by action of the guerillas, who were causing the Japanese a great deal of trouble. Many internees thought we would be out by Christmas, even without guerilla help.

At times we saw expeditions going north on the road—eighteen or twenty trucks, half or more of them full of soldiers, preceded by two small tanks. The Japanese had garrisons in only a few places, and from them made these raids to punish guerillas or bring in plunder. How we hated to see them start out! And how delighted we were when rumor had it that the guerillas sometimes won the skirmish.

We saw fires nearby and far away—what the Japanese did not destroy, the guerillas did. The former burnt an attractive residence near the camp exactly as they had the home of the president of Silliman University while we were still in Duma-

guete. We had an excellent view of both fires, which, in each case, started in the garage, connected with the house only by an open, roofed passageway. Oil or gasoline must have been poured out in the house, for the moment the fire reached it from the garage, the whole building was ablaze. Sugar centrals and towns, as well as single residences, were going up in smoke. The Japanese burnt everything that they thought the guerillas might use; the guerillas burnt everything they thought the Japanese might use. It is quite possible that some fires were started without any thought at all. Also, some were the result of private vengeance, and there was much violence and lawlessness. In the camp we were more secure than were the people outside, and, since the group was larger, we felt safer here than we had in Dumaguete, where we had feared the Japanese might hide behind us if guerillas attacked.

But if we were safer, we were paying for that advantage in other ways—in the crowding, the lack of privacy, the lack of contact with the world, and most especially in our scanty, unbalanced diet, which grew steadily worse. Our resources were practically exhausted, while prices were constantly going higher. The outlook was desperate. Many of us were already very thin, and we had no funds to continue supplying even a scanty diet.

Finally, an officer came bringing some eggs, tomatoes, and dried fish, and the news that we were to have a daily allowance of fifty centavos (twenty-five cents) apiece. However, he added, deductions would be made for the supplies he brought—at a far higher figure than the market price—and for light and water from the time that the camp was opened. But we breathed more easily, in spite of the deductions and the soaring prices.

It was, of course, easy for the Japanese to give us money: all they had to do was print it.

One December day a Swiss family came to the camp looking as if they were attending a funeral. They were not allowed to enter, but sent in presents to their best friends, with "May God bless you" written on a card. We were all puzzled at this until the Filipino doctor came and found opportunity to tell some one—when Mori's back was turned—that a ship was at the dock which was to take us to Manila at 6 P. M. next day.

Disturbing news! Again we were to be sold down the river, for rumors of Santo Tomás were not attractive. People could take gifts to that camp for their friends, but could never see them. The sexes were segregated, husband and wife could see each other only occasionally by special permission and in the presence of a guard. Food was poor and insufficient, and internees were sometimes taken from there to Fort Santiago to be questioned and tortured. Our present situation was bad, but we expected it to be worse in Santo Tomás. Also, we thought our island would be liberated sooner than Luzon.

But our fate was in our enemies' hands, so we all packed. Next day nothing whatever happened, except that we ate all the canned sausage the camp had for breakfast, and then butchered and cooked Ferdinand, a young bull that was being saved for an emergency.

The transfer hovered over us for a while like a bad dream. Then many of us decided that, as the Japanese could gain nothing by our transfer, and needed all their ships to transport men and supplies, they would surely leave us where we were.

Shortly after Christmas the Filipina and mestiza women and children, and the American women married to Spaniards

and Filipinos were released from camp. There were about twenty in this group. As Mrs. García's home and husband were not in the province, she was not released.

Then finally, on the afternoon of March 2, 1943, Filipino constabulary soldiers, who carried guns but had no ammunition in their belts, appeared at the entrances of all rooms. Doors were always open in accordance with a rule laid down by the Japanese, and our only privacy was that afforded at night by our mosquito nets.

The soldiers, with an apprehensive look over their shoulders, told us in a low tone of voice that we were to be taken to Manila.

The signal for a special rollcall was given, and we lined up for it. A group of Japanese officers stood with Mori. After we answered to our names, one of the officers said we should be ready to leave camp in an hour and ten minutes!

I was so angry that, as I returned to my room, I brushed past the officers on the narrow verandah without the ghost of a bow.

We packed in such a hurry that we left behind various articles we should have liked to keep. Again we rolled up our mattresses, and carried everything out and set it in front of the school. The chair and some beds the Gov'nor had made for us from scrap material we were forced to leave behind.

We gulped down some supper, washed our own plates, were loaded into trucks, and bumped away.

I started to sing "Over there—the Yanks are coming," and everyone joined in. It was a hope and a prayer. Now that we were actually started, we were already beginning to feel better about the situation.

On the pier we were counted and recounted. Our men carried the luggage and piled it on the front hatch of the



dirty little tub of 400 tons burden—already full of soldiers—that was to take us to Manila. Then, in the dark, we stumbled aboard. The women and children and old men were assigned to a deck which, like all the ship, was fairly awash with crude oil. We were so crowded that we had to take turns lying down. The younger men had an even worse time, for they had to spend the night as best they could on top of the pile of luggage. The next morning they rearranged everything very cleverly, to form for most of them reclining places on the baggage. The others found some truly amazing sleeping places. One man bedded down on a cannon; my husband and another tall man bunked together on the heads of four oil drums.

And for five days that dirty tub of a boat remained tied to the pier! Everyone was tired, bored, uncomfortable. Some irritable parents punished their children severely and without cause. Others, some of the more patient of the mothers especially, looked haggard and worn to the breaking point.

Occasionally we were allowed to go onto the pier. It was a relief to uncurl our legs and get up off the deck, and the pier had other attractions. One was a pile of new gunnysacks which were intended for shipping sugar. We “borrowed” a number of these and used them to sleep on and to shelter ourselves from the rain. A good many oil drums also stood on the wharf, and in the rainwater collected on them we washed our hands and faces, and parents bathed their small children.

The boat’s sanitary facilities consisted of three terrifyingly large holes in a platform over the water at the stern of the ship. Here people had to squat in full view of the soldiers on the deck above. Once when American women were in possession of two of these, a Japanese officer came out and squatted on the one in the center. There was probably

nothing disrespectful in his intentions—it was simply a point on which Japanese ideas and customs differ from ours.

When some of us were beginning to believe that there was more chance of returning to the Bacolod camp than of going to Manila, the ship did at last get under way. It moved a short distance, and the consumptive engine coughed and died; but the next day it came to life, and after three more days it got us to Manila.

Soon after we left the Bacolod dock I complained to an officer—through Bessie—that no life belts were provided for us.

“Oh, well,” he replied, “if the ship is sunk, it will be the Americans that sink it!”

During the whole trip I slept beside two Catholic Sisters. They came aboard resplendent and uncomfortable in two veils each—because of the impossibility of packing the starched white material to which the veil is fastened—and two habits—so that they could take off the dress-up midnight blue woolen robe, and still be fully clothed in their work-a-day white cotton. Of course we all had to sleep without undressing, but the sisters had to take off their veils, and were puzzled as to where they could put them. I took the veils into the nearest cabin, which was occupied by several Japanese officers, and, by use of a sign language, obtained their permission to put them on an empty life-belt rack. Meanwhile the poor Sisters, robbed of the beauty, dignity, and mystery of the covering, hurried to pull towels over their short grey hair and lie down.

After the first night the jolly, practical one complained that the other, who was sweet and saintly, had kicked her, and thereafter I slept between them. The saintly sister was so fearful of repeating her offence and kicking *me*, that she challenged the law of gravitation by *overhanging* the gutter.

And the practical sister slept soundly, blissfully unaware that she frequently jabbed her elbow firmly into my face.

We were allowed to use a cubbyhole of a kitchen at hours the Japanese soldiers and Filipino crew were not using it. Our camp organization, using the supplies we had brought along, provided us all with coffee in the morning; meat, rice, and vegetable at noon; and sweet potatoes and fruit at night. This was partly canned food that had been saved for an emergency and partly the camp sheep, that were brought to the pier and there butchered.

One day a Japanese officer near me on the deck, about to have a cigarette himself, offered me one. I refused it, though afterwards I wished I had taken it to give to the Gov'nor. The next day this officer came to me saying, "Grasu, grasu," holding out his hand like a looking glass. I opened the small suitcase I had kept with me and gave him my hand mirror, the only mirror I had.

As he went away with it the people around me said sarcastically, "Do you think you will ever see *that* again?"

"I confidently expect to," I replied, "but if I don't I shall complain!"

Having shaved, the officer returned, went into the cabin he shared with several others, and came out with a brief case, in which he rummaged a moment. Picking his way through my companions who were sitting on the deck, he came back to me, returned my mirror and presented me with a spool of thread—Coats white cotton number 60!

When I reached Manila, I was told that it would have cost me 6 pesos (\$3.), "if you could get it." I spent many, many hours mending and patching our ragged clothes, sheets, and towels with this thread.

This trip was hard for the strongest; for the others it was

almost unendurable, and some, including Doris, had been dragged out of sick beds.

Finally we sailed into Manila Bay and passed Corregidor with its battered buildings silhouetted against the sky. Japanese ships of all kinds were in the bay. Wrecks protruded from the water.

We docked, and as soon as the men had carried off the baggage, we went ashore where we were lined up and counted several times. The Japanese always seemed to have difficulty in counting us.

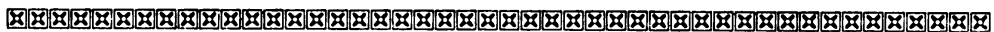
Then, leaving the men and the heavier luggage, we women and children were marched in line into the Port Area. As we left the dock we saw across the road a group of young Americans bare to the waist, sitting in the shade of a building. Later we heard the Japanese used them as stevedores, and they looked well-fed at the time we saw them. We waved to each other, but could not speak.

After walking some distance we had to wait, were again variously counted, and were then put into motor buses. We were on the last lap of our journey to dread Santo Tomás internment camp.

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## Chapter 8



THE FILIPINOS we saw on the way to Santo Tomás looked unhappy and pretended not to see us. Shops were empty, and many were closed. The streets were dirty, and everything was run-down.

We passed through two gates into the camp, and our bus stopped in front of the commandant's office.

Fed as we were on optimistic rumors rather than news, we had no idea that this enclosure would represent our world for two whole years. Nevertheless we observed our new surroundings with intense interest.

Santo Tomás in normal times is a large university belonging to the Dominican Order. It is the oldest university under the American flag, and its original setting was in the old Walled City of Manila. But now it has large modern buildings and a campus of fifty acres. Such was the internment camp that we had entered.

Canvas chairs were scattered over the campus under the acacia trees. Internees streamed over to see us, too full of curiosity and sociability to take very seriously the rope that separated them from the newcomers. We were thin, tired,

disheveled, dirty, and covered with crude oil! Those who greeted us looked comparatively well-fed, well-dressed, and carefree. Indeed, the whole place seemed to us like a big picnic. We decided that this time we had not been sold down the river after all.

After being briefed in the commandant's office, I was taken to a room on the first floor of the Main Building. The twenty-five women already there protested there was no room for me; and, indeed, I agreed with them when I looked in. But they relented and gave me temporarily the space of a woman who was in the hospital. They were all kind and hospitable to me, and the monitor of the group was very helpful.

It was a relief to be in new company. The quiet hours, at night and siesta time, were observed very well, and my roommates seemed to get along harmoniously. Perhaps they had been interned so long that they had learned to live together. Perhaps in such a large camp things were less personal.

Meanwhile the Gov'nor had arrived with the other men and the baggage, which was examined in front of the commandant's. The Gov'nor was billeted in the gymnasium where there were already several hundred men of all kinds.

If our group from Bacolod had seemed assorted, the assortment in Santo Tomás was on a much larger scale: saints and sinners, rich and poor, the best and worst of the foreign and partly foreign elements of various Oriental ports, besides people who lived in the Philippines. Many of them had come to Manila to escape the war. They were not segregated in any way as to nationality, color, wealth, or morals, so that even in a small room one had roommates of all kinds. Many business men and, especially, their wives, who in the Orient are often inclined to take themselves rather seriously, were having their corners knocked off. The majority of us were

over-privileged people, and perhaps our internment and the hardships we underwent had some disciplinary value.

For six months we had vegetated in Bacolod. Life in Santo Tomás promised to be more interesting. We found many friends whom we had worried about at the time Manila fell, and others who had been captured in Cebu and Mindanao.

At night music was broadcast in the plaza before the Main Building, and people sat in folding chairs to enjoy the evening coolness, or strolled back and forth. It reminded one of a European spa. There were classes and lectures for adults as well as for young people. It is true that the music was often unspeakable noise, and that the lecturers, instead of limiting themselves to snug little subjects they could have illuminated and made interesting, often skipped nimbly down the centuries until one got dizzy or went to sleep. But at first the camp program seemed to us quite on the Chautauqua order.

Bessie said to me, "I miss the green grass we had at Bacolod." We had reached Manila in the hot, dry season, which had not yet started in Negros.

"That's just the trouble," I replied. "In Bacolod we were going to grass!"

But, although we found life interesting, and the internees for the most part well-fed, we were on the hungry side those first few days, before camp work was assigned us.

Theoretically there were only two meals a day, but people who did certain kinds of work were entitled to a ladleful of beans at noon. There were sitao beans, black beans, and mungo beans, the last so old that many were flinty and inedible. They were cooked without any meat or grease, and often peppered and salted until they were most unpalatable.

Breakfast consisted of rice mush or cornmeal mush with brown sugar and coffee-of-a-kind. The cornmeal mush had

all the chaff in it, and was often only half-cooked. The sugar was soon discontinued, although sugar is ordinarily the biggest export of the Philippines. The food was a proper judgment on me. When I was a spoiled child who had no appetite, my father used to buy anchovy paste and other knick-knacks in an effort to coax me to eat a little breakfast. Now I ate a big plate of coarse mush and liked it!

At night we had meat-and-vegetable stew with rice, or ground-up meat, greens, and rice. The ground-up meat, whether the menu board called it hamburger, meat loaf, or meat balls, was most unpalatable, but we ate it of necessity. Sometimes we had sweet potatoes instead of rice. If one of us received a small potato it was just hard luck.

If we had known the ropes we need not have been hungry these first few days, because they were in the comparatively good days of Santo Tomás. After the workers' line, there was a "bums' " line, which we could have joined at noon for beans; and in the evening all the left-overs of the day were set out in pans, and people could come and help themselves. But we did not immediately learn about these beneficent institutions. The fact that there were left-overs does not indicate that our rations were abundant, but that many bought and prepared so much food for themselves that they did not need to get much of what was served "on the line". Had it been otherwise, the camp would have been hungry throughout its existence. From its own resources—not obtained from the Japanese—it also bought large quantities of good food to supplement the rations of the children and of those who were ill.

Fruit, vegetables, and peanuts could be bought in a little market in camp; meat, margarine, and eggs, at the cold stores; cakes, at little stands; toilet articles and medicine at the "Personal Service" counter—if one had money. Most



people seemed to have it, even those who were ordinarily poor. But we arrived in Santo Tomás with only 15 pesos (\$7.50) for the two of us and no income at all, while prices were already at least ten times the peacetime figure.

After a few days a friend lent me some money. Then we heard that Mr. Barata, the Spaniard who had managed the sugar central in our province and with whom the Gov'nor established a small credit for just such an emergency, was in Manila. Indeed, he had, after many years of bachelorhood, just gotten married. Through an old man who was permitted to leave camp and live outside for a while we informed him of our arrival in the camp and our dire need of money. He thereafter sent us, I really do not know exactly how—it was better not to know—a little money every month for six months. After that it was easy to get, because no one wanted to keep the Japanese "Mickie Mouse" money, which was declining rapidly in purchasing power and would serve only to start fires when the liberating American Army should arrive. Chinese storekeepers, and others who had it, preferred even doubtful I. O. U.'s to this currency; and Mr. Earl Carroll was brave and ingenious in smuggling the bills in and the notes out.

So we soon had enough to buy bananas, peanuts, rice bread, and a few eggs. We never got into the pork-chops-and-chicken class of internees; but we had enough to eat, and both of us gained weight.

Many of the internees had thatch-and-bamboo shacks, always called shanties, in which they spent the day with their families, and cooked and ate. The shanties had to have one side open, and the other sides had to consist largely of open windows. This was to help enforce the rule of celibacy, which the Japanese were very successful in imposing upon married couples, although less so in other cases.

During the last year they relaxed this rule, and families were allowed to live in the shanties if they wished to do so. To the end, however, we remained members of the camp proletariat and never joined the shanty aristocracy.

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## Chapter 9

XX

SOON AFTER our arrival we reported for work—I to the women's, the Gov'nor to the men's work assignment office. All able-bodied internees who were not superannuated were supposed to do so. In a group as large as this there were, of course, many who tried to dodge camp work, and who succeeded, as there were no penalties aside from social disapprobation.

My husband chose gardening. Some of the men in camp who were aware of his ability wanted him to take a position of authority, but he preferred to work with spade and hoe, and he continued to do so until our liberation.

I earned my daily beans by fighting bed bugs, for I took a job at the sanitation desk. My work was to fill up and give out spray-guns filled with a fluid made up in camp out of whatever material was available. Although I poured gallons of it into the guns, I had no faith in it; for, while it was used for killing bed bugs, it would not do so unless there was enough used to drown them.

Though people were always fighting bugs, they never got rid of them, but the fighting helped. I made two classifica-

tions of people at this time. Classification I, Species 1. Good citizens, people who do-something-about bugs; Species 2. People who do not. Classification II, Species 1. People who say they never-yet-have-found a bug on their beds. Species 2. Honest people.

In June a new school year began and I started teaching in the camp high school. Many people commiserated with me when they heard I was going to do this. "The youngsters in Santo Tomás," they said, "are the rudest, most unruly, and most disagreeable brats in the world." I set these analysts down as people who do not believe in children and think that the human race should end with their own generation. The younger children had made a very favorable impression on me. Knowing no other life, and living with their mothers crowded into rooms with other families, they had surprisingly few quarrels and tantrums, and fitted harmoniously into the camp. But after closer contact with the older children I had to admit that those who had warned me of their disagreeable characteristics were partly right, notwithstanding the fact that some of my pupils were fine boys and girls. I must record, however, that of fifteen girls taken from my class for physical examination one day, eleven were found to be literally lousy; but the proportion of those figuratively lousy was smaller, for the best of people may become infested with vermin in a concentration camp.

The lowest depths of infamy in the school were occupied by a small group of girls who had the courage of field mice and the kind hearts of cobras and whose highest ideals were fished up from the *esteros* of Manila and the sewers of Shanghai. Although their identity was well known, they expressed themselves by writing slimy anonymous letters both to classmates and teachers. One thing pleased me about this group, one thing indicated that they knew where their

habits and characteristics placed them in the animal kingdom. They signed themselves *The Black Spots*. Ask anyone interned in Santo Tomás what he associates with black spots,, and the answer will come back without hesitation, "Bed-bugs!" After a while two of these girls were expelled from school. The others, deprived of their leadership, began to take an interest in staying in and getting their credits and even in getting good marks.

According to our grading system the final six weeks of the school year counted two-thirds, the rest of the year only one-third in the final grade. It was an invitation to the boys and girls to shirk and misbehave during the early part of the year, for an intelligent child, with a final spurt, could get through, and the stupid ones thought they could.

School work suffered from great handicaps, both to teacher and students, although as yet malnutrition was not serious. There was only one grammar book for the class. At the beginning of the year the ratio was one literature book for four pupils; later, two of the books were lost.

The seventh and eighth grades and all the high school occupied part of a long laboratory on the fourth floor. Only blackboards served partially to divide it into sections, each of which housed a large class. On one side of my section was a class so unruly that it had six history teachers in the course of the year, only one of whom was able to keep it reasonably quiet—and he taught it only two weeks! I had to talk at the top of my voice to enable my pupils to hear; and, when they recited, I had to repeat what they said, if the class was to get any benefit from the recitation.

There was no discipline in the school that year. Although the third and fourth year high school grades were less noisy, a senior girl told me, as if it were typical of her class, "This morning I looked around the room. Some were reading,

some writing, some talking, some even playing cards. The teacher was teaching, but not one person appeared to be paying any attention to her."

By this time it may be inferred that I did not enjoy teaching in Santo Tomás, and after one school year, content to let the "Black Spots" crawl back into the woodwork, I went back to the work assignment office. The blackboard showed two needs: office work and dishwashing. I had never done office work. Although I had never done my share of dishwashing, I had done some.

"I will wash dishes," I said. The woman in charge was delighted, as no one wanted this work, and the few girls who were doing it were very irregular about coming.

Thereafter I officiated at what was called a dishwashing machine, helping people wash their own dishes. We started the process under a shower, then dropped the articles into hot, soapy water. My client, on the other side of the counter, lifted a screen tray, bringing the dishes up out of the water, and I transferred them to the hot rinse water. The client then lifted another screen tray, and I transferred the dishes to the drainboard or to his own tray.

The respect and consideration which I was always shown as a scullion was a pleasant contrast to the treatment I had received as a teacher, and I liked my new work. I had a philosophy of dishwashing. I had noticed that some dishwashers rubbed people the wrong way, and it was my ambition to smooth people down and send them on feeling a little bit better if I could. One of the results of this was that I made new friends. Sometimes I even had an opportunity to practice my languages for a moment while I helped Free French or Republican Spaniards.

After a few months the camp doctors decided that the dishwashing machines were unsanitary—the water not being

hot enough to kill germs—and this service was discontinued. I had reached the same conclusion soon after our arrival in camp, and had washed our own dishes under a faucet all the time.

After that I cleaned rice at the soft-diet kitchen until our liberation, but I fear my work record in this last job was not very good. The Japanese were then allowing work on private gardens only from seven to eight A. M.; and, as I was helping my husband in this undertaking, I was usually late to my camp work.

The soft-diet kitchen was simply a shack of thatch where rice was well cooked with plenty of water for people who had stomach ulcers and could not eat the hard, dry rice and the cornmeal with chaff that most of us ate. Twice shrapnel flew through the kitchen roof during the first air raids, so we always dived for the shelter of the Main Building when one began.

The work my companions and I did was easy and sociable. We sat around a table gossiping, and each of us rolled rice around in a plate or tray and took out stones, worms, rodent excreta and other foreign objects. The product most of us ate did not receive this tender care. It is a jarring thing to bite down on a small stone, and there were many of them. If the Bible had been written in a rice-eating country, instead of the figures *fly in the ointment* and *thorn in the flesh*, it would have used *stone in the rice*. It would be far more forceful.

Once when I went to my room after my work was done I found a slip of paper on my bed. I read, "Mrs. Bryant, your services are no longer required in the vegetable detail." It was signed by Mr. Holdsworth, who was in charge of the guards that were kept in all places where camp food was stored, prepared, and served.

This chit amused me. I never had been on the vegetable

detail, and now I was fired from it! I called upon my room mates to enjoy the joke and read them the notice.

"Mrs. Bryant, of all people!" exclaimed Mrs. Forest, my aisle-mate. "Oh, you must get that cleared up! You can't have a thing like that on your record."

So I hunted up Mr. Holdsworth, who knew me by sight, but had not connected me with the paper he had signed.

"What have I done?" I demanded, "and why wasn't I put in jail for it?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in bewilderment.

I showed him the chit.

"Oh, that," he explained, "that is for stealing *camotes*."

Camotes are native sweet potatoes, usually rather coarse and not very sweet, but highly prized at that time in hungry Santo Tomás. Indeed, when we found a tiny piece of one in the ladleful of watery stuff which then constituted our dinner, it seemed as if we had discovered a jewel.

Then my mind flew back a few days. One morning at the soft diet kitchen, instead of cleaning rice, we had scrubbed camotes and cut out the rotten and wormy parts. We did not peel them, as even people with stomach ulcers ate the peelings. When we finished work I noticed a pile of very rotten camotes under the table.

"Are those camotes finally and forever discarded?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the woman in charge, "they are 100% rotten.. If you can find anything edible in them, you are welcome to it."

So I went to work with my knife, cutting and cutting, trying to find little bits that were good. After considerable work I found a few tiny pieces that fitted into the palm of my hand without any piling up. With a clear conscience I carried them in full view around past the dining shed, where the vegetable detail was working on camotes, and into the back



door of the Main Building, intending to cook them with our greens. As I went in, I noticed a man observing me. After passing him, I turned back and said, "I notice that you looked at me very suspiciously. If you have any doubt about how I got these pieces of camote, please go and inquire at the soft-diet kitchen, for I got them there, legitimately."

He had *not* inquired, but simply turned in my name. Mr. Holdsworth *did* inquire, and promised to expunge the scandal.

However, if I did not really steal camotes, others did. Guards had to watch like hawks to prevent women from slipping small camotes into their pockets or bosoms.

But to return to a very important institution: the Gov'nor's private garden. He started it soon after we reached Santo Tomás. His first attempt was near the gymnasium, but he lost this spot after some months, and after putting many wheelbarrow loads of good earth on it, because the Japanese took over that part of the camp and fenced us off from it. His second garden was between the wall and the barbed wire fence which paralleled it on the inside. This area was out of bounds except to private gardeners at certain hours, so the produce was not stolen, as some of it had been in the other location.

Part of the original seed he brought with him, part he got from the camp garden and part from individuals, and then he produced his own. However, he was unable to get some he would have liked to have. Once he secured six lima beans, two of which grew into sturdy vines. The first fruits of these vines we returned to the earth, but the second generation was immature at the time of our liberation. If, while eating our noonday cooked greens, we encountered one of the beans from our two vines, it seemed as if we were getting real food.

But it was only after months of discouragements due to

water-logged ground that the Gov'nor's efforts began to show results and supplied us and our friends with salads. During the worst time in Santo Tomás, from twenty-five to twenty-seven persons were getting something out of his garden every day. Some observant people suggested that, if he had been in charge of the camp garden, there would have been enough greenery for everyone. Although he raised little of caloric value, he produced quantities of lettuce and talinum, a spinach-like green, some onions, and radishes. Cucumbers and tomatoes he planted constantly, but succeeded in producing only in the spring. We gave large quantities of the salad stuff away, and traded some of it for a little rice and mush.

Sometimes when people saw me bringing in a big tray of garden produce they would exclaim, "You are lucky to have a garden!" I was fortunate to have a husband who possessed a great deal of energy and initiative. If I had admired him before the war for being a dirt farmer, my admiration now increased when I saw other men with hungry families sitting around reading novels.

But there was no luck about that garden! What we received from it was no free gift of nature. The Gov'nor sorted over old piles of refuse, and took away dozens of wheelbarrowfuls of compost. In the rainy season he dug drainage ditches, and in the dry season he made daily use of a big sprinkling can. He kept the beds weeded, the soil well loosened. Continually he planted seeds in boxes carefully protected from insects, and set out young plants. Besides supplying many people with these seedlings, he helped some of them start their gardens. Even after he had become weakened from starvation, he spent three afternoons starting a garden for one of his friends. "It wasn't spading," he told me, when I examined the broken blisters on his hands, "that was dobie stone I was breaking up." As so frequently

happens, the friend did not appreciate this work—he never even realized what it involved.

When we had been in Santo Tomás a few weeks I developed a bad cold with fever. Since the Gov'nor had several times suggested that he wash his own clothes, I said to him, "If you like, you can do your laundry this time."

"Just my own?" he replied. "It won't take me fifteen minutes!"

It took him more than two hours, and he thereafter persisted in doing his own washing until he became too busy with his private gardening and I made him relinquish the job. But it was then easy, for he did not get half so many clothes dirty, and they were not half so dirty. Of course the Gov'nor denies that and says it never was his habit to wipe his hands on his shorts!

I practiced my French with an Alsatian woman, and we continued our interest in Spanish, attending lectures given by a Spaniard, and holding private *conferencias* under a mango tree four afternoons a week with a former professor of the University of Santo Tomás, a man of excellent education and wide interests. After a while I gave Spanish lessons to several students, some for love and some for "Mickie Mouse."

I also joined the women's chorus, but was not a great addition to it, for the war literally and progressively took my breath away. We gave several concerts, and at Christmas of 1943 sang the *Messiah*.

At one end of the plaza in front of the Main Building the internees had erected a wooden stage and next to it a screen. This plaza was our "Theater under the Stars." Of course it could not be used in rainy weather, and sometimes entertainments that started in good weather were stopped by sudden showers. There in the soft evening air with the Southern Cross as well as Orion and the Bear wheeling overhead—

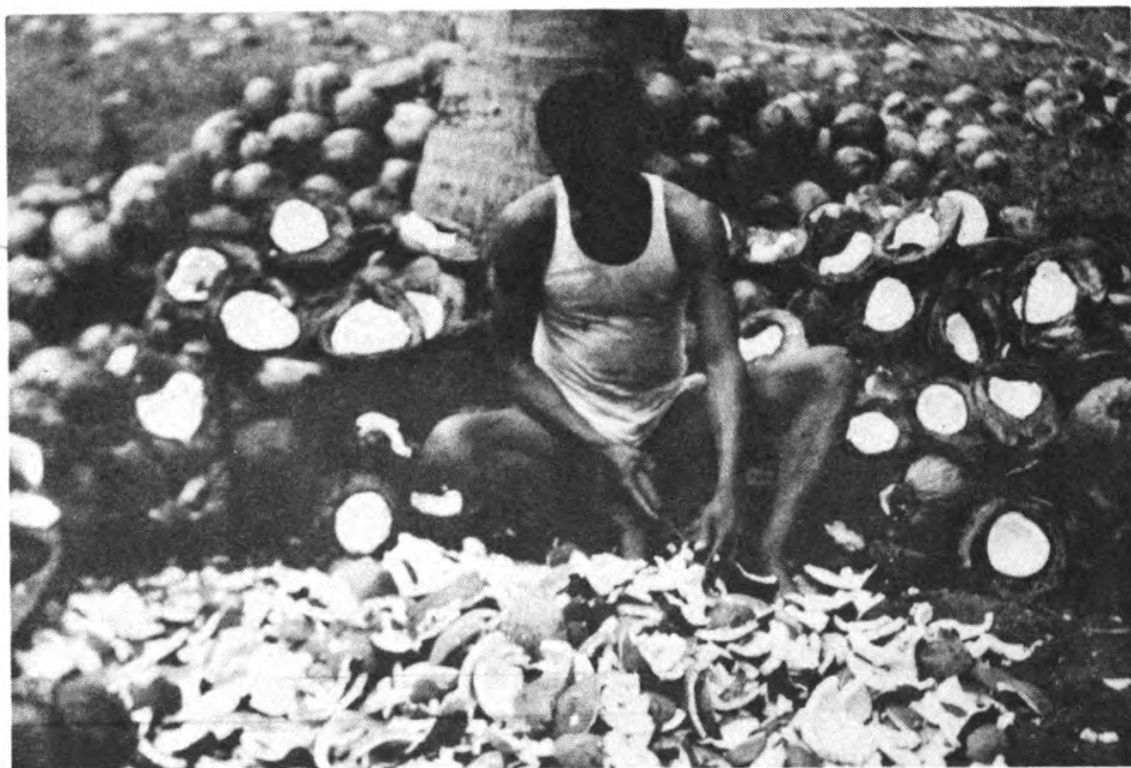
when they were not drowned in the unreal brilliance of tropical moonlight—we forgot our troubles and spent many carefree hours.

Entertainments were so popular, indeed, that people began putting their chairs in the plaza at dawn or even the night before to reserve their space. This displeased the Japanese, who ordered that they should not be put in place until four P. M. So, holding their chairs, internees waited impatiently to rush in when the hour arrived. Some might place their chairs a few minutes too soon and others would follow suit. Then a command over the loudspeaker would cause everyone to vacate the area and start the process all over again.

Quiz contests were the least popular of the entertainments, but even they drew a large crowd.

The Japanese occasionally lent us films. On evenings when these were shown it was understood that none of us could leave during the entertainment, applaud, or express our feelings in any way. First would be shown Japanese travelogues and propaganda pictures. Afterwards came American movies—an animated cartoon and an old full length feature.

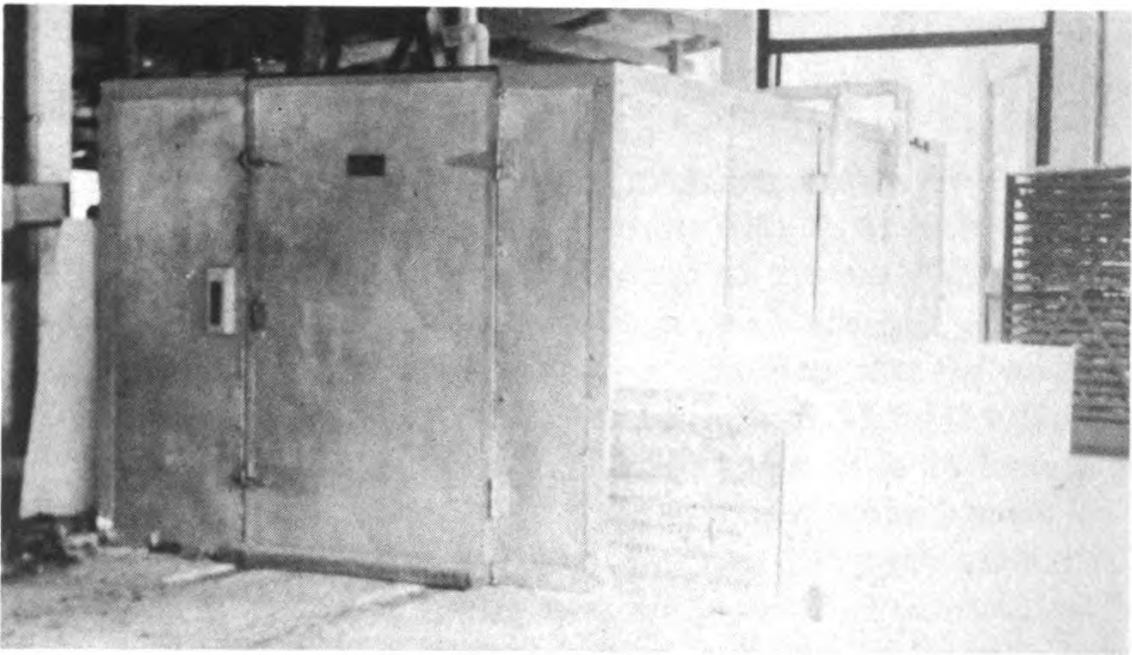
Once a Japanese feature was shown. The hero, a Japanese officer in China, observed that a Chinese girl in some night spot appeared to be having difficulty with her Chinese escort. The hero intervened and explained to the escort that Miss Wong had “just come to have dinner with him only.” Thereupon the girl followed the officer, protesting that she would wash his cloths, because she would not be indebted to a Japanese. At his hotel he took a blanket and slept in the lounge, leaving his room to the girl. He and the Japanese women in the hotel—including one who is in love with him—are most kind to her, sympathizing with her because her parents have been killed. The romance proceeds idyllically—though in-



EXTRACTING COPRA FROM THE NUT



COPRA IN PROCESS OF SUN-DRYING



THE COPRA DRYER

errupted by fighting and Chinese plots—with the Japanese girl heroically relinquishing her hopes in order that her rival might be happy.

Our best entertainments, however, were those engineered by our highly esteemed comedian, Dave Harvey. For a while these were more than *risqué*. Such subjects as doubtful paternity were worn very threadbare. As children and adolescents were always in attendance, a protest was registered after one entertainment that went even farther than the others. The next program was clean as the driven snow, and, after a long and rather pointless act, Dave Harvey exclaimed, "It may not have amused you much, but it was *clean*!"

However, he was far too clever a comedian not to succeed in spite of conformity to usual standards of good taste. Thousands of internees remember with pleasure the shows he gave: his dancing, slow motion, ability in dialects, his creation of an immigrant in an Americanization class, McGillicuddy—the Charlie McCarthy of Santo Tomás. We had one exciting evening when McGillicuddy ran for election as member of the executive committee of the camp. There were parades, speeches, election returns flashed on the screen that showed the dormitory—inhabited by children—voting for Mickie Mouse; the third floor women, for Clark Gable; and the Los Baños internees, for sweethearts and wives; notwithstanding which, McGillicuddy won. Our last entertainment was a minstrel show given after the landing in France, and when our forces had stopped the island-to-island policy and started jumping.

"There'll be a *hot time* in the *old town*!" exclaimed Mr. Sambo with gusto.

"What town, Mr. Sambo?" asked the interlocutor. "Do you mean New Orleans?"

"No!"

"Memphis?"

"No!"

"Then what town, Mr. Sambo?"

"Paris!"

Of course we all roared with laughter.

There was also some reference to the time when the Navy finished playing leapfrog.

The next day the commandant grilled Dave Harvey all morning, said the entertainment was contrary to the policy of the camp, and forbade any more to be given.



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## Chapter 10

XX

WHEN I had to leave my temporary quarters a few weeks after my arrival in Santo Tomás, I moved into a large room which contained about fifty women. My bed was in the center, and I felt thoroughly unprotected.

Then I encountered Mrs. García, one of my Bacolod roommates, in the corridor.

"Are you livin' in here now?" she asked. "Howjah like it?"

"The room is all right, but I don't like my location," I replied. "Suppose my roommates should gang up on me. I have *nothing* to put my back against!"

"I wish I'da knowed you had to move," she said. "You know, Doris Johnson was in my room, but the poor kid has went to the hospital. She won't be back for months, and we can't save'r place. But somebody else's asked for it a'ready. I'm goin' to see if I can't get it for you anyhow!"

I had little hope when she hurried away, and was surprised when she returned with her room monitor, who took me down to Mr. Lyman. He was in charge of housing, and the two of them quickly completed the red tape necessary for my transfer and told me to move at once.

My new room was in the center front of the second floor, Main Building—the room behind the flag pole. Mrs. García must have given a good account of me, for I was surprised at the warmth with which I was welcomed.

I had succeeded in getting a cot-size wooden bed (*wood* means *wood*, not *springs*). Some one helped me move this into my allotted space—a space long enough for a cot, and forty inches wide. The few inches of space not required by the bed, added to my neighbor's, Mrs. Forest's, few inches, formed a narrow aisle where we could dress and bump into each other. Fortunately, she was a superior woman, and our collisions were only physical. Just an inch from my bed on the other side was that of a lively, energetic old lady, Mrs. Meeker, with whom I at once established an *entente cordiale*. It was no trouble for me to clean her little space when I cleaned my own, and occasionally she did a bit of sewing for me.

Clothes, food, eating utensils, and often pans, charcoal, and clay stoves, were under our beds. Twice a week we piled them on top and scrubbed. The other days, each one cleaning her own little space, we swept around them with a short-handled, fan-like implement. Alas, for my American broom!

We had a balcony, but until people should get hungry enough to catch the pigeons that nested in the cornices above, it was more of a liability than an asset, and, taking turns, we spent an hour a day cleaning it. But, if this was unpleasant, it was comforting to learn that we were relatively free from the smouldering feuds that made life disagreeable for some internees, and I always considered myself fortunate to be in this room.

Eight hundred women lived on that second floor. Upon arising one took soap, towel, washrag, paper (if any), tooth brush, dentifrice (if any), drinking can, boiled or chlorinated

water, and juggling all this paraphernalia walked to the bathroom. Here one stood in lines, and shared a shower with two or three others. Everyone wore *bakya*, or wooden clogs, to avoid infection with athlete's foot. These were also convenient to use in wet weather, and many people wore them all the time.

After dressing, one member of each family, armed with two or three rusty cans, "went through the chow line." Four lines converged at two counters in the back corridor of the Main Building. Tickets were punched, and food ladled out rapidly into the cans—mush, coffee, and for a while well-watered coconut milk.

Then families got together in the eating sheds, corridors, or shanties for the morning repast; and, in the comparatively good times, many people supplemented their diets with fruit and eggs.

At first the Gov'nor and I ate at the rough board tables in these sheds, which were crowded, noisy, and smelly.

Then a friend of mine, Mrs. Taylor, who was very ill with dysentery, was allowed to go to a hospital outside the camp, and her husband accompanied her.

"Eat at our place while we are gone," she told me.

So we started using her little card table and two straight chairs by a window in the downstairs corridor. This was far pleasanter than the sheds. When Dr. Taylor—Doctor by courtesy—returned, widowed, he seemed glad to have us share the table with him. Later he was transferred to Los Baños, and my Alsatian friend lent me a card table to replace the one he took with him. This, and the few feet of space it occupied in the crowded corridor, were our nearest approach to home. It was there we met, there I gave my Spanish lessons, and there we visited with friends. Every morning at dawn I brought in hibiscus flowers to put on the window

ledge. On the table I put the large tray of fresh green vegetables. People watched admiringly and often enviously as I made them into bouquet-like bunches to take to our friends.

One of the worst features of internment camp was that no matter how little we had, we were never secure in its possession. The Japanese took our electrical appliances—even bulbs—sewing machines, typewriters, money, even the gymnasium, and then the first floor of the Education Building—thus occasioning my husband two moves. I helped him. He was thin, and bare to the waist, as we walked along together pushing a cart that contained his wooden bed and two dilapidated bags, which were much the worse for having been wet all the way from Bacolod to Manila.

“When you married me,” he said, “you never thought you would ever help me move all my worldly possessions in a pushcart!”

No one ever liked to make these moves, yet they were always hanging over us, along with the possibility of being transferred hurriedly, with scarcely any baggage, to some worse camp.

We had a narrow escape from losing our highly valued corridor space, which was outside the office of the executive committee. In 1944 this committee moved out of the room, and men who were unable to climb stairs moved in. The room monitor came to us.

“According to the rules you will have to move your table away from here,” he said. “Besides, we have voted that you shall.”

“We are perfectly willing to move,” I replied, being sometimes more aggressive than the Gov’nor in defending our rights, “if you can show us any enacted rule of the camp, or any order of the executive committee directing us to do so. We acquired this site lawfully through squatter’s right

(which was recognized in camp) ; there are plenty of precedents for our keeping it now; and we will not be dispossessed of it illegally."

A half dozen men we knew in the room told us later that if any vote was taken on the matter, they did not know about it. They were indignant, and more than one of them suggested that we keep the table in his name. A few days later the monitor said, "Move, or we'll move you!"

The Gov'nor then went to the building monitor. "What if I move into that room?" he asked.

"That's all right," replied the building monitor, "but it's full."

"Then put me on the waiting list." The Gov'nor never moved into the room, where death made frequent vacancies, but our rights were no longer questioned.

Although I made salad twice a day after the garden began to produce, I did no cooking, except for eggs. I would often break two duck eggs into a greased margarine can and set them on a friend's fire after she finished her cooking. In July of 1944 the diet became extremely inadequate, and for a while nothing at all was served at noon. Then I began to cook greens: purslane, pigweed, and talinum, every noon.

The weeds were scarce and highly prized, but the Gov'nor was able to find some in the fence corners near his garden, and we planted their roots and seeds between the beds of the garden and in the ditch which ran beside it.

Mrs. Miller very kindly let me share her cooking place in the patio. Rain came through the woven pandanus mat which constituted the roof, wetting me and turning the dirt floor into a mud puddle. I fanned and fanned the fire to keep it going while the smoke from it and other fires made my eyes water. But I was sincerely thankful to have the use of the cooking place and to have greens to cook. They were not

satisfying, of course, but filled us up a little, and no doubt we benefited from their vitamins and minerals.

We had a few small eggplant. I found them too good to cook. Except that they had no flavor, sweetness, nor crispness, they were just like apples; so I put them in the salad, and put only the peelings in with my greens to be cooked.

By this time everyone was hungry, and all food was good. People would say, of something a well-bred American porker would disdain, "It's perfectly delicious!"

Our garbage cans were absolutely empty, and people squabbled over the peelings and rotten vegetables in the Japanese commandant's garbage pail. The cats disappeared. People ate ornamental shrubs that were more or less poisonous. They thought and talked about food constantly. There were no more classes or entertainments and everyone, men as well as women, collected recipes for a pastime. The Gov'nor's roommates almost mobbed him because I delayed in writing down for them instructions for making a lemon pie he fondly remembered. It was an important post-war plan of theirs.

It would not have required a Freud to interpret our dream life at this time. In fact Freud would have not had the slightest interest in our dreams—we were too undernourished. Any middle of the road moron could have understood them without straining his capacity, for night and day we dreamed of food. One of the pleasantest incidents of my internment occurred one night when my slumbers were enlivened by a real dream of a whole table full of cakes.

But, hard as the hunger was to endure, for me the complete lack of privacy, of a moment's solitude, was equally hard. I liked my eighteen widely assorted roommates—a comparatively small number, since we were in a small room—and got along with them well enough. But, oh for an opportunity to

get away from them and from everyone else! However, the only alternative to sitting in the room on my hard wooden bed was to go into the noisy corridor, which was worse. I bathed in public, jostling and being jostled in the crowded bathroom. Month after month I milled about in a mob.

Probably this was harder for me than for most interneers, for I was spoiled by life on the plantation, which was really a paradise of quiet, privacy, and solitude. I had enjoyed it fully, and now I missed it sadly.

As a consequence I suffered acutely from a malady that I might call mob-phobia; and, as a result of this affection, I had a day-dream which I believe would take first prize for unsociability. It was not only a post-war plan—it was a post-almost-everything plan. In fact it concerned the time when I might find myself a widow with my daughter married off!

The family mansion in which I finished growing up, and which now belongs to me, is a two-and-a-half story house in Seattle. It is *home*, and yet I would not—when all alone—want to be encumbered with it. So, in my dream, I turned the first two floors into apartments, which I rented only to very quiet people who would promise never to remind me of their existence except when they paid their rent at specified times.

The third floor, up in the tree tops, I had redecorated and furnished as an apartment for myself. There were comfortable chairs; a bed with springs; cupboards, pantry, clothes closets so that I would not have to keep everything I possessed under my bed! There were no bedbugs or cockroaches—indeed, nothing reminiscent of a sub-steerage way of living. I surveyed blissfully the three rooms and hall that were to be all mine, as well as the pretty, clean bathroom, where I would not have to share a shower with several other women. In-

deed, the chief attraction of this new establishment was that I was the only person in it!

Of course I would have old friends in for tea or dinner sometimes. I might even have a telephone if it could be trained to ring at certain convenient and restricted hours only. However, almost all the time I would be absolutely and satisfyingly alone. To insure this I arranged a side entrance for my apartment that would be hard to find and hung out a sign that said: NO PEDDLERS OR AGENTS.

Having arranged my abode and my life in such a satisfactory way, I sat down in a comfortable rocking chair to enjoy the bliss of solitude in my new domicile and to rest from the labors of constructing it out of thin air. Everything was perfect: the solitude could have been cut with a knife. I was utterly happy—nothing more could be desired. Yet not five minutes had I rested when I thought of something to make that perfection more perfect.

At once I arose to put my thought into execution. I walked, in my dream, over to the nearest Van de Kamp bakery, bought a big angel food cake, came back via my side entrance into the delightful solitude of my renovated garret, whipped half a pint of cream, and the execution that I accomplished on that angel food cake *mitt schloggobers* was truly terrific!



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## Chapter 11

XX

WHEN WE had been in Santo Tomás only about two months we heard a disagreeable rumor: the camp was to be moved! Having been transferred twice on such short notice, we felt very uneasy. I went to Mr. Kenneth Day, a member of the executive committee, but he was not at liberty to tell me anything.

“Thank you for nothing!” I said as I left him a few minutes later, but I really had found out a good deal—not everyone was to go, at least for a while; and no one was to go that day.

Soon came an announcement over the loud speaker: eight hundred men, able bodied and more or less young, would be transferred shortly to Los Baños to build a camp for all of us, “where we could enjoy the fresh air and scenery.” It was a move to benefit our health, and we must not, when talking, misrepresent the motives of the Japanese in sending us there. We thought they wanted to use Santo Tomás as a military hospital, but were careful what we said, since some of the internees among us acted as spies for the enemy. Although we preferred to stay where we were, we did not dread this transfer as we had the others, for we felt it would be nothing to compare to those we had already made.

Finally came the morning of departure. In the soft, cool, predawn darkness we said farewell to those who were leaving. Music came from the loudspeaker to help morale, for people were not happy about the transfer, and many who were leaving had to bid farewell to wives and sweethearts. Few who had children were sent. The men crowded into trucks and were whisked away. They had long looked forward to going out the gate, but not this way. They had expected to be free when they went out. In the last truck rode twelve Navy nurses who had volunteered to go. They stood waving to the crowd, who cheered them as they moved away.

According to reports we received later, they had a hard trip, being crowded into stuffy boxcars, where some of them fainted. But after they got their camp organized, they preferred it to Santo Tomás. They had somewhat better food than we, more privacy—as they built barracks with cubicles for two persons each—and said that life was easier and more restful than in the larger camp, where we had to run around continually over such a large area and stand in so many long lines.

Weeks passed; rumors were born and died. After about six months the second migration occurred: the wives and sweethearts. Later on elderly people, in good health but who were not doing camp work, were taken to help balance the groups; for we had so many children, old people, and invalids that it was difficult to get all our camp work done.

Dr. Taylor was caught in this last move. At sixty-eight he was in good health, just the type of person to be transferred. Not wanting to go, he started working in the camp garden, but it was too late. His appeals to the doctors for exemption were unsuccessful, and he had to leave. We arose in the night to see him off, and I mixed some of the precious

powdered milk (the first I had opened) and cocoa beverage from our kits to provide a going-away party for him and to sustain him on the trip. He climbed aboard a truck, loaded with all the things he had forgotten to pack and quite well resigned, at last, to the transfer.

Although we had always appreciated his kindness to us, we did, of course, enjoy being alone at meals after his departure. It was a prized fiction of his that he ate very little, and that we both had humorously hearty appetites. As a matter of fact, he ate as much of the line food as we did; and, while such things could be obtained, more fruit, peanut butter, eggs, and Magic Food, or toasted soybean flour, than the two of us. In addition, twice a week a nurse outside the camp sent him a jar of ground cooked liver; and it was a marvel to see the quantity of this he could consume at one time. Once or twice he did have trouble as a result, but he blamed this on his "poor digestion" rather than on over-eating.

The Taylors, to their disappointment, had no children, so he was now all alone and greatly missed her guiding hand and sprightly company. He often referred to his "poor wife," a term she would have been the first to repudiate; for she was a cheerful soul who did exactly as she pleased—he did, too!—and thoroughly enjoyed life.

But perhaps the poor doctor needed an unusual quantity of food, because, although he was plump when he left for Los Baños in April of 1944, and although he was small—and small people received the same rations as large ones—he died of malnutrition a few days before the liberation of his camp.

Colonel and Mrs. Miller had a table near us in the corridor. They had been well supplied with money from the start, so had stocked up tolerably well on food, and they hated rice. Consequently, for some time after our rations became inade-

quate, they gave the Gov'nor part of their rice—which was especially acceptable because of his large size and the hard work he did. When a plump Negro who had been cooking in a hospital and who happened to be from their own home state came into camp, however, their donations were transferred to him.

But I then began to exchange salad greens for a little rice or mush, so my husband still got his extra ration. If I had not been there, I think he would have died, as so many of his friends did. He would have made the garden, but he would have given everything away.

We shared a little with some of those friends sometimes, inviting them to dine with us, though to give them enough to eat was impossible. On such occasions we would use *part* of a twelve ounce can of meat, have a salad, food from the line, and, for dessert, a bit of saved-over breakfast mush with a little sugar and powdered milk. Although it was a skimpy meal, in most cases the guests would have had *nothing* but line food if we had not invited them. We should have liked to have helped out many people far more than we did. But, except for the salad stuff, of which we had an abundance, everything we gave away was subtracted from our own very inadequate meals; and we were both hungry to the danger point ourselves.

Tall, white-haired, affable Dr. Bewley, long the head of the Philippine school system, was our guest several times, and regularly a recipient of our talinum. He was very appreciative, and we enjoyed his visits at our oilcloth-covered card table. Indeed, his presence inspired the Gov'nor to talk continuously; for that is the way his best friends affect him. If I put in two words, he glared his disapproval of the interruption. What a blessing he did not marry a talkative woman! Although none of Dr. Bewley's dignity and dis-

tion left him while imprisoned, we did observe him taking a morning walk, bare from the waist up, but carrying an umbrella! Considering his age and unusual height he did well to survive and to avoid hospitalization, and he attributed this good fortune partly to the salad greens. Of course, he suffered. Once I asked him if he would be interested in a plate of salad and a bit of sour coconut meat that I had found by rummaging through a basket of coconut shells.

"Indeed I would!" he exclaimed with remarkable fervor.

On Thanksgiving of 1944 I invited Mr. Easthagen, who was just back from the Philippine General Hospital, where he had had an operation, to have dinner with us. In Mrs. Miller's cooking place I fanned up a fire made from trash the Gov'nor had found while rummaging through dumps of refuse in search of compost. On the fire I put a pan containing a few cloves of minced garlic, and a little of our precious margarine. Then I added one-third of a can of corned beef, a considerable quantity of green stuff, and, a few minutes later, a little rice cooked the day before, for which I had made a trade. This was our *pièce de résistance*, and, helped out with a salad and a can of pineapple juice from the Bacolod stores, made a handsome meal for those times, although one person could easily have eaten all three portions.

We saw that Mr. Easthagen was in no condition to take care of himself, so for some time the Gov'nor got his food from the line and brought it to him. Every day I gave him part of our salad, and once in a while we gave him a bit of our more substantial food.

He had a bad case of beriberi, and in addition he was having other troubles caused by handling poisonous fish. Back in the early part of the year when the Japanese sent us

in fresh fish, it was of all kinds, including especially large quantities of a small scavenger species that is nothing but bones, and some poisonous types. The spines of the latter had punctured Mr. Easthagen's fingers; and, as a consequence, after some time, various glands became swollen and discolored.

The commandant promised he could go out again to the Philippine General Hospital. Then Mr. Easthagen told me of a plan. He had found out from a very fat Jewess her method of getting food smuggled into the camp, and he was going to get some in to us, even at the risk of his life. There were two civilian Japanese in the commandant's office of whom I never heard anyone say a bad word. At least one of them, at a great risk to himself, smuggled in a little stuff for a few persons. Of course, he could not do more. I gave Mr. Easthagen a jar.

"Nothing would do us so much good as a quart of peanut butter," I told him.

No matter who should hand me a package, I should accept it inconspicuously and without question. The peanut butter would never be seen by anyone—I would transfer it, without being observed, to small cans, and we would each enjoy a delectable and nourishing spoonful in the darkness of the evening.

But alas, in spite of repeated promises from the commandant, Mr. Easthagen lay on his bed day after day, dressed and ready for departure, but was not sent to the hospital; and, of course, we never received the peanut butter. However, we survived without it; and, more surprisingly, Mr. Easthagen also survived.

Once the Gov'nor induced Bumble Bee, the fat Negro who cooked for the Japanese, to bring a little pork from the Japanese kitchen for the Millers and ourselves. But what he

brought consisted mainly of bones, and was not worth the risk we took. Also, we were afraid that those who saw it—we had to eat in public—would think we had stolen it from the camp kitchen, to which the enemy did sometimes donate bones.

Things were stolen from it, in spite of our internee guards, and maybe by them. One friend of mine, whose husband worked at night in the kitchen, said to me, "I cooked a big pot of soy beans yesterday, and today we are eating what was left over. And I am soaking another pot full to cook tomorrow." There was no legitimate way to acquire soy beans in the camp, and they were worth their weight in gold. Incidentally, this same woman, twice in our early days in Santo Tomás had called me into her cooking place just to *show* me a big chocolate cake and two pies that she had baked in the little earthenware oven she set on her flowerpot stove! In peace times I had repeatedly experienced her famous generosity and hospitality, but these characteristics were notably lacking in the population of Santo Tomás.

Some stole things from the camp not only to eat, but also to sell. A man once asked me, as people often did, "Do you ever sell any of this beautiful lettuce?"

"No," I replied, "but I'll be glad to give you a little of it."

"Let me carry something or do something for you," he begged.

Unquestionably grateful, he came to me a few days later. "I know a man who has some rice he will sell you for 120 pesos a kilo," he told me. He meant *good* money, not Mickey Mouse—\$60 for two and two-tenths pounds of rice.

"We do not have that much money," I told him.

When Mrs. Miller heard about the offer, she wanted to buy, for they were now too hungry to disdain rice, and her husband was becoming so thin and weak that she was willing

to pay any price for food. But when I saw the man two hours after he made me the offer, the rice was already sold.

Beatrice Caulkins, a part-Hawaiian roommate of mine, ate with her boy friend just outside our door. She was thirty years old and the wife of a petty officer in the Navy. Leaving her week-old baby with her mother in Hilo, she had come to Manila to be with her husband, who had to leave before she got there. "What a rough woman!" I thought when I heard her swearing the day I entered the room. But we all liked her, even if we could not, in some ways, admire her. Her boy friend, a good-hearted and ingenious American, who had a Filipina wife outside the camp, was a marvellous provider, and liked to have things nice. Their flower bedecked table was set with silverware and fine china. No one had more or better food as long as it could be bought. Even when they quarrelled, which happened frequently and publicly, and she made him move his cupboard from our hallway and sometimes threw cans at him, he would keep sending her expensive fruit. He financed their establishment by working as long as building materials could be brought into camp. They had consumed all their kit food before the real crisis began. However, in the midst of it, they cooked big pots of rice, and continued to have kit food which never came in their kits, and for which they had nothing to trade except what he purloined. He worked preparing the corn and rice, and was given a jail sentence for helping himself to them.

Prices were such that stealing was most profitable. For example, rice went as high as 150 pesos good money a kilo; powdered milk, from our kits, from 300 to 400 pesos a one-pound can—enough powder to make one gallon of milk! The Gov'nor and I could not buy at such prices, and would not sell.



One wealthy woman we knew repeatedly bought canned meat from a rascal we knew.

"I know he has stolen the stuff," she told us. "But I can't buy it from anyone else, and my husband is sick."

Often, as soon as a person was taken to the hospital, all of the few cans he had saved with great will-power and self-denial were stolen. I was in a good room in that respect—nothing was ever stolen in it, possibly because some of us were always in it, or just outside in the hallway or on the balcony. After the situation became desperate I kept all our food under my bed.

By our table we had a little cupboard, which we bought from Dr. Taylor when he was transferred to Los Baños, built into a recess of the wall. I had stored perhaps a dozen cans of food in it for a while, but removed all but a few cans that were almost empty when I heard of some other cupboard being robbed. One morning, when I went down, I found that the padlock had been broken off. Fortunately our loss was not great, though it was enough to feel. It consisted of four ounces of margarine, a bit of sugar, perhaps two ounces of milk powder, a small box of first aid equipment which I used in dressing the small wounds the Gov'nor acquired in his work, and an Ingersoll watch that timed my Spanish lessons.

Aside from the camp food that was stolen, it was observable that those who worked as cooks in the camp kitchens did not get very thin. Perhaps it would be demanding too much of human nature to expect hungry people to work with food and not eat any of it.

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## Chapter 12

XX

THE CONFERENCES which I began with my Alsatian friend, Bernadette Deubner, soon after our arrival in Santo Tomás, continued until almost the end of 1944, when we were too starved to do more than go through the really necessary motions of life. During these sessions we sat beside a bush in the "Fathers' Garden". At first this was a pleasant plot of grass, shrubs and trees, relatively quiet and private. Later it was crisscrossed with clothes lines, cut up into garden patches, and disfigured with flimsy shanties.

Bernadette was a very erect, robust, muscular woman of middle age who had a great enthusiasm for exercise, sunshine, and vitamins. Although we both enjoyed our conferences, there were some points on which we could never agree. For example, clad always only in shorts and bandeau, she wanted to be out in the sun, even at midday, while I did not enjoy baking myself under a tropical sun. And if it rained, she wanted to stay out and get soaked. Of course she was very brown, and had many little wrinkles from having the sun in her face.

We also disagreed on scientific subjects.

"You see what this starchy diet does," she said in French, breaking open her prickly heat blisters with her fingernails. She scorned starch even more than Mahitabel, and she insisted that soy beans were the only kind of beans that contained anything but starch. "But sugar gives us energy," she continued with mounting enthusiasm, "and chocolate gives the most! Oh, doctors don't know much. It's all in my books—I can show you. I don't need to eat anything with protein in it now because I am taking vitamin B. That is protein. It doesn't matter how little we eat or how thin we get as long as we have plenty of vitamins."

She wanted to reduce—though she was not really overweight. In time she did!

Before dawn she went to work in the camp garden and worked all morning. In the evening she walked rapidly for miles around and around the Main Building and the area in front.

Although robust and muscular, Bernadette was entirely feminine and very vivacious. Sometimes our conferences were joined by a Frenchman who had come into Santo Tomás after staying five hundred days in Fort Santiago because of a song he had written ridiculing the Nazis. It was to Fort Santiago, an unspeakable cesspool of torture and filth, that people of all nationalities were taken to be punished or questioned. This Frenchman was almost blind because of the poor diet he had had there, and Santo Tomás seemed like heaven compared to his former prison. I called him *Mon ange guardian*, because he had a way of appearing as if by miracle whenever I needed help for anything. He had a large fund of jokes and anecdotes for all classes of people and was thoroughly Gallic.

More frequently a rather elderly naturalized Swiss joined us. "Je suis l'homme le plus malheureux au monde!" he con-

tinually complained. He was in need of a surgical operation. Yet, under Bernadette's influence, he livened up and became witty. He was put on a repatriation list, but did not believe anything would come of it. Great was his joy when he actually left camp with other internees bound for Goa, India, where they would board the *Gripsholm*. This was the second and last voyage of that ship to the Orient. Bernadette helped him pack, and he left her everything he had in camp. She and I got up in the night to make our farewells; for the Japanese scheduled departures for three or four A. M., so that the Filipinos would not be reminded of our existence.

"You shouldn't have gotten up to see me off!" he said.

"But we wanted to," I assured him. "*You* are going where *we'd* love to go."

Staying close to him as long as we could was like holding the end of a piece of serpentine thrown from the deck of a departing ship by those who were dearest to us. In fact, he *was* the serpentine; for, concealed in a shaving stick, he was smuggling out for us letters written on thin paper.

Upon his arrival in America he mailed mine to Imogene—along with a letter of his own, in which he addressed her as "Dear Madam". She received them in December of 1943, and this was the first word that any of our relatives had had from us since a radiogram sent via Cebu in March of 1942, almost two years before. Our names had not been on the lists of internees sent to Washington, and no one had any idea what had happened to us. The letter which the Japanese allowed me to write and submit to the censor, and which was supposed to go on the *Gripsholm*, was never received, so it was most fortunate that the smuggled message got through.

As soon as my family knew we were in Santo Tomás, my brother sent a cablegram *via* Geneva, which we were fortu-

nate enough to receive only four months after it was sent. It was our first word from home and was very reassuring.

Sometimes letters and cablegrams were received in camp, but often they were more than two years old.

Beloved, sainted *Gripsholm*! When the Japanese ship that had taken the repatriates to Goa returned to Manila it brought us Red Cross relief supplies from America! A Swiss representative of the International Red Cross came with them to Manila, although he was not allowed to land.

In the relief supplies were large quantities of vitamins, medicines, toilet articles, clothes, and a forty-seven pound kit of food for each of us!

A very fair point system was worked out for distributing the clothes and toilet articles. I received two percale playsuits, a pair of oxfords, two pairs of socks, cold cream, talcum powder, tooth powder and brush. It was heartwarming to receive all these things sent by our compatriots—with what anxieties, good wishes and prayers we could well imagine.

Some fortunate internees received packages from relatives and friends as well as letters brought by the same ship; but, since our names had not been sent to Washington, we did not.

One of my roommates received a letter from a German concentration camp. "We are getting along all right," it said. "We live in an old castle, receive a food package every week, and are taken on outings to places of interest every fortnight!"

But the most marvellous thing transported by the *Gripsholm* was the kits. They were wonderful: cheese, butter spread, canned meat, jam, sugar, chocolate, prunes, coffee, cigarettes, powdered milk.

I put mine under the head of my bed and slept in a delightful aroma of prunes and chocolate!

The Gov'nor had nobly stopped smoking soon after our

internment, thus shattering my theory about being fourth in his affections; for I figured that he would not have stopped, at least so soon, had he been alone. He wanted to use every available resource for conserving our health, especially mine, which, though good, was less robust than his own.

So we traded all our cigarettes for powdered milk, our coffee for prunes. Then, except for the chocolate, cheese, and prunes, which were more or less perishable, we put everything away for an emergency. During 1943 I had been able to buy nine pounds of margarine, a five-gallon can full of brown sugar, and, for 26 pesos a can, eight large cans of sardines. We also had about a dozen cans of food which we received from the Bacolod supplies, distributed after our arrival in Santo Tomás. All these things we hoarded under our beds. The people in Manila from the beginning of the war had a better opportunity than we to stock up, but the majority did not do so.

Some internees kept their kit food, as we did; others opened their cans recklessly. For a while there was an exchange, conducted with all the formality of a stock exchange, for buying and selling kit goods. The buying or selling of a three and three-fourth ounce can of meat or butter spread was a weighty matter, and prices were incredible. I confess to having speculated successfully in coffee. One of the camp amusements was to watch the board at the exchange, but the Japanese soon closed it up.

It was fortunate that our Swiss friend was repatriated; for he thought conditions in camp intolerable before he left, and they declined sharply and continually after he left. Indeed, he had been having his luncheons sent in from outside the camp, and had taken Bernadette for dinner to a restaurant in the camp run by internees. Sometimes they made a whole meal of ice-cream bought from a Japanese confectioner. All

such things very quickly became impossible, but of course they had always been beyond the means of many of us.

In November a typhoon struck us. Wind lashed the long branches of the acacia trees and splintered them off. Rain descended in torrents; and water, backing up in the Pasig River, flooded a large part of Manila, including the camp. It stopped at the doorway of the Main Building, but the corridors were soon two inches deep with the tracked-in mud. People floundered waist deep in water from the shanties into the buildings. I saw one man pulling a washboiler in which his two children rode as if in a boat.

With water all around us, there was none in our water pipes. Also, the gas went off, and our central cooking had been done with gas. The camp organization provided us with chlorinated water from a tank on the roof—a sufficient ration of drinking water for each person. Men worked all night long in the rain and flood to build stoves of dobie stone in the dining sheds and to cook—as one of my pupils reported in a theme—“gallons and gallons of delicious mush.” The stone stoves were later cemented and used for all our cooking as the gas pressure declined in the general disintegration of life in the Japanese-occupied city. For lack of other fuel, men chopped up our lovely shade trees, and finally the school benches.

Fortunately, although the flood was of unusual extent, the wind was not as strong as it might have been, so most of the shanties escaped destruction. Within a few days the water subsided, and life returned to normal.

At Christmas of 1943 we invited a couple of friends from Negros to have dinner with us. We had intended either to have a tiny roast or to buy something from the restaurant to supplement the line food. But we were sufficiently short of funds to be glad when it was announced that roast beef

purchased from the profits of the camp cold stores would be served on the line. Our friends brought a fruit drink, the roast beef was excellent, there was plenty of rice and salad, and we had a very enjoyable meal. For years we had spent Christmas with these friends, or they with us, so there was the added pleasure of keeping up old customs, even under greatly changed circumstances. We have especially grateful memories of that roast beef, as it was the first we had had for a long time, and the last we were to have until we boarded the U. S. Army transport in April of 1945.

Two years before, still in my own home and fearful of capture, I had said, "We will be lucky if the war with Japan is over within a year." How we had hated what seemed national pessimism to us when Roosevelt told what great things would be done in 1943 and 1944! When we arrived in Manila in March of 1943, I fully expected to be free before the end of the year. And now, at the beginning of 1944, MacArthur was still far away, and his progress slow.

I should never see the "little" daughter to whom I had expected to return. Once she had said, "When I have a little girl, I'm going to keep her small!" But Imogene would not have obligingly remained small; and, now twelve years old, she would be a big girl. Twice I dreamt we returned to her and found that she was a stranger to whom we meant nothing. Fortunately I knew the affectionate nature of my child too well to be disturbed by such a dream. Even so, since we had not as yet received my brother's telegram which came in answer to the letter smuggled away on the *Gripsholm*, and had had no word since the fall of Cebu, we could not be sure we had her or would ever see her. So many things can happen.

And my father—was he alive, was he helpless or suffering, was his mind still clear?



"*Nothing could* happen to your daddy's *mind!*" my husband exclaimed when I expressed my fears, and I was comforted.

To an old retired army colonel I confided my ideas about the slow progress of the war.

"If only we could feel sure that it was being conducted ably, without too much costly blundering," I said. "But you know how things went in the beginning."

"Yes," he continued my line of thought, "and the same person is still in command."

At that time I was not a MacArthur enthusiast. Now, however, without being a competent judge of the skill that he has undoubtedly shown in his conduct of the war, I have been converted by the civilized and Christian policy that he has pursued in the occupation of Japan.

Some of my worst moments of the war were due to news that I received from Mrs. Miller. I do not in the least blame her—she thought I wanted news, so she gave it to me. It was from her we learned of the fall of Corregidor and of the leaflets dropped by the Japanese demanding that the Filipinos surrender us.

Soon after our arrival in Santo Tomás she told me that Russia had severed relations with Britain and the United States and was going to fight with the Germans against us! "Our emergency money nevah will be good any mo'," she added. This plunged me deeply into the slough of despond, for I had not yet learned never to believe what I heard—merely to keep an open mind. It seemed to me that there was nothing left in life for us or for our children—a brutal totalitarianism would enslave us. I said nothing about it to my husband or anyone else. Let them enjoy life if they could and while they could.

Next day I scanned the English language propaganda

sheet, which the Japanese were then allowing to enter the camp. To have believed what it said would have driven us all insane, but sometimes we could read between the lines—and some things were really humorous. One editorial said that in real life as in melodrama villains were usually smooth, rich, and well-educated like Anglo-Americans! Often Japanese forces “retired after attaining their military objective.” As one editorial said, “When a man finishes smoking a cigar, he throws away the butt. We were smoking the cigar in the Aleutians, and we threw the butt away. Now we are smoking it in the Solomons.” In Italy the Germans “advanced northward, while the American forces followed wearily.” According to this sheet our morale was always many leagues below sea level.

This particular day I took up the paper knowing that if there were any truth in what I had heard—for a doubt had by this time arisen in my mind—the Japanese would have blazoned it forth, for they were always intimating that Russia was just about to break with us. How relieved I was to find only a small news item stating that the Soviet ambassador had left Washington!

Much later Mrs. Miller told me that the Japanese had retaken Saipan. “I think we ah just beginnin’ to have our troubles with the Japs,” she opined. By this time, however, I had developed considerable scepticism. Nevertheless, I was disquieted, and no propaganda sheet dispelled my fears on the point, for it was not now allowed to enter camp.

When the Japanese took our money—except for what people hid—Mrs. Miller told me they were going to take our canned food next. We were afraid they would, and were not at all sure we were acting wisely in trying to make it last so long.

It was in January of 1944 that I caught the word *Dumaguete* from a conversation going on near me.

"What's that?" I asked.

"There are some people from Dumaguete over in the commandant's office," someone informed me.

I rushed over to the office and there I found Mrs. Maughan with her little son, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard with their still smaller son, and two elderly American couples who had been at Silliman University and then hidden in the mountains. They were very sunburned from exposure during their boat trip, dirty—verminous, as I learned later—and looked as if they had gone through a great deal. Whatever little difficulties we may have had with our former houseguests, viewed against a background of hardship, danger, and tragedy, now seemed immeasurably trivial. All of us, too moved for speech at first, embraced each other with tears in our eyes.

One of them whispered to me, "Poor Mr. Maughan was killed in action in Mindanao." His wife, who had seemed fragile, was here; he had seemed sturdy, and he was gone. It required an effort for me to readjust my ideas.

As soon as they could leave the office, the older people went to the shanty of some of their other friends, and the younger ones went with me to a tiny shack in the patio where Bessie and Doris cooked and ate. The latter was at last well and out of the hospital, and was, indeed, quartered in my room. Bessie got some cooked rice from the camp kitchen, and I brought down eight prunes which I was soaking for dinner.

While the newcomers ate their luncheon—we had had ours—they told us their story. The Stoddards had moved sixteen times. Twice she had taken eight-hour hikes barefoot through the jungle. The others had moved only once since leaving

Dumaguete, and after that one move the three households, although not close together, were all on one ridge—a ridge overlooking Dumaguete! Finally Japanese soldiers had gone out and captured them. They were treated with none of the consideration that had been shown us, for the Japanese thought they should not have stayed out, and suspected them, especially the youthful Mr. Stoddard, of aiding the guerillas, although he really had not. They had tortured him, but not severely. He was not at all inclined to magnify his sufferings, though his arms were still a little numb because his wrists had been tied behind him, and he had then been suspended for some time by his hands. Later Mrs. Maughan told me how she had been kicked, while sitting on the floor, so that she was knocked over, first in one direction, then in the other, until she was black and blue. But when I spoke of that to other members of her party, they averred that she had a fertile imagination. Since they were being punished, they had to sit on the floor during interviews, were jailed in small, dirty places, and very poorly fed. They had fared badly for the two or three months that elapsed between the time of their capture and their arrival in Santo Tomás. However, they were all glad that they had stayed out as long as they could, and they were comparatively fortunate in the treatment they received, for eleven missionaries on Panay, similarly captured late in the war, were executed. One of them was a boy only eleven years old. But these missionaries were not, as we heard at first, roasted over a slow fire, that detail having been added by some fertile imagination in the retelling.

“How about Pamplona?” I asked when my co-provincianos had finished their story.

“It would make you weep!” declared Mr. Stoddard.

“Go ahead,” I urged. “I won’t weep.”

“Well,” he said, “the Japanese respected your property.

But some bad guerillas looted your house, broke open the trunks in the community house, took away everything that was in them, and the canned goods. Then good guerillas punished the bad ones; and, for fear the Japanese might make use of the plantation, they burned every house on it. The cattle are all gone—some to the Japanese, some to guerillas, some to civilians. And the Japanese burned Pamplona barrio.”

The destruction seemed complete, but it was no more than I expected.

Mr. Stoddard also told us that now the guerillas in Negros had Filipino officers over them, sent out by MacArthur in submarines, and that there was a free civil government in the island, housed in mountain shacks and ready to flee at any moment. The newcomers were overly optimistic, as we had been on our arrival, and we warned them to be careful in their talking lest they be sent to Fort Santiago.

Some months later we heard that all the other Americans in our province, except one man, had escaped by submarine. This rumor proved to be true, and that one man remained in the province until after its liberation.

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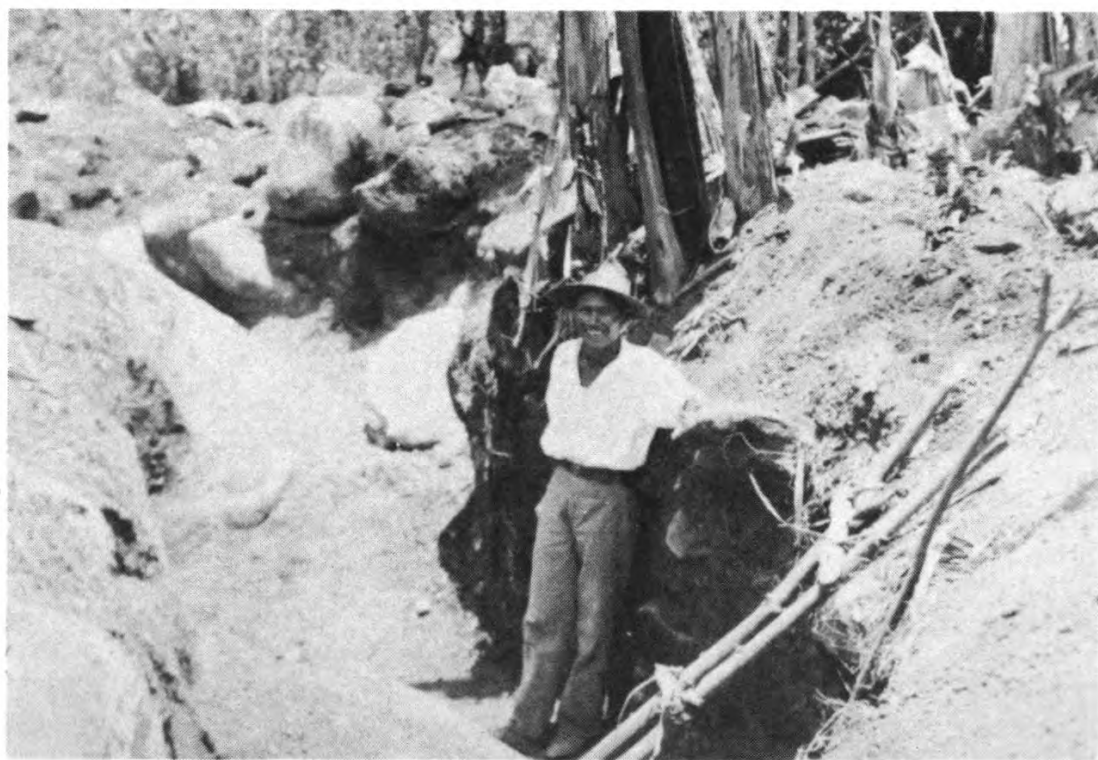
## Chapter 13

XX

EARLY IN 1944 I became room monitor. I had been urged to do so before, but had refused. Well, I chose a poor time for it, for no previous monitor had had half the work that devolved upon me!

For one thing, bread and eggs were becoming so scarce that they could no longer be sold in lines as formerly. People were standing in lines for hours in a fruitless hope, so the monitors decided to give out these commodities. Every other day I would go down with my tray and return with one fourth of a tiny loaf of soggy rice bread for each member of the room. Whenever we could each have an egg—and Philippine eggs are so small!—I would go down, stand in line to get them, bring them back and distribute them, trying to alternate equitably in the giving out of the especially small and especially dirty ones. And, for each egg and for each little piece of bread, I had to collect the price and make change. Presently, however, there was no more bread to distribute, and we received eggs seldom, and soon not at all.

For another thing, right after I assumed the office, there was a great deal of moving about. Some women moved



PEDRO PINERO, THE PLANTATION FOREMAN



COCONUT PALMS ON PAMPLONA PLANTATION



UNHUSKED COCONUTS



from the room to the shanties, as soon as that was permitted. Others moved in to take their places. As soon as we had a vacancy, we always tried to fill it at once with a desirable roommate for fear of having an undesirable one thrust upon us. If one was assigned to us, we could not refuse to take her, so some maneuvering was necessary. Then some of my roommates went to Los Baños, others to the hospital, others to spend the night in the dormitory with children whose mothers were ill. For each change, even if it were for only one night, I had to fill out forms, and for many weeks there was scarcely a day without at least one change in my room.

In the third place, when the army assumed control, it seemed to have an enthusiasm for roll calls. Heretofore there had been only one a day, and that at nine in the evening in each room, after which the room monitors made their reports to the floor monitor. Now, in addition to that, we had roll call morning and evening in the corridor. Each time I had to fill out a form which I held in my hand as, wearing an armband, I stood at the head of my double line. Sometimes the roll call, which usually took about twenty minutes, would last two or three hours, and no one would get anything done. A few times we had special roll calls, once at two o'clock in the morning. If a Japanese passed I would say, "Ready, bow!" and theoretically the room bowed as if in one piece. An instant later I would say, "As you were," and it assumed an upright position.

One of my duties as monitor was to lecture my roommates on the necessity of bowing whenever meeting a Japanese; for we were told in monitors' council that our captors were so angry because of what they considered our rudeness that our committee could accomplish nothing toward securing us food or better conditions.

I found that a monitor lived between Scylla and Charybdis.

Anyone who had a complaint against one of the roommates brought it to me.

About twice a month our room had to keep the bathroom clean for one day. Two of the women were unable to do this work, two others, in rotation, were excused from it, and the rest of us each worked at it for an hour. One day as I was making out the schedule for this work, a fat new roommate asked if her equally fat fifteen-year-old daughter might be excused from it on account of her asthma. I did not think the work would hurt her, but it seemed such a trifling matter that, without much thought, I assented.

What a storm I had unwittingly unleashed around my defenceless head! Next time I entered the room one woman exclaimed indignantly, "That big fat slob excused from bathroom duty!"

Another said, "Hereafter, Mrs. Bryant, I wish you would excuse my daughter, too." Her daughter was a lovely girl of eighteen—and exceptionally robust.

A third angry woman said, "I don't think you'll get much cooperation in the bathroom tomorrow, Mrs. Bryant!"

"In that case I will find out a good deal about people," I replied. This last woman would normally have had a holiday this time from the job; but, because of what I had done, her holiday was being postponed until our next turn.

Since she was so angry about it, a little later I went over to the list fastened to the door post, crossed out her name and wrote in my own, thus giving myself two hours of work and allowing her the holiday after all.

The next time I saw her she was not just angry, she was rabid. A large, ordinarily relaxed person, her eyes were snapping and her face working.

"How dare you take my name off that list!" she shouted. "How dare you!"

"Why, what a way to talk!" I answered. "I don't know who should better be able to take a name off a list than the person who makes the list. And how can you get so steamed up over such a trifling matter? I'm not going to change the list again, and I don't want to hear another word about it!"

She went away looking rather dashed.

The following time our turn for bathroom duty came around, the fat young roommate was actually in the hospital with asthma, but the time after that I told her she would have to take her turn in the interest of harmony. She did—and, as I expected, without any ill effects to her.

For a while the three or four women who had been angriest about the affair suffered considerably in my estimation; and, since they were the nicest of my roommates, I was feeling discouraged about women in general. Possibly this was mutual, although I am inclined to believe that they were a little ashamed of the way they had acted. In either case, since they really were superior people, they soon reestablished themselves in my esteem, and never thereafter missed a chance to help me out in any way they could.

We had some rather good times in the room. In fact, allowing for the crowding, lack of privacy, low standard of living, and the differences in our ages, it was like living in a school dormitory.

Two women, Mrs. Meeker, who was seventy-three years old, but full of life and energy, and, despite her name, not meek at all, and Beatrice, the part-Hawaiian, were very outspoken. They thought audibly, which helped to create a lively situation at times. The two of them, totally different in almost every way, often clashed, but usually it was reasonably good-humored clashing.

The fat young roommate, just across the center aisle from

Mrs. Meeker and me, scolded and berated her mother constantly. Of course Mrs. Meeker reproved her for it.

"If my mother and I want to discuss the situation," the young thing answered impudently, "what's it to *you*, Mrs. Meeker?"

"The trouble is that *we* have to listen to it," I replied on Mrs. Meeker's behalf.

The fat one lapsed into silence for the time being. Several times I called her down in similar fashion, and two or three others took their turns at it. These reproofs had some effect, though far less than could have been desired.

An electric switchboard was in our room, and electricians had to come in at any hour of the day or night. Mrs. Meeker never became accustomed to these intrusions, and was always complaining about them. Even when she was otherwise completely dressed, she complained because a man came in when her feet were not covered up. Thereafter, to announce the entrance of a man, one of us would always say, "Has Mrs. Meeker got her feet covered up?" In spite of my assuring her that all the men had seen so much that they were not even interested, she never stopped worrying about the possibility of some man's seeing her when the curtain in the doorway flapped.

Towards the end, she had a great fear that some one would steal the one or two cans of kit food she had not yet consumed. I know I stood high in her estimation; yet she watched me suspiciously while she took out a spoonful of cocoa beverage and hid the can. If I turned over in the night, she thought some burglar was rummaging under her bed. She would wake herself and all of us, shouting at thieves who were not there.

One of my roommates, Mrs. Baker, a hardworking, public spirited woman who was usually very pleasant, had a most

violent and unpredictable temper. It descended most unexpectedly, even on her best friends, some of whom were in our room. In an unprovoked rage she once called Doris, who was the most inoffensive, highminded person in the room, a "dirty little hussy," and then went around and boasted of having done so.

Up to the time I became monitor I had no encounters with this temper, but scarcely had I assumed the office when Mrs. Baker let it descend upon me for everything that I did or did not do, and ran away to the floor monitor to complain. One woman suggested that it was because she envied me my unenviable position. For some time I bore this patiently, thinking that she was more to be pitied than blamed for having such a temper—I gave her glands some credit. And always, within a day of flaring up, she would come around and be especially nice to me.

Once, armed with a native broom tied to a bamboo pole, I dislodged some black cobwebs that were on the wall above the bed of a thirteen year old Chinese mestiza. I knew she would not object to my getting them down, and Mrs. Forest had called my attention to them. Just as I had swept off the last of them, Mrs. Baker entered the room.

"Mrs. Bryant, you get away from there and take that broom!" she shouted. "There are no cobwebs there; I cleaned there Monday!"

"Oh, yes, there *were* some," I answered.

"You call me a liar, do you?" she screamed.

"No," I replied. "You may be mistaken."

"But I'm not, and don't you dare come into this part of the room, or I'll slap your face!" she shouted.

This was really too much.

"Listen, Mrs. Baker," I said, "I want to tell you a few things about yourself."

"I won't do it," she snapped, rushing out of the room.

But she was back in a few minutes; and, in spite of her bustling around and pretending not to hear, I told her that she had made me all the trouble she could from the moment I had become monitor, that she had complained to the floor monitor, which was an unsportsmanlike thing to do, and that if she wanted to be considered a normal, rather than an insane woman, she would have to control her temper.

I believe the fact that her friends did not intervene in her behalf impressed her considerably. One of the best of them, indeed, without being asked to do so, had testified that there were cobwebs on the wall. What fateful cobwebs!

For several days after that she lay on her bed a great deal and was very silent. She made me no further trouble, and we were soon on friendly terms again. Indeed, I do not remember that she had outbursts of temper against anyone after that.

In my room there were no episodes that involved physical violence, but in some rooms things went further, and *bakyas* went hurtling through the air. A friend of mine was in a room where a Filipina attacked and beat an American woman who had to be hospitalized for quite a long time. My friend saw the fight from beginning to end, and said the attack was quite unprovoked. The Filipina was not punished. I heard that she could not be punished, because in a case of this kind the erring party would always go to the commandant and complain that he or she was a victim of racial injustice.

Once the Millers' Negro protégé knocked down a renegade white man and broke out some teeth, but nobody cared because the white man deserved it. The Negro told me, "I'm not sorry I knocked 'im down. But I'se kinduv shamed I kicked 'im aftuhwuds." Later he knocked down another, who died as a result of the fall, and for the latter offence he

was put in the camp jail. The causes of these last two incidents were, so far as I know, personal rather than racial.

We all lived on a basis of equality, including a considerable number of American Negroes. These were of all grades, from the humble old man who said with great fervor when I once gave him a little mush, "Thank you, ma'am! *God bless you ma'am!*" to the tall and distinguished Dr. Brown who lectured on Oriental philosophy and was the best dressed man in camp.

There seemed to be little racial friction. What there was, was caused as much by the inferiority complex of colored internees as by anything else.

In my own room there were two mestiza sisters, one married to an American, the other, who was really quite pretty, hoping to be. Because of their complex they were sullen, uncooperative, and quick to take offense. The thing I most disliked about them was the way they treated the eight-year-old daughter of the older sister. They never put her to bed until they went to bed themselves; and then in the morning they shook her, slapped her, and spanked her in no uncertain terms—even when she was ill—to get her up. Indeed, they both acted as if they hated her.

A Chinese woman, who was the wife of an American Jew and the mother of two children, repeatedly woke up all our part of the Main Building by having a violent fit—screaming, rushing around, kicking, biting. The camp psychiatrist said it was a device to get the attention she could not otherwise obtain. If an American woman had behaved in such a way, she would have been sent out to the insane asylum, as some internees were.

One Chinese man became a camp hero. He was a thin, solitary person named Lee, whose blue clothes became more and more patched and eventually fell into hopeless shreds.

One day I spoke to him in Cantonese. He seemed pleased, and assured me that I spoke very clearly, but I remembered so little of the language that our conversation was not very illuminating. He spoke English, however, although he was so silent and kept to himself so consistently that it took the people in camp a long time to find it out. At my suggestion the Gov'nor tried to befriend him in order to get him some clothes from the camp relief and welfare organization. Lee said he had plenty of clothes! He was utterly unresponsive, and never appeared to recognize me when we met. He had never done any camp work. When the kits were distributed, he refused to accept his! Later he refused—successfully!—to go to Los Baños.

The Japanese forced us all to sign statements, saying that we would not try to escape and that we would not aid our forces. We did not think we would have an opportunity to do either; and, since we were forced to sign, we did not feel bound, anyway. Lee, alone among the internees, refused to sign, and was put in the camp jail for it.

Our authorities had saved his kit, and gave it to him in jail, as he was becoming weak, but again he refused it. They told the jailor to mix it with his food from the line. However, it is more than doubtful whether he ate it even then. In spite of everything, Lee survived; and, after our release, he reappeared in new clothes.

The fate of some of the last men to be put into the camp jail was more tragic. Just before Christmas of 1944 the Japanese seized and jailed, without any explanation, four of the highest ranking internees. Indeed, one of them was Mr. Carroll C. Grinnell, a General Electric man, who had long been the head of our internee committee. Different reasons were suggested for his arrest. One was that the Japanese had searched his shanty, even to ripping up the mattress and



pillows, found some beans and sugar, accused him of buying them from a Japanese guard, and commanded him to tell *which* guard. According to what we had heard, eight guards had been executed some time before for trading with internees. Mr. Grinnell had replied, "I don't know. They all look alike to me." Another report was that he had sent financial aid to some family outside the camp. A third was that he was in contact with guerillas. And a fourth was simply that he knew too much.

My contacts with him had been few and slight, but had impressed me favorably, for he was unassuming, harassed by his responsibilities, yet pleasant and cheerful.

In many ways the rank and file of us internees had an easy time of it because our responsibilities were so light. The reverse was the case for the internee committee. It constantly, with great danger to its members, had to battle the Japanese on our behalf in an effort to get sufficient food, decent living conditions, and liberty and our own organization within the camp. And many of the internees grumbled against the committee just as the Children of Israel grumbled against Moses in the wilderness. Usually those who were loudest in their complaints were the most idle and dishonest; though an exception was the case of a prominent clergyman who maintained that the committee was undemocratic because it did not make public each detail of its battle with the Japanese and have it voted on. A battlefield did not seem to me a good place for counting votes; and I believed that the committee managed the camp affairs honestly and ably—and it must at times have been very disagreeable as well as difficult and dangerous work.

When the four men had been in jail a few days, the idea occurred to me that they would like a salad. Only line food, which at this time was a kind of liquid hog-wash, was sup-

posed to be sent in to them. Nevertheless, I took all the freshest lettuce leaves and everything else I could find in the garden, mixed them with vinegar I had made myself—I had learned to make vinegar out of anything—and arranged the result in an earthenware bowl. Then I conspired with the camp jailer to take it in to them.

I planned to send them such a bowl two or three times a week, though it would not be easy because we were already supplying so many people from our garden. Alas, the second bowl was never sent, for the four prisoners were taken out of camp. We were never to see them again, but after our liberation their bodies were unearthed and identified.

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## Chapter 14

XX

WHEN THE Japanese army began to administer the camp directly rather than through an intermediate agency in February of 1944, a new and worse chapter of our internment began.

For one thing, large quantities of military supplies were brought; and we thought Santo Tomás was to be fortified and made the site of the last bitter conflict when Manila should be retaken. Fortunately, whether or not because of the protests of our committee, this was not done. Nevertheless, it remained a storage depot, all of the front part of the campus being filled with the supplies which were constantly being used and replaced. All the area involved was now out of bounds for us, and inhabited by Japanese soldiers, who lived in tents and in a long thatch pavilion built by the internees for use as school and church. Although it was out of bounds, some of the camp children used to sneak into this pavilion to beg the food of the soldiers. When the air raids began, soldiers from outside the camp would pour in and take shelter under the trees, where they kept many of their trucks. All the trees in other parts of the camp had been

chopped up for fuel, but we could not touch these that were out of bounds for us.

Formerly the Japanese had given us a cash allowance, which the camp had supplemented by local gifts and relief money sent through the Red Cross. This last was so greatly reduced by the nefarious exchange practices of our captors, that it seemed a pity it was sent at all. Instead of an allowance, the army now sent in food for us: an insufficient amount of rice and corn and a yet more insufficient amount of fish and vegetables. It was always very short weight, often more than 20%, and decreased in amount constantly. Much of it was too rotten to be used. Soon the fish disappeared from our diet. The camp garden helped out on the vegetables by supplying 75 tons of talinum during the year, but it was very little when divided among the thousands of internees. There were no noon-day beans during this year—just a little rice gruel, a half cup of thin soup, or nothing at all.

As our flesh melted away, new knobs and hollows appeared, and we made anatomical discoveries. Floating ribs were a known fact, but we developed *flying* ribs and flying sternums. Hip blades stuck out amazingly, showing up conspicuously through one's clothing. Wooden beds got harder and harder. The Gov'nor had three separate hollows on each side of his face and a huge painful one where his stomach should have been. The last hollow showed plainly as he wore only shorts most of the time.

In July of 1944 he and I decided that we should begin to use our canned food, as there was no protein in our diet, and for a long time we had been unable to buy so much as a peanut. We planned to make our reserves last until the New Year. Fortunately, for a few weeks the camp gave each of us three ounces of corned beef twice a week, the doctors having decided that this was the emergency for which these

stores had been saved. During those few weeks we slowed down on the consumption of our own supplies; and, because of that, our canned food came out just right—we used the last of our powdered milk for breakfast the morning after our liberation and opened our last can of meat that noon. From July on, therefore, we had a bit of meat or a little powdered milk every day—a tremendous help in getting us through in fair condition.

Without this canned food and the garden produce it is doubtful whether either of us would have survived, and the chances would have been seriously against my husband. As it was, he lost 75 pounds during the war, part of it during the first few months when he was worried and weighed down by his responsibilities at the plantation. During our first year in Santo Tomás he had regained what he lost at Bacolod, but I could not interest him in regaining the weight lost while still at Pamplona. Back in the times when we could get enough to eat, he would say with a shade of annoyance—upon my urging him to eat more of the unpalatable food—“I’ve had enough, and why should I eat any more!” During the latter half of the year he grew weak, and his ankles became swollen.

While we could still supplement our rations I had been carefully keeping myself as plump as possible, so at the beginning of 1944 I weighed 122, which is a trifle more than my usual weight. I went down to 99. Although I am tall, I was a heavyweight judged by Santo Tomás standards; for many women who ordinarily weighed more than I were down to 80 pounds; and a number of people actually lost one-half their weight.

Of course we were anemic, and most of us had low blood pressure, mine being down to 75. In spite of all the vitamins we were taking, some had pellagra, many had beriberi, and almost everyone suffered from protein deficiency. Both of

these latter conditions were characterized by swollen ankles, and the swelling sometimes spread to other parts of the body, including the face. One man I knew gained more than twenty pounds in weight because of the accumulation of water in his tissues. Another characteristic of the protein deficiency was frequent urination. Middle-aged and elderly people, and some who were young, were up almost every hour of the night, and in the morning the corridor floors showed evidence of their inability to get to the toilets quickly enough.

The blackout made these midnight journeys dangerous for them. One old woman I knew had repeated falls, and spent part of one night unconscious in a patio ditch, after which she provided herself with a can, to the unconcealed annoyance of her roommates.

There were very few beatings in Santo Tomás; we could keep ourselves and our surroundings clean; we enjoyed a great deal of freedom in the camp; but this starvation really was an atrocity. It might be argued that the Japanese were having difficulty getting sufficient food. But their soldiers received far more than we and were well nourished, and the camp was not allowed to receive relief supplies or to purchase food, for which it could have arranged a credit. Even such a cheap and abundant thing as *tikki-tikki*, or rice chaff, which is a remedy for beriberi, and which we needed desperately, was not allowed to come into camp. But is not war itself the prime atrocity, compared to which the accompanying atrocities are insignificant?

At the table next us in the corridor was a British gentleman named Higham right out of Dickens' novels. Tall, thin, white-haired, and distinguished-looking, he was always, in a loud tone of voice, reproving and berating his wife, who did all the work for the two of them. "You *annoy* me so" . . . "Will you sit *still*!" . . . "I have *told* you . . ."

"Internment is so hard on the men, poor dears," she would say to me. Or, "He's so nervous—there's no medicine for his asthma."

For a while after he moved into the room near us he resented our presence in the corridor. "Those damn people!" he muttered, glaring at and meaning us.

I pulled our table back to give them as much room as possible and asked if they would not like to set their cooking cans on one end of our windowsill. They were immediately responsive to these overtures, and we soon became very friendly.

Mrs. Higham was a sweet, unselfish woman. He was the most loyal of friends, and had the best of intentions. Never did he realize how he was treating his wife. He had a great admiration for the Gov'nor; and when he clasped him by the hand and wished him a happy New Year, it was a ceremony whose sincerity could not be doubted and whose impressiveness could never be forgotten. Only a few grains of sand remained in Mr. Higham's hourglass, and he was hungry with a hunger that had gnawed at his tall frame for months. But there was nothing glum or cynical about him, in spite of his critical British disposition. He hoped to survive; and, regardless, he wished us all possible happiness.

While I worked at my table preparing greens and salad, he sat at his, mincing garlic and talking to me, sometimes, it is true, when I would have preferred only the company of my own thoughts. He flattered me by asking my opinion and advice. He confided to me that he was ashamed of himself because he was so thin. Often he hummed—just one note only—but it gave an impression that he was feeling in harmony with the universe.

He was not, however, in harmony with Colonel and Mrs.

Miller, who had the table beyond his. I had to listen to both sides, and was fearful of being embroiled.

"That ole Britisher that's so mean to his wife got fii'uhed from the company he was workin' foh," Mrs. Miller told me in a tone of voice loud enough for him to overhear.

"Those people on the other side are very dirty people," Mr. Higham would say, wielding a broom. "They wake us up early every morning talking and rattling their pans!"

He and his wife had already eaten all their canned goods, and we hated to eat precious bits of extra food at our table—only two feet from theirs. But we knew they did not covet our food—though I never realized what a shocking amount of envy there is in human nature until I was interned. How many, if they could not have a thing themselves, preferred that no one should have it! During the first part of our sojourn in the camp most internees had fared better than we, but now our position was reversed.

Although Mr. Higham's long legs were reduced to an insect-like thinness, his ankles were swollen and retained the impress of the stool on which he propped them. One morning his knees crumpled under him and he was taken to the hospital; the following day Mrs. Higham told me, "His mind has given way;" and by the next morning Mr. Higham was gone. Dr. Stevenson wrote "Starvation" on the death certificate and was put in jail for it. All I could do was to put my hibiscus flowers on Mrs. Higham's table.

This was but one of the many tragedies going on around us. Everyone was starving, but few, except men over sixty, starved to death. A good many of the older men did so, some of them dying after our liberation.

One of the younger men to die was an Englishman from Shanghai who had three little girls. Standing by me at the trough he had washed his children's clothes, without soap,



refusing to use mine. "It's good discipline for us," he had said cheerfully, "and the sun does a good deal for them, you know."

Once I was given some left-over rice that had soured. The Gov'nor used part of it to supplement his breakfast. The rest of it I offered to Mr. Berry, formerly a big, hearty, jolly man, who accepted it very gladly and seriously; but he immediately handed it over to a friend who was with him. The friend, with equal seriousness, put two small spoonfuls of the very sour rice on his plate, and handed my can back to Mr. Berry, who took the little that was left. It was pitiful to see them so serious and so correct about this bit of disagreeable food. A little later I heard of Mr. Berry's death, caused by malnutrition.

One of its victims told the Gov'nor, when he took him some salad, that that was the only time that anyone had ever done anything for him in Santo Tomás.

Another, a short time before his death, whittled us up a little package of kindling wood, which he presented to us with this limerick:

A Happy New Year to the Bryants,  
From two of their grateful clients.  
We couldn't get beans,  
But they gave us *greens*  
That they'd grown with foresight and science.

My husband's friends were dying. People standing in line often crumpled from weakness, falling down even when they did not faint.

Daily I thanked God that my daughter was in the United States. In the next room a girl her age had grown six inches during internment while losing thirteen pounds. Another in the same room cried herself to sleep every night because she was so hungry.

The diet we received from the Japanese in June of 1944 furnished us only 1400 calories daily, and our rations were continually reduced until, during January of 1945, our wretched food supplied only 600 calories a day.

Amid the starvation we grasped at rumors of more kits. They were in Vladivostock, Japan, finally Manila. People on the third floor saw forty trucks bring them to the seminary next door. We were to receive them on a certain day, and there were to be a 67 pound American kit and two 12 pound Canadian kits for each of us! They never materialized.

One thing upheld us at this time: news leaked into the camp that our forces were getting closer and that their advance was being accelerated. Soon these reports were said to be "confirmed." Luxuriating in our belief, we tightened our belts and awaited the outcome of the race between kits, marines, and vultures, a race in which the vultures were temporarily ahead.

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## Chapter 15

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XX

THE MORNING of September 21 I looked through the window by our table in the corridor and saw a wonderful sight. Dropping out of the clouds came swarms of planes in formation! Don Bell, our public address announcer, dashed past the table toward the broadcasting room.

"It's an air raid!" I cried, beginning to realize that all those beautiful aircraft were *our* planes! *American* planes!

Before he could make an announcement, bombs were blasting away in all directions and anti-aircraft guns were in action. It was several minutes before we heard the wavering whine of the town siren, for the Japanese had been taken absolutely by surprise.

I rushed upstairs to join my jubilant roommates. As we had been instructed to do, we got under our beds, making barricades of our suitcases to ward off ricocheting shrapnel. But our windows commanded a wonderful view of the planes diving over near-by Nichols Field, so of course we had to get up sometimes to watch, crouching a considerable distance back of the windows, as the Japanese strictly forbade us to look out. All that day and all the next morning wave after

wave dived into the dark blotches of anti-aircraft fire and dropped their bombs. The more the world seemed to be tumbling down around us, the happier we were. Great, dark columns of smoke arose where oil tanks had been hit.

How we hated to see our planes dive within range of the flak! We would watch to see them level off, but often they were by that time so near the horizon that we could not be sure whether they escaped.

Once we saw a terrible sight: a plane flaming as it fell, its broken wings falling slowly after it, and parachutes drifting away.

We had to wait several weeks for our next raid, which came the day after the landing in Leyte. While it was going on an internee overheard the commandant say that he was not surprised by the raid because landings had been made in the Visayas the night before. The Visayas are islands between Luzon and Mindano. The Americans were back in the Philippines! MacArthur was coming, the Yanks were really coming! The war was progressing by hundreds of leagues instead of inches; and the end of our captivity, no matter what it might contain of danger and death, was fast approaching.

Rumor soon localized the landing to Leyte, and before long this was "confirmed." Discreet people did not inquire *how* it was confirmed.

After that air raids were frequent, and often took the Japanese by surprise. We *loved* them—even the most pacific of us—and our spirits drooped if we were a week without them, or rose the moment we heard the steady hum of our engines. Our planes quickly drove the enemy from the sky. Soon we could no longer be bothered by crawling under the beds. We sat on them and watched, applauded, rejoiced.

We were now under a condition of continual air raid, and

were not allowed to leave the buildings except with special permission and for special purposes. At meal time—if there was no action actually in progress overhead—Don Bell would announce, “Limited movement will now be permitted between buildings and shanty areas for one hour for the purpose of obtaining food and reuniting families.” Meals were often delayed at this time, but we were not complaining—things would have to be worse before they could be better.

The tunes played to wake us up in the morning were a news comment. *There's Something in the Air; You're Here, You're There, You're Everywhere*. Previously, when Davao had been bombed at three A. M., we were waked up by hearing *Three o'Clock in the Morning* followed by *No Fooling*; and when our money was taken away from us, the tune played was *I've Got Plenty of Nothing*. Don Bell announced *via* the loud speaker the arrival in camp of some rice, “better Leyte than never.” Such things are a joy to Americans who are in the hands of their enemies, the greater joy for being dangerous.

News got in, somehow, of the landing at Lingayen and the advance of our forces. The Japanese were burning many buildings and blowing up others. At night the sky was red. Night and day we heard explosions. Some said that from the third floor after dark they could see flashes of artillery fire—that our forces were within a few miles of Manila.

At five o'clock on February third, while we were eating the unsubstantial soup that constituted our dinner, planes flew very low over the Main Building. There was no anti-aircraft fire. “Is it really true, then, that the Japanese have evacuated Manila as we heard?” I thought.

Attached to goggles a message had been dropped into the patio. It said, “Roll out the barrel, Merry Christmas is here!

We'll be with you tomorrow or Monday." It was then Saturday evening.

At dusk some one cried to me excitedly, "Our tanks are all around the camp! Don't you hear the street fighting? Don't you hear the Filipinos shouting!"

I did hear! But the sounds were not loud. And I remembered the rumors about the kits and kept an open mind.

Just after nightfall, from our room, we saw a beautiful flare in front of the camp. How slowly it fell! Then another—beautiful colored balls of fire. A bright light was turned onto the Main Building, which had been totally blacked out for months.

"Our tanks are coming right into the camp," someone said.

I wanted to look out of the window, but did not dare for fear a guard would shoot me—they had become more and more strict.

Something—a tank, we learned later—came in and stopped in front of the building; and an American voice called, "Here we are!"

I rushed down the stairs and swarmed out into the plaza with the other internees. I heard a soldier getting out of a strange little vehicle say, apparently in reply to a question, "It's a jeep."

How marvellous! To be near enough our soldiers to hear their voices and to touch them! We were again in contact with our fatherland and our loved ones.

But at once those brave, desperately tired, hardfighting young men—only seven hundred of them from the First Cavalry Division—pushed us gently back into the building.

"There's fighting to do," they told us.

And even while they said it, a tank in front of the Education Building, just a hundred feet from the Main Building, began to belch forth machine gun fire. The Japanese had

*not* evacuated Manila, and I still do not know why they did not attack the camp that night.

Santo Tomás was delirious with joy. We stood in the lobby and on the stairway and shouted as each tank, jeep, and truck drove up. People ended the total black-out we had so long endured by lighting candles and small lamps. They opened their last cans of food—those who had any. They lighted fires and made coffee.

I went to the window of the Gov'nor's room and called, "You are missing everything!"

"I thought it was safer, considering what I have been through," he replied. "I might get too excited."

I agreed with him on that point, now that I thought of it. So I went away and mixed some powdered milk into a cup of water—I could afford to do that now. Fortified by this nourishing drink, I hunted up a soldier to talk to—someone who could tell me about the world. How good to find that morale was so high! That there were wonderful new landing craft that made the South Pacific island-taking not *too* costly. That our homeland was not so changed as we thought it might be. That probably we could send messages to the States soon.

The next afternoon trucks came into camp bringing us food supplies. The Army came equipped for everything. Out of the first truck stuck four American brooms. American brooms! As symbolic to me as the Stars and Stripes.

Soon came letters. Imogene was well, my father far from helpless. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Waves of happiness rolled over us that could not be dissipated by the projectiles that whizzed around us and over our heads for weeks, nor by the shelling of our camp by the Japanese, even though they killed 32 of the 3700 internees and wounded 200. We learned what *mopping up* can mean.

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## Chapter 16

XX

ALTHOUGH still within the walls of Santo Tomás, now we were free! The atmosphere was entirely changed; for, instead of being in the hands of our enemies, we were in those of our kind, generous Uncle Sam.

Before this the greatest intensity of my love and admiration was concentrated upon my father, my husband, my child. Now my Uncle entered this inner circle!

No more harsh threats came from the loud speaker—everything was for our welfare and happiness. Restrictions were remarkably lacking. Our own mothers could not have been more kind and gentle to us than were the soldiers. Although they lived among us, I never heard any of them indulge in profanity or rough talk. How the British, Dutch, and other nationals praised our men! They were so brave and efficient, they said, so well-educated, courteous, and well-bred, always responsive and ready to talk, yet never intrusive.

Several of the soldiers were once walking in the roadway ahead of me. One, noticing that I slackened my pace because of their group, said to his companions, "We are in the way."



"In the way!" I exclaimed. "Why, you saved my life!"

"That isn't half as much as I'd like to do for you, ma'am," he returned simply.

And that was their attitude. They could not do enough for us—they wanted to make up for our years of imprisonment, for all we had gone through, and for much that they imagined we might have gone through, but that we were actually spared.

I considered their hardships and dangers far greater than those we had passed—and ours were over, or seemed so. These men—mainly very young, though some had children in the States whom they liked to talk about—were hard and strong, bronzed by the sun and tinted green by the atabrine they were taking. There was a strain and intensity about their expression gained from the shocks of battle and from daily facing death. Being a soldier in the thick of battle was not at all the comparatively lighthearted thing it may have seemed during their months of training. With no fanaticism to nerve them to battle, they were Americans who loved life, but were willing to die if necessary in order that their manner of living might endure.

They were no less thrilled than we by our rescue.

"When we were down in New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands," one of them told me, "the war seemed to have no meaning. Now it has!"

In rescuing us from our isolation they had redeemed a part of Uncle Sam's family. After months of loneliness and nostalgia in a foreign jungle, they seemed back among their relatives; and the American women and children around them gave them the impression of really being at home.

The general happiness in the camp was as complete as that of little children pulling out of their stockings the gifts St. Nicholas has left them.

Perhaps the soldiers realized the grim realities that still awaited us, but we did not. All of Manila was held by the Japanese except our camp! Led by the wildest looking guerillas, 700 men of the First Cavalry Division in tanks, jeeps, and trucks had dashed down from Lingayen, bypassing opposition as much as possible, entered town by streets known to the guerillas to be unmined—apparently taking the Japanese completely by surprise—and after a little street fighting, entered Santo Tomás. 20,000 Japanese soldiers were in the city around us! And even inside the camp the guards held out in the Education Building.

They had been quartered in the first and half of the second floor of that building; and internees—men and boys—occupied the balance. The latter were now trapped. I rejoiced that my husband had moved from there a short time before, because of inability to climb the stairs in his weakened condition. Repeatedly the place was riddled by machine gun fire, but that was ineffective, because the guards ran up into the third floor among the internees—a few of whom were wounded by the firing.

There guards held out for two or three days. Then, to protect our men in the building, our military authorities permitted the Japanese to leave camp and rejoin their forces.

The morning after our release, part of the 37th Infantry also entered the town and took Bilibid Prison, which housed several hundred internees recently brought from Baguio. Other troops continued to arrive, and the part of town held by Americans gradually increased in size. But the Japanese bitterly contested every foot, blowing up bridges and buildings, setting fire to inflammable houses and machine gunning people of all nationalities who ran out of them—Filipinos, Spaniards, Swiss, Germans.

For weeks smoke blanketed the city and hid the sun.

Ashes fell over everything. Behind our buildings mortars were banging away, and in front cannon spoke in a tone of authority. Long range projectiles screamed over our heads. Explosions shook us and blew our clothes about—but we were too happy to care!

A few days after our liberation I was almost killed. I had taken our tray of dishes out behind the Main Building to wash them after luncheon. It was late, and everyone else had finished this job. Just as I got outside, something struck near me with an immense crash. I quickly dodged under the dishwashing shed and crouched, still holding my tray. Down on the corrugated roof above me shrapnel rained thickly. It was sure to penetrate the roof and, coming that thick, it could not possibly miss me. I remembered having read that often people are not aware of being wounded, and only discover they have been hit when they cannot move some member, or when they feel blood trickling down. The rain of shrapnel lasted only a moment. I could still move. No blood was flowing. And the roof was intact. With my tray of dirty dishes I ran into the building.

“Why didn’t that shrapnel go through the roof of the shed?” I demanded of a man just inside the doorway.

“It wasn’t shrapnel” he answered. “It was just pieces of concrete knocked off the roof.”

I deposited the tray of dishes on our table and started to my room. Just when I reached the hallway in front of it, there was another great crash, and a cloud of dust and debris burst out of a room and filled the corridor just ahead of me. A soldier was in the corridor, an M. P. I had just learned that M. P. did not mean Member of Parliament.

“Lie down,” he shouted. I stretched out on my stomach behind a protrusion in the wall.

There was another crash, and another cloud down the

corridor. Another crash, from a shell that must have struck a third floor room, and more crashes. Soldiers passed me carrying dead and wounded on stretchers.

"Go over to that side and down stairs," commanded the M. P.

I hurried around the corridor away from the firing, as that corridor also could be—and later was—hit by shells passing over the side of the building and dropping down a little way into the patio. Once downstairs at the far corner of the building I felt quite safe. I went into the women's bathroom, found a tolerably dry, clean corner, and sat down on the floor. It was the safest place in the building, and I seemed to be the first to discover it. Then a Chinese girl came and squatted down beside me, and soon the place was packed with men as well as women. Meanwhile the crashes continued. It was a pity that other internees, after enduring so much, had been killed and wounded, but I had no fear for my own safety. I was sure that our forces would speedily silence the artillery that was shelling us.

The Chinese girl, who had come into camp after liberation, tried to talk to me. She was talking about a Japanese soldier in Shanghai.

"She slap I," she said, striking her face to help me understand.

That was the only really intelligible thing she told me, so I remained in ignorance as to her story.

Slowly the afternoon wore away, punctuated by explosions and crashes. Twice I was told my husband was at the door asking for me, and I pushed my way out to see him. He would not come in, but stayed outside in the corridor. Since then he has cited my choice of refuge as a proof of my superior intelligence. How destitute of proofs he must be!

Finally the crashes stopped. We had supper, but scarcely

had we finished when the bombardment began again. The Gov'nor and I took refuge in a room under the museum in the part of the building between the two patios. It was a fine thing to be in a substantial building, and we felt safe. Indeed, everyone seemed calm, perhaps as a result of having already undergone so much. Some parts of the building were being wrecked, some people's things were being burned or blown to bits, but now we were all in safe parts of the building.

The crashes continued most of the night. My room was in the danger zone, where we were forbidden to go. So, even after the Gov'nor left to go to his building, which was never hit, I passed the night as best I could sitting at our table.

The next night I tried sleeping under the museum on a table. However, it was not only hard, but far too short, and the mosquitoes bit me unmercifully. The next day I moved my bed into the corridor, and slept—yes, slept!—there for a week, during which time we were shelled at intervals, and during all of which time terrific explosions occurred constantly and projectiles screamed by overhead.

Although forbidden to go into my room, I did slip in there occasionally to get necessary articles when things seemed quiet in our immediate vicinity.

If I demonstrated intelligence—I would call it reflex action!—by seeking shelter during bombardment, the Gov'nor showed his superiority in another way. Shrapnel went right through his socks, but he continued to walk without a limp! Of course, the fact that the socks were hanging on a line on the balcony of my room when they were hit may have had something to do with it.

It was from the Walled City that our camp was being bombarded, and scarcely had it begun when all the tanks, jeeps, and trucks left our plaza conveying most of our soldier popu-

lation away for the purpose of cleaning up that area. What a task was beginning! The old city, built centuries ago by the Spaniards, consisted of blocks of solid buildings surrounded by a massive wall, and was defended by an enemy who dug himself in and, in spite of hunger, thirst, and certain death, held out to the end, waiting in every protected corner and pile of debris for his opportunity to kill some American. In the meantime, if there was a chance, he also killed people of other nationalities. It was many days before the Walled City was cleaned up, and a cruel number of our men were lost in the process.

I have heard that the Japanese had planned to kill us all, and would have done so, if our men had arrived at the camp a few hours later than they did. I do not at all believe this story. Certainly no preparations had been made for such a thing. However, it was most fortunate that our liberation took place as it did, our camp being the first part of the city to be taken. Otherwise our chances would have been very bad for two reasons. For one, we had very little food left and the Japanese, in their desperation, would probably have taken even that little for themselves. Thin and weak as we were, we could not have survived a period of fasting. And although it was announced a few days after our liberation that the city was taken and only "mopping up" remained to be done, we who were there could easily see that the city was not really taken in any effective fashion for at least a month. Even after that there remained many groups of Japanese waiting in holes, under docks, under ruined buildings, and in sewers for a chance to kill.

In the second place, the Japanese fairly ran amuck in Manila during the time of their resistance there. So, in this last frantic orgy, even without any such definite plan as I mentioned, they might, indeed, have murdered us all.

The aspect of our camp was now much changed. Many homeless people from the city were admitted to it. Representative of them was a Hungarian with his mestiza daughter, Vilma, who sat in the corridor opposite our table. Their home burned, the wife and one child killed, the two survivors had hidden, dodged, and crawled for two days and finally reached camp with nothing but the ragged clothes they wore. The little girl had a rather large flesh wound on her leg, and limped along painfully.

I took her to a room where a number of children lived, and begged a few clothes for her. Very fortunately for her and her father, the army nurses from Bataan had just left camp to be flown to Leyte. Of course they could take very little baggage with them. So I took Vilma into the two rooms they had just vacated, and we located some choice loot for the two refugees—a mattress, two pillows, a light blanket, mosquito net, towels, eating utensils, a few stray garments, and a steamer trunk! For myself I looted a coverless sofa pillow and part of a bottle of Hind's Honey and Almond Lotion. That was something I had used in the days before I became accustomed to scrubbing pans with ashes and then waving my hands in the air to dry them!

Leaving Vilma to guard the plunder, I found her father, and the delighted man helped us to carry it down to their spot in the corridor. Thereafter, at night, he unrolled the mattress in the dirty, crowded corridor, put up the mosquito net, and slept in tolerable comfort.

Later I saw a Spaniard from our province in the camp.

"We had to run," he reported. "My wife, she was wounded—not very bad. But her dress is burned. She is naked—she cannot come out. Mrs. Bryant, do you have some dress you could give her?"

I went upstairs and got a green and white rayon dress. Of

my few shreds of dresses it was the least darned and patched of any except for my two faded playsuits that had come on the *Gripsholm*, and it was clean, though not ironed. It was a dress with a story. Mrs. Taylor, in her last illness—still full of good works—had told her husband to give it to me. It was her best and newest dress, and was a most welcome addition to my wardrobe. It is true that Mrs. Taylor was short and plump, whereas I was tall and slender. But, after being taken in and let down, the dress had served me very acceptably.

Now I gave it and one of my three old slips to the Spaniard, and he took them to the seminary—a part of Santo Tomás, but cut off from the camp until after our liberation—where he and his wife and little girl and a few other Spanish refugees were living. Soon she was back to thank me in person. She was a tall, beautiful young woman, who had always dressed with the greatest elegance. Yet here she was in this old third-hand dress, still unironed, and obviously very happy to have it.

More than two weeks after our liberation this Spaniard brought us word that Mr. Barata, formerly manager of the sugar central in our province, who had sent us money during the first part of our imprisonment in Santo Tomás, would like to see us the next morning at ten across the street from the camp.

We sallied forth at the appointed time, taking him some cigarettes, and a bread and butter-spread sandwich. This was our first time outside the walls! Our forces occupied only part of the city, and even in the occupied part there was danger of snipers. At least one internee was killed by them; however, it was safe here near the camp entrance.

A crowd of people stood in the shade of the store buildings, for this was the meeting place of the ex-internees and





COOKING A MEAL OF MUSH AT SANTO TOMAS  
*Acme*



COMMUNITY WASH RACK AT SANTO TOMAS  
(The only wash rack for the 4,000 internees) *acme*

their friends from the outside. Formerly *we* had been the unfortunates. Now we had food and dwelt in safety, while those who were outside suffered. Some of the latter hoped for a little help.

While we were looking around for Mr. Barata a strange Filipino woman, doubtless one of the many who had worried for years about the American prisoners, saw the Gov'nor eyeing a cake of dark brown sugar, and insisted on buying it for him. He was still hungry for sweets.

But we had been there only a moment when we encountered Mr. Barata. The twitching of his face and faltering of his voice were indications of what he had just passed through. He and his wife, who was about to have a baby, also had to run from a burning house and dodge and crawl. She was now in a hospital.

I gave him the sandwich.

"Thanks, I will take it to my wife," he said.

"Doesn't the army supply food for the hospital?" I asked. "If it does, she won't need it. Eat it yourself!"

I have no doubt he enjoyed it, for it cost a great deal to buy a bit of inferior rice bread outside the camp, but this was first class wheat bread with the delicious creamy cheese which the army calls *butter spread*.

Later on another friend sought an interview with us—the ex-governor of our province who had assisted in our capture! He was a worried man, for now he was being questioned about his part in our being brought in. We told him that we held nothing against him, that we understood the situation.

After his visit a young Filipino captain from our province hunted me up and questioned me about the matter. I repeated what we had already said to the man under suspicion.

"Well, if you say that—" he said. "But you and Governor

Bryant are too forgiving! Why, I have a picture of that man at a banquet with his arm around a Japanese officer! And I know that he tried, at the point of a pistol, to make your foreman, Pedro Piñero, talk!"

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## Chapter 17

XX

OF COURSE, one high spot in our liberation was food—the food we had been dreaming about.

The night of our liberation the camp cooks held a consultation and decided to give us a treat for breakfast. They had nothing but coarsely ground corn, but they gave us the treat, nevertheless—*thick* mush. For weeks we had had no solid food, and our morning mush had been the consistency of tea. The camp had nothing to go with the mush; there was not even hot water, which we had sometimes been given as a beverage. But everyone was happy about the breakfast, and no one left any of it.

During the morning some of the men took push carts over to the seminary and brought back the beans that relief organizations had sent us and that the Japanese had not allowed us to have. The menu bore the legend: *Star Spangled Luncheon—Kidney Bean Stew*. It consisted of beans and rice cooked together and we thought it marvelously delicious! The *Star Spangled Dinner* was soy bean stew, which made many people ill from the unaccustomed richness.

That afternoon a convoy of trucks that had braved all

dangers brought us Army food—canned meat, milk, vegetables, fruit. After one or two days more of bean stew (during which, I assume, red tape was being unwound) we began to get these good things.

It was several days before we were each given a nice, thick slice of good wheat bread, and thereafter we received it almost every meal. The internees enjoyed this more than anything else, and could never get enough of it. It would seem ungrateful, considering our wonderful treatment by the Army, to say anything that might sound like a criticism, but we would have preferred more bread and less of the rich meat stews. Whereas we had been suffering from protein deficiency, now many of us were afflicted with protein poisoning. In any case, we had an abundance of good nourishing food, and some young men gained as much as a pound a day.

For a while we kept up the garden. A salad was still a good thing to have. Indeed, the morning after our liberation we went out there from force of habit.

I had frequently enjoyed hearing an unseen Filipino going along the street in the early morning calling, "Tinapay, tinapay!" (bread). It was good to know life was still going on, even if it were under a gloomy cloud, and that some people were having bread, even if it was expensive, scarce, and of inferior quality.

On this morning of liberation, while we were working, another unseen Filipino called to us, "Are you all right in there?"

"Yes, fine!" we answered. "How about you?"

"Can you get us any bananas?" shouted a woman in the nearest shanty.

"There are none in town," replied the voice.

"Cigarettes?" persisted the woman.

The owner of the voice thereupon clambered up to the top of the wall and threw her his pack of cigarettes.

A few days later we had a more exciting experience in the garden. I was harvesting lettuce in our usual fashion, one leaf at a time, so that the plants would keep on growing and putting on new leaves. The Gov'nor had gone away for something. Shells kept whizzing right by my ear and exploding the instant after they passed it. I did not enjoy this. Indeed, it annoyed me, but there was a soldier on guard nearby, and I thought he would tell me to leave if it was dangerous.

"Those shells aren't aimed at us," I told myself optimistically. "They sound nearer than they are."

They sounded as if they passed just three inches from my ear.

Finally I was so annoyed that I asked the soldier, "Is this a good place to be?"

"Well, I don't know, Lady," he answered doubtfully. He had on his helmet and was crouched in a fox-hole. No one else was in sight.

Just then the Guv'nor returned. I grabbed up the tray of lettuce.

"Let's get out of here!" I cried.

We ran through the deserted camp garden while shells went zing, bang! zing, bang! right past our ears. One of them hit the Main Building just as we entered it. It was a comfortable feeling to be in a big, substantial structure.

Until our liberation I did not realize how desperately hungry the poor Gov'nor was, as he never complained. Now, for a while, he could not seem to get enough. He was careful not to overeat, but he would take to his room everything our friends did not want, especially anything starchy, such as breakfast mush, to eat between meals. In spite of his dis-

cretion, the rich stews soon gave him indigestion, which checked his gain in weight and caused him considerable distress.

All who were in fairly good condition immediately began to gain. But in the camp we had five hospitals full of people at the time of our liberation, and many outside the hospitals could scarcely drag themselves around.

One phenomenon was very clear: as soon as people got enough to eat they stopped thinking and talking of food all the time, were no longer interested in collecting recipes, and some, who had spent hours copying them, burned their collections.

As for me, I was keenly interested in something besides food and just three days after our liberation I received it: letters from home! They were written on open sheets of paper sent in November by the Red Cross to relatives of internees. The most important letter was from my brother, and all the news was good. Our family circle was intact; everyone was well except for my father's angina, which he had had for years; and my daughter had developed marvellously, was sweet, capable, and "going to be beautiful in an imposing way!"

After receiving the letters I stood in another line out in the open air to get paper and envelopes from the Red Cross. We could write letters which would be sent out at seven that evening!

It was a great day, and I could not afford to spend it gardening, although the Gov'nor was at work and I had told him I was coming out. It was just then announced that all of us would be repatriated who wanted to be, and that we should apply at once, for repatriation would begin almost immediately!

I did not believe the Gov'nor would consider such a thing



—he would wait and return to the plantation. I, also, wanted to do that if we could return *soon*, but not if we had to wait; for, in *any* case, I wanted to see my father and daughter before very long.

So I went to Mr. Kenneth Day's shanty to see his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Commander Worcestor, who had been in our island only a short time before visiting the guerillas, and whose father, Dean C. Worcestor, had been a great friend of my husband's. I knew Commander Worcestor would have less of a worm's eye view of the war and the islands than I, and I explained my problem to him, asking how many Japanese were on Negros and how long he thought it might be before we could return.

"There are eighteen thousand Japanese on the island, and goodness knows when you can go there," he told me. "What Bill ought to do is to go back to the States and get himself in proper shape and then come back here. There is nothing at the plantation now but land and trees. They have waited a long time, and they can wait a while longer!"

Mr. Day, who is a stockholder in the plantation, was of the same opinion.

I hunted up the Gov'nor out in the garden, prepared to have a big argument with him, and fully expecting to lose it. I wanted us both to apply for repatriation. He would want me to apply and *he* would insist on staying.

Great was my surprise and delight when, after I had told him about my interview with Commander Worcestor, he agreed with me very readily, and we both went immediately and made application!

The Army nurses were taken first. Soon afterward my roommates, Mrs. Forest and her daughter, went with a group that was flown to Leyte and spent some days there before being sent on in ships. They wrote enthusiastically about

their trip and treatment, their quarters in a tent hospital on the beach, and the good time they were having. Other groups were sent from time to time, some on less than two hours' notice, but we had to wait more than two months.

Before our liberation we kept the camp reasonably clean. Afterward we slumped. The cooks continued to cook, the people cleaned their own rooms more or less; but the corridors were a disgrace, dusty and littered with cigarette stubs and the wrappings of chewing gum and tropical chocolate.

This condition did not long continue, however. Within a few days the Army brought in Filipinos to clean the corridors, bathrooms, and grounds, and to do the cooking. We were told that our kind Uncle Sam wanted us to rest and recuperate.

The Army may have had some bad impressions of us. The first time the Red Cross gave us chocolate and cigarettes it was far too trusting—simply had us line up and gave us these articles without checking us off in any way. As we were a motley crew, some of us repeated. There were 3700 in the camp, the line was stopped after 7000 had gone through it, and some people had actually not gone through it even once!

"You must think us terrible," I remarked to one of the Red Cross men.

"Oh, no," he said indulgently, "you have been without things so long!"

However, our treats were thereafter given to us at luncheon time when our tickets were punched. The Army intended to give up the use of tickets, but on closer acquaintance with us, did not do so.

A few weeks before, my roommates and I had been romancing about food.

"Wouldn't you like to have a whole box of fig newtons," I said, "and sit down and eat them all up at once!"

They had all thought it a heavenly idea.

About a week after our liberation, as we went through the chow line, we were each handed a whole box of fig newtons!

It reminded me of once when I was in my teens and, at the breakfast table, audibly wished for a lemon—a thing we had not had in the house for a long time. My brother, who was then interested in prestidigitation, immediately leaned over and took a lemon out of my elbow! Now I felt that the Army had been equally skillful.

I was now less interested in food. But the weather was very hot, and our water was luke-warm and so highly chlorinated that it tasted like medicine. It was not important, but if I could have chosen a treat now, it would not have been fig newtons—just cold water.

"Some day," I told myself, "the Army is going to take a cold drink for me right out of my elbow; if not in camp, then when we get on the transport!"

We were thankful to have *anything* to drink. The Japanese blew up the mains. Immediately the army—just arrived, yet prepared for anything—brought water into camp in large tank trucks driven by Negroes. The water was put into three great canvas containers, and we could take what we needed from them, though we were supposed to use discretion. Similar tanks were set up outside camp in the liberated areas for the townspeople.

Latrines were dug in different parts of the camp grounds. Our garden was one of the last areas to be invaded for this purpose, but one morning I went out to work in it, and, behold, it was not!

As soon as possible the mains were repaired. I wrote to my child, who was in a very musical household, "You may talk about your melodies and harmonies, your concertos and arias; but this morning I heard a toilet flush!"

Another kind ministration of the Army was to dust us off thoroughly with DDT. For days we swept up snowdrifts of the white powder which they had blown around in large quantities. Thereafter most of the big tropical cockroaches we saw were dead or dying, and the bedbugs became almost extinct. But there were still a few left in one of the two chairs at our table, and when someone stole it, together with its inhabitants, I felt that poetic justice had contributed to the bugs' escape.

As hostilities receded from our part of town we ventured out in our vicinity. What wreckage! Most of the town was a waste of rubble.

After visiting a family of American friends in their cell at Bilibid, we went to visit the Lopez family in their large home in a part of town which had escaped destruction. Old Mr. Lopez was a Chinese mestizo whom the Gov'nor had known many years before. Poor as a young man, he had accumulated a fortune, and his shrewdness had brought his children and grand-children through the Japanese occupation without suffering. He told us about how much food he had and how it was hidden. He also told us that American officers had traded him a large quantity of flour and rations for locally produced whiskey. He invited us back for dinner the next day, and for dinner on his birthday, if we should still be in Manila.

The Gov'nor was too ill to attend the latter party, but sent me to represent the family. I had no idea when I went—since I was invited—that I was going to a stag party, but such it turned out to be. My offer to depart was not accepted; and, as I seemed welcome, I did not feel too much out of place. All the other guests were Filipinos and mestizos.

Great was the prestige of Americans at this time! The conversation reflected this fact. The Americans not only

brought food for themselves, but for everyone! We had California rice for dinner. In every district rations of rice, canned fish, lard, sugar, and cloth were sold at prewar prices; and, if people could not pay, food was given them.

"But," one of the men said to me, "you Americans are too sporting. You treat these people in too gentlemanly a way."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but I would not like to see an American torture a Japanese no matter what he had done."

"No," he agreed, his eyes flashing, "I would not want Americans to torture the Japs. Just let them catch them—I'll do the rest! How I hate the whole race!"

"How can you?" I asked. "More than half the race is women and children. You can't want to torture them."

"Yes, I can," he insisted, "even the children! I know we should love our fellowmen, but I don't think they are men! I was talking to a priest the other day, and he said he really did not believe they were human beings! And collaborators! We don't hand them over to the American Army. We just kill them ourselves!"

I believe that his attitude toward the Japanese is that of most Filipinos. The latter were living peacefully on their islands and bothering no one. The Japanese had treacherously attacked them, killed, tortured and robbed them. To make the robbery thorough and complete they had foisted off upon them as money bales of printed paper. They had destroyed homes, factories, villages and cities. No machinery was left in the islands to aid in their rebuilding. They had found it a thriving country, one of the happiest in the world. They were leaving it a wreck and a shambles.

Some Americans, it is true, had been tortured in provincial jails, Fort Santiago, Cabanatuan, a few in Santo Tomás. But in general Americans had been treated with much more consideration than had the Filipinos. A man who was on the

death march to Cabanatuan told me the Japanese were twelve times as quick to bayonet a Filipino on that march. In general they respected us, possibly in spite of themselves; and, despite their propaganda directed toward the Filipinos, they did not respect the latter, especially the poorer ones.

Once before the war I had remarked to a Japanese friend of mine that the lot of mestizos in the Philippines was far better than that of the Eurasians in some Oriental countries, that they occupied many high offices and were much respected socially.

"They have to be," she answered, "otherwise there would be nobody down there to respect!"

That was a terrible thing to say, and I do not agree with her, but she was, perhaps, expressing the characteristic attitude of the Japanese to the Filipino. Caucasians are not the only ones guilty of looking down on other races.

My husband's illness that prevented his attending the party was severe. He developed a bad cold with fever, and I urged him in vain to go to the hospital. Instead, when he woke up with his bedding wet with perspiration, he would wash it all, hang it in the sun, make a fire and fix coffee for his room-mates, then cool off as quickly as possible. After three days of this he was down with pneumonia. He entered the Fifth Field Hospital, which was then housed in the Education Building.

If it had happened before our liberation, I would have considered it a death warrant. Even now he did not have any comforts. The canvas cots were crowded in closely; and no special diets were provided, partly because surgical cases were more urgent than medical cases, partly because we had been so starved that the doctors wanted patients to eat substantial food no matter how high their fever. The hospital pajamas were thick and hot, and he had no others. Even when criti-

cally ill he had to get up and look after himself and bathe in cold water, which gave him a chill. How I wished he were in some place where I could take care of him and keep him comfortable! Nevertheless, a good Army doctor pulled him through with sulfa drugs and penicillin. He was in the hospital from March 10 to April 9, when we left camp.

One of my jobs during this period was to provide him with fresh fruit, which he relished more than anything else, and which was scandalously expensive. Mangoes were from one to three pesos, so high that we could not afford them. Bananas ranged from twenty to forty centavos each, according to size—and we had bought them for the laborers at Pamplona for fifteen centavos (seven and a half cents) a hundred! Papayas were from one and a half to ten pesos.

We were destitute, as were most people in the camp and many outside, and so far there were no banking facilities. But I had no difficulty at all. I took things out and sold them, for it was easy to sell anything in a city that lacked everything. Our two pans that had come all the way from Pamplona, rope, the tarpaulin that was around the bedding, at last the mattresses and mosquito nets. I also sold to sidewalk vendors the cigarettes that were given me—a thing that really was not supposed to be done.

It was hot and frightfully dusty at this time, for we were in the middle of the dry season. Streets were out of repair and unsprinkled, and the heavy traffic, 98 per cent military, kept the dust flying. Aside from these disadvantages, I had also to watch my step as I went about, for the Japanesees had long before removed—stolen!—the iron grates over the sewers.

But there was considerable gaiety in the air, in spite of the tragic weeks just past. After months in the jungle, the soldiers were happy to be in a city, even if it was in ruins.

And the Filipino girls, ready for romance, were nicely dressed, and could speak English to them.

Restaurants opened up in the few parts of town not destroyed, and in shacks of twisted corrugated iron in the desolated areas. Prices were atrocious, as the city was devoid of food except for the rations brought by the Army. But now, by working for the Army and selling things to the soldiers, the city was beginning to make a living again.

While fighting was still going on in certain sections, streets were being cleared of debris, and reconstruction was beginning. Shells had stopped splitting the air over our heads, and explosions did not now shake us up and blow our clothing around, although we could still hear them constantly, and see our planes flying over the retreating Yamashita line.

One day, alone, I walked through the center of Manila—what *had* been the center, but was now a mass of wreckage, in varying degrees of disintegration. I noticed one wall of a large building still standing. Hanging to it, and overlapping in layers were the different floors, suspended by the bent reinforcing iron.

One street had been cleared through the mass of rubble, and a heavy traffic was passing in both directions—ambulances, jeeps, trucks, tanks, ducks, one vehicle directly behind another. Our Army had surely arrived!

The bridges closer to camp I had already inspected. One, almost intact, was down in the river, while the others were more thoroughly broken up.

Now I went on down to the farthest, Jones Bridge. The Army engineers had rebuilt this bridge in a temporary way, and military traffic streamed over it. I crossed it on the sidewalk, consisting of four narrow planks and a handrail, built for pedestrians. Before I finished my walk over the long



bridge, I was beginning to feel squeamish from looking at the swirling, muddy water far below me.

On reaching the other side I walked on past the battered and destroyed Walled City. The year before my marriage I had lived in the center of that old Spanish stronghold, but now no civilian was allowed to enter it. A few Japanese were still lurking in the corners of ruins to use their last remaining strength, their last breath, fighting in a war that was already lost. And the odor of death hung over the area.

The avenue down which I walked had been bordered by beautiful parks. Now the trees were broken and splintered; the grass, ground to dust. Formerly so smooth, the ground was pitted with foxholes and gun emplacements, and littered with military debris. In places were clustered wooden crosses.

Past the great, totally wrecked legislative building I went, and on down Taft Avenue to the Normal School. In the latter, and in some other buildings, I saw how the Japanese had prepared for their last stand. By stacking sandbags against the inside of the walls, they had made a fort of every substantial building. Incidentally, they had tried to induce us internees to make the bags, which they called "envelopes," for them in the camp, but we had refused. Now great gaps in the walls revealed the barricades within.

By the time I had walked this far I was both physically tired and weary of scenes of destruction and desolation. Also, I did not want to walk across the bridge again. So I hailed a passing family group of Filipinos who were unusual and fortunate enough to have a car left, and they took me almost to the camp.

Both in the camp and outside I often fell into conversation with service men. The majority were very young, and most of them looked homesick and eyed the American women and children wistfully. Theirs was a homesickness born not only

of distance from home and family, but also of the danger and uncertainty amid which they lived. One lad confessed, "I enlisted. I didn't know what it was like!"

Most of those I met did not seem to want to talk about their experiences in the war. They preferred to listen to mine. Of course, as a preliminary, we always asked each other what part of the States we hailed from, and the interview started off with greater warmth if one of us had at least visited the native state of the other. The greatest height of enthusiasm was reached by a soldier I met in a shop when he learned that I was expecting to leave for Seattle any day and upon arrival there would look up his wife and his mother.

Until quarters were arranged for, soldiers slept in our corridors and outside the buildings; and, even after tents were set up, both in camp and other areas, there were always many of them around. Of course all the young girls were at once very popular.

My roommate, now sixteen years old, who, as Beatrice expressed it, was "square all the way around" when she first entered the room, and was still plump, now had an opportunity for attention in spite of her dullness and unromantic figure. What a change came over her manner of life! Finding the seventh grade too difficult, she had quit school; and, alleging asthma, spent most of the day lying on her bed. I think the asthma had been caused by overeating; and for a year, since she had been unable to overeat, she had had no difficulty from it. Now that the camp was full of soldiers, she was the first one up and out, the last one to come in at night, and she no longer took a siesta. Apparently her health was perfect!

Judged by material benefits, Beatrice's new boy friend was a jewel. Her old one, who had been such an excellent provider, and had, therefore, been jailed, had been released.

However, right after our liberation his Filipina wife came into the camp. Besides—and it was a great test of true affection—internees were too peaked, skinny and washed-out to compete fairly with the soldiers as boy friends. So Beatrice got herself a new one—one who may have been her age, thirty, or he may have been somewhat less. He was a rough looking man; but since in some capacity he handled food, Beatrice got all the delicacies the Army possessed, and in addition he gave her a hundred pesos. So again she was living far better than the majority.

Indeed, one thing I noticed was that people kept on living in the same pattern no matter what changes occurred, and no matter how well that pattern may have been concealed before one got really well acquainted with them in internment camp. For example, Mahitabel, who had wept first on my shoulder, then on that of a woman in Bacolod, had wept on the shoulder of a Filipina public health nurse as soon as she got to Santo Tomás. As a result, until nothing was permitted to enter camp, she had a fine assortment of fruit for her very exclusive consumption. After we reached Manila all our other former guests lost no time in paying what they owed us for board and loans, and Bessie turned the tables by lending money to us. Mahitabel, although anyone who had lived in Manila—and many who had not—could easily obtain money, made no settlement until autumn of 1946. Of course we needed the money far more while interned, but it really does not matter—paying board was her idea, not ours.

Examples of a different kind were Bessie and Doris. The almost fatal illness of the latter had occurred as a direct result of her unselfish devotion to what she considered her duty. When she did finally recover, she typed for hours every day in the dark hallway outside our room, gravely endangering her eyesight. I do not know just what she was typing,

but I am certain it was a matter of duty—of accomplishing all the good she could. When, out of solicitude for her eyes, I remonstrated with her, she came as near resenting such a meddling with her affairs as her sweet disposition would allow, and complained that having been ill so long had given her an inferiority complex, which made it impossible for her to take criticism, and which also compelled her to accomplish something.

She and Bessie had a tiny cooking place in the patio. Although it was a great nuisance to them, they welcomed here all the people they knew who had no cooking facilities of their own. They also prepared food for various individuals, and they made a garden which produced camote leaves for themselves and others. For Christmas of 1944 Bessie wanted to make me a percale dress. I did not let her—I was one of the most patched persons in Santo Tomás, but wearing rags was the least of my worries!

Mrs. Higham, also, was living as before, in spite of her husband's death. She practically adopted an Englishwoman whose husband died of malnutrition just after our liberation. They ate at Mrs. Higham's table, and the latter did all the work for the two of them. The adopted woman, like Mr. Higham, did not appreciate it at all, for she was an overly critical person who thought Mrs. Higham very inefficient.

One day someone brought each of the women two crackers with a lovely piece of golden cheese between. We had had nothing like this, and the women, very happy, were about to bite into their sandwiches, when Mrs. Miller rushed up, for she, too, had not changed.

"Wouldn't you know," she said in a tone of disgust loud enough to be overheard, "that when our soldiers came in he'uh and freed us and brought all the food, that it would be the ole Britishers that get everything. Some folks ah sayin'

the next war'll be between us and the British!" She said it as if she relished the idea; then she flounced away.

The poor women, robbed of all possibility of enjoying their treat, looked at me embarrassed. I smiled at them.

"Mrs. Bryant," said Mrs. Higham gratefully, "what a different atmosphere comes from your table than from this table on the other side of us!"

Both women, in spite of my protestations that I was not hungry and was very willing to wait for my cheese and crackers, broke off pieces of their sandwiches for me.

From time to time over the loud speaker were read the names of those who were to receive clothes and then be repatriated. I listened and listened and read the lists that were posted up. Finally I heard our names and went to get clothes for both of us, as the Gov'nor was still in the hospital. The Red Cross had already given us toilet articles. Now the Army gave us caps, coats and underwear. It gave me a pair of stockings and my husband socks, a flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers far too small for him. These were all reconditioned Army clothing.

In spite of my packing, other groups of people whose names were called later than ours, received clothing and left. Finally lists containing many hundreds of names were posted. Almost everyone who desired immediate repatriation and had not already left was to go April 9.

My husband could travel only on a hospital ship, and I was allowed to go with him. Indeed, he was classified as a litter case, and the baggage of such cases had to be turned in on the afternoon of the 8th. So I repacked his two battered bags, which, during his illness, I had been keeping in the space vacated by Mrs. Forest. Having delivered them to the designated place and practically finished my own bit of packing, I decided that it was a time for celebration that evening.

So I invited a friend of mine, a charming Southern woman, to go on a farewell spree with me. We went to a newly opened restaurant across the street from the camp. It was run by two Chinese partners, one of whom was from my province. He had worked in the best grocery store there, and I had always liked to give my order to him because of his happy disposition. At the beginning of the war he was in Manila on business, and his associates in the store and I had feared he had gone down on an inter-island ship sunk by the Japanese. Sometime after our liberation I had encountered him on the street. He told me that he was opening the restaurant, and invited all the people in camp from our province to attend a luncheon. There were about a dozen of us, and we all gladly came except the Gov'nor, who was ill. It had been an incredibly delicious meal, entirely Chinese, and every one of the many dishes utterly delectable. With the prevailing prices the meal must have cost several hundred pesos. For the luncheon we had had all the second floor of the large restaurant to ourselves, but I noted that it was arranged for a cabaret, so to this spot I escorted my guest.

My Chinese friend took us to a good table, forbade the waiter to collect cover charge, and brought us a dish of peanuts. We ordered watermelon. Each small wilted wedge was two pesos, or one dollar. It was not profiteering—prices were just that way.

The place quickly filled up, mainly with soldiers. Some came in groups, some with Filipina girls. The orchestra blared away in a manner befitting a hall ten times the size. A drunken soldier insisted on conducting it, and the waiters, with much patience and difficulty got him away only after he had "conducted" it quite a distance. We talked to the men at the next table, who immediately inquired as to the place of our origin. When I named the little town a hundred miles

south of St. Louis where I was born, one of the men was electrified.

"Fredericktown!" he exclaimed. "It's a small world! We had maneuvers there, and the townspeople gave a dance for us in the streets!"

He sped away to get his pal.

"It's a small world!" the latter cried as he rushed up beaming and holding out his hand. "Excuse me, I've been drinking, but I had to come over. To think that you're from Fredericktown!"

It made me think of a few years before when I had been on a ship, and some man from Shanghai had asked where I was from.

"Missouri," I answered, quite uninterested in the conversation.

"What place?"

"Southeast corner," I replied.

"What town?" he persisted.

"Fredericktown."

"Why, that's my native town too!"

"Oh, no," I said with lofty exclusiveness. "Nobody's from Fredericktown, nobody but me!"

"But I am!" he insisted. "What was your maiden name?"

"Franklin."

"Why, I was one of your sister Imogene's boy friends!" he said. "But you must be a lot younger because you weren't around." And he went on to describe our house and its location to prove his truthfulness.

It was Carl Crow, the author of *Four Hundred Million Customers* and other books. I believe it was my child's unusual name that made him suspicious of me and caused him to start his interrogation, for there is not much similarity between my beautiful blonde, capable sister and myself. When

I told her about the incident she said she remembered him, but not as a boy friend, because he belonged to an older crowd.

At the time I met him, he was a refugee from Shanghai with only one suit case. And now the Gov'nor and I were about to leave Manilla with what the Army had given us and a handful of old rags.

My friend and I did not care to stay long in the crowded, noisy restaurant, so we left and returned to camp very early.

For the last time I went to bed in Santo Tomás, where I had lived for more than two years.

About two o'clock I was awakened by Beatrice, who came in very drunk. Soon she was asleep and dreaming. "I'm a-coming', Harry!" she shouted. "I'm a-comin'! I'll be with you, Harry!" Harry was her husband, a sailor. I wonder if she ever gets names mixed when she dreams. "Poor little Duck Eyes!" she continued. She meant *Dark* Eyes, but it took me almost two years to realize that. Dark Eyes was her dog, of whom she appeared to be ten times more fond than the baby she had left with her mother. "Poor little Duck Eye's dead, I had to leave 'im outside the camp. Landlady took care of 'im. But 'e died. Poor Duck Eyes!"

However, next morning she was up and dressed early, as she was scheduled to leave camp at eight. She came to tell me goodbye. "I'm sorry if I did anything I shouldn't while I was here," she said. Then she added blithely, "Can't help it, you know!"



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## Chapter 18

XX

ALL THE MORNING of April 9 internees were leaving the camp in trucks. It seemed as if everyone was going. Indeed, only one of my roommates was not and she, a girl who had never been in America, has been "repatriated" since then. The Army was urging people to go and had announced that those who were not repatriated at this time could expect no further assistance. It seemed to me that the military authorities were thinking, "Let's get rid of these people, and pass the buck to the relief agencies in the States!" At least I fear it will work out that way in many of the cases of "repatriates" whose roots are in the Philippine Islands, who had never been in the United States, and who had nowhere to go and no very sure way of making a living there. Many of these are from the large mestizo families of Spanish-American War veterans.

My group was scheduled to leave in the middle of the morning, a little later than my husband's group. With our bags we climbed into the trucks, which had wooden seats along the sides—a refinement we had not found in Japanese trucks. At last we were off! What a thrill to be actually started on the journey of our dreams!

In the dusty heat we bumped through the wreckage of the city, shouting and waving to the Filipinos and service men who beamed at us and wished us a safe trip. The latter, I figured, were glad we could go, but sorry, too; because, unimportant as we were, we had been a homelike touch in the city.

"We wish we could take you with us!" I called to some of them.

For a considerable distance before reaching the shore we drove through military supplies. What quantities! They were stacked up block after block in the open air. Whether they were protected before the rains began, I do not know. When we reached Leyte a man from our ship whose wife was on that island was allowed to go ashore, and he returned saying that quantities of supplies were ruined on that island by the rain. Later in the trip a Seabee from the New Hebrides averred that enough canvas was rotting down there to protect it all!

When we reached the waterfront we were still more astonished by the great number of ships and boats of all kinds in the bay. This was our first glimpse of landing craft. The strangely shaped LSTs appeared to me to have remained out in the weather until they had sprouted vegetation and produced shrubs of considerable height. All along the shore, smaller craft of similar design called LCTs were drawn up with their opened ends resting on the beach.

We boarded one of them, and I found the Gov'nor there ahead of me. In spite of his classification as a litter patient, he was up and about—not riding in a stretcher.

The scooplike bow of the boat was raised, and off we went over the light blue water of the bay, with the mid-day sun beating down upon us. Behind us was the wrecked city, no longer obscured by a great, thick blanket of smoke, but made

a little hazy with dust. In spite of what it had passed through, it was a happy city. It could appreciate freedom now. And, with the help of the Army, the employment it offered, the money it spent, and the food it brought, Manila's resurrection was beginning.

Ahead of us stretched the broad, smooth bay, with the mountain Mariveles, over in Bataan, rising up behind. How I had enjoyed—the year before my marriage—walking along Dewey Boulevard just as the sun disappeared behind Mariveles, splashing the whole firmament with garish colors. How quickly they flamed and changed and dimmed and died! In the years since I had watched those sunsets much had happened and slipped into the irrevocable past. Memories remained.

Now I was going home, home to the United States, to my father, to my daughter—going where I wanted to go, going home to live, not for a mere visit. A new chapter of my life was to begin.

And yet, the one in which I found myself when the attack on Pearl Harbor shattered the peace of Negros was unfinished. It was not a finish, a proper ending, to leave our home, and the people to whom we were attached by years of mutually satisfactory association, as we had done. The chapter had been forcibly broken off. Sometime I should like to return and add the final paragraphs.

It had been so peaceful and happy, such a contrast to the war chapter that had followed it.

Yet, after all, mine had been a rather peaceful war. I had pitied both the Japanese soldiers and our own. Whether they liked it or not, they had to fight. I did not have to fight, I did not have to hate. I have heard and believed tales of brutality, but I myself never witnessed any. When I saw them, the Japanese soldiers were very well behaved. The

Gov'nor, working in his garden by the wall, was supposed to bow to the sentries who passed, but he never did, and the sentries made him no trouble. Occasionally one would stop and offer him a cigarette.

That first night we were on the barge, when the soldiers came plunging down the ladder and picking their way between us to get to the space where they slept—right beside us—we felt uneasy. But no one could have found the slightest fault with their behavior.

On the trip from Bacolod to Manila, also, there were no unpleasant incidents so far as the behavior of Japanese soldiers and officers was concerned. Indeed, the officers picked their way very carefully when moving between us, crowded in as we were and sitting or lying on the deck. There was neither belligerence nor attempt at fraternization.

No, I definitely could not hate the Japanese. They were not a bad nation, but an evil element—the military clique—had been in control of their country. The gangsters called Nazis had gotten control of Germany. It was not impossible that similar malign elements should one day seize the power in our own country unless good people kept on the alert. Such elements were among us and had sometimes triumphed in labor unions and local governments.

I would have liked to believe that all the members of a miscellaneous group of American soldiers would behave as well as those Japanese I met if the situation were reversed. Admitting all the grave charges that can justly be made against the Japanese, I thought we could learn something from them. Our freedom—may it ever last!—needs to be balanced by discipline and self-control. And courtesy. People who are not courteous are—to that extent, at least—uncivilized.

One thing grated on me that glorious night of our liber-

ation. Abiko, our hated commandant, had already been killed; and three others from the commandant's office were brought into the Main Building to be put in the camp jail. When they entered the lobby many people laughed. That was unchivalrous—it was kicking a man who was down. It is a cruel fate to be in the hands of enemies—we all knew that!—but we were never laughed at. And two of the three prisoners were civilian Japanese who had done all they could to aid the internees.

I thought of Captain Tsuda, who had made us such a civilized and reassuring speech. It had been good of him to intern the Americans in the hospital when the first ones he took had been ill or old. I had heard he had been killed, but I hoped it was not true. If there were enough men like him, they could build a better Japan, a peaceful country.

Our arrival at the *Torrens* interrupted my reverie. We climbed aboard and found our quarters. I was under Hatch Five, near the stern of the boat; the Gov'nor, under Hatch Two, near the bow. We were both to have the honor of traveling GI fashion, in canvas bunks five tiers deep.

In my hatch were about one hundred women and children of all kinds and complexions, ranging from the lightest Nordic to the darkest African. We chose our bunks, put our bags on them to signify their reservation, and stood or leaned all afternoon while sick and disabled men were lowered through our hatch on a big wooden litter that held four stretchers at a time. Once when it was lowered two very able-bodied GI's nimbly crawled out and ran away. The men being lowered were taken into Hatch Six, which was provided with comfortable berths and forced ventilation. During the entire trip, their meals had to be carried through our hatch, their breakfast just at the time that we were dressing in the morning. Due to our education and training in the

University of Santo Tomás, this invasion of our privacy was harder on the young men carrying the meals than on us. One woman would squeal and pretend embarrassment, but it was only to attract attention.

The *Torrens* was a Norwegian freighter which, being at sea when the invasion of Norway occurred, had spent the intervening years braving the perils of war to help the nations that were fighting Germany. The officers and crew were tall, blonde Norwegians. The whole ship was kept very clean, but the credit for that belongs to the service men going home on rotation, who cooked and cleaned and attended to everything except the navigation.

That first afternoon we had no luncheon on our arrival, as we were not expected until the following day. But a Red Cross man passed chocolate bars and wafers, so we were not assailed by pangs of hunger; we were, however, in good condition to enjoy our evening meal. For that we lined up in the corridor. Approaching the galley we each picked up a neat metal tray with various convenient depressions, and knife, fork and spoon.

"Will we know how to use all these implements?" I wondered. At Santo Tomás we had eaten everything with a spoon. Service men put food into all the depressions, and we proceeded to the mess hall, and had a delectable meal, marred only by the stifling heat.

The service men were not enthusiastic about this food, but we were. Having better cooking facilities than those of Santo Tomás, the cooks had prepared it better than what we had been receiving, there was greater variety, and it was more attractively served. Proper background can do so much for a person!

That evening and the next day I tried to get the chief medical officer, Captain Jeroboam Brown, to give my husband

better quarters. Those we had were quite all right for me, but it was frightfully hard for the Gov'nor to move about the ship as he had to. The heat was the worst factor. In hot, sticky weather, a ship is incredibly hot. In the piping times of peace, one turns on the fan and gets along tolerably well. But in troop class on a transport—that is different. Now in the chow line we would go slowly through the stifling corridor, and eat in a mess hall so hot that in spite of my vigorous fanning, we rushed out on deck gasping for air after a few hurried bites—perspiration streaming down the Gov'nor's bare torso and soaking into the top of his shorts. It was too hot to take a siesta in our bunks, and to sit all day on a hard board bench on deck—if you could find a place on it—was very tiring. Altogether, it was no life for a man convalescing from pneumonia.

I pointed out to Captain Jeroboam that there were empty berths in Hatch Six, and also that his comfortable little air-conditioned hospital amidships was practically empty. Could the Gov'nor not be put in one or the other, just for a few days?

"This isn't really a hospital ship," he answered. "I have to save those berths you talk about—somebody might get sick. Now don't worry. Everything is going to be *all right!*"

I was sure *he* was not worrying. My efforts were in vain; but the Gov'nor did survive, a fact which Captain Jeroboam called to my attention. "Didn't I tell you everything was going to be all right?" he asked.

The morning after we boarded ship, we started off in a convoy of 14 vessels. Keeping far out to sea and blacked out at night, since we were passing islands held by the Japanese—there were still thousands of them, even on Leyte—we slip-

ped through smooth, warm seas down around the southern point of Leyte and then northward to Tacloban.

Here we anchored in the bay and waited a week to take aboard water. While under way we had to carry our life-belts constantly. It was too hot to *think* of wearing them. I found a comparatively clean one, but even it came off black on my light clothes. For a while I would pretend not to notice that fact. Then I would wash them in cold salt water—in which we also bathed. Fortunately the army gave us salt water soap that made our washing effective. Also, while travelling we were blacked out at night.

While we were in port we did not have to carry life-belts and were not blacked out at night. Movies on deck helped to relieve the tedium of waiting. Indeed the Army had started entertaining us at Santo Tomás while the camp was still under fire. They gave us movies behind the Main Building, while shells were crashing into its front and south sides. Later, while flares still illuminated the Walled City, where bitter fighting was in progress, the movies were shown in the plaza, interspersed with variety shows. But at Leyte we had better pictures than in Manila.

The drinking water was still lukewarm. One day I was talking to the major in charge of the transport. Being careful not to make it seem like a hint—just as if I were taking down irrelevant little curios from an old-fashioned whatnot to show him—I told him about the fig newtons and the lemon and how I had told myself that sooner or later the army was going to take a cold drink right out of my elbow for me.

Immediately we began to have chilled water with meals! A large galvanized iron can of water was taken on a hand truck into the cold storage room. Just before each meal it was wheeled into the dining-room, and pitchers were filled from it and set on the tables.



We were not allowed to go ashore in Leyte. The bay and gulf were full of ships, as Manila Bay had been. So *many* ships! Very few of them moved while we were there. But service men in Higgins boats dashed about, enjoying the intoxicating effect of controlling the powerful engines that were burning up a fabulous amount of the stored sunshine of primeval ages.

Cumulus clouds scudded along above the turquoise water and over the island, striking softly against the mountains. Sometimes in the afternoon tiny, limited showers descended here and there, each little shower from its own particular cloud. Consequently it was just a shade cooler than it had been in Manila Bay.

At the end of a week, having taken aboard more home-ward-bound service men, we started off again in a still larger convoy headed southeast for Paulau.

Just before our arrival there most of the convoy wheeled off toward the north—an imposing sight—and left us. We continued with one other ship and two destroyers.

Soon we were in sight of the island and the shallow, pale green water that surrounds it. It was still held by the Japanese, as we had only the smaller island called Peleliu. A small flotilla was anchored at a considerable distance from shore to prevent the Japanese garrison from receiving any aid or escaping. We dropped anchor by this flotilla—and stayed there four days! While there a large number of LSTs and other ships, apparently coming from the United States, arrived and some of them stopped there, too.

Finally the *Torrens* pulled up anchor and, accompanied by only one destroyer, we set off again, this time for the Admiralty Islands! Day after day we kept on through the pleasant tropical ocean. We were getting into more endurable weather, and the Gov'nor was getting a little stronger.

When we crossed the equator Father Neptune with all his retinue of sea nymphs and Davy Jones came aboard. They kissed the girls and gave away candy bars. Then we received diplomas signed Neptunas Rex declaring us pollywogs now to be numbered as Trusty Shellbacks. That was the second degree I received during the war. The other diploma had certified that my room was the cleanest in Santo Tomás at such and such a time.

One day some of us saw several mines in the water near the ship.

"What would happen if we hit one?" I asked a service man.

"It would blow the front half of the ship right off!" he answered.

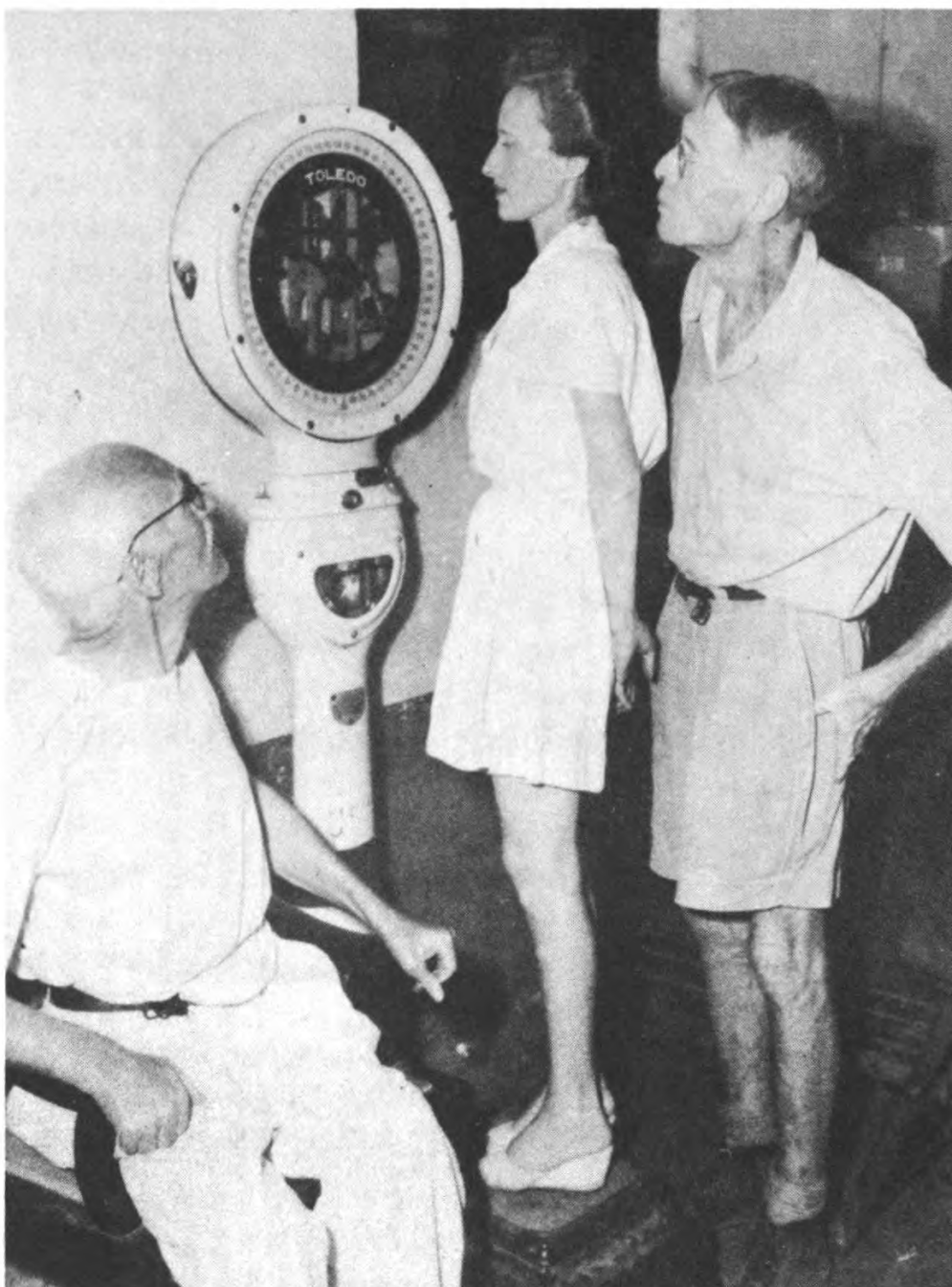
One night while we were on deck there was a grinding of chains and cables, and the boat swung into a different direction. The Great Bear and the Southern Cross began a great brilliant *contre danse* overhead. At first we did not understand the meaning of these phenomena. Then someone told us: a submarine was chasing us. Our destroyer, which had been keeping a little ahead and to the right, was equipped with radar. It went back and put down depth charges. We stopped zigzagging and reached the Admiralty Islands next morning.

Here we ran into a large, land-locked bay surrounded on one side by Negros and on all the others by Manus. Over what a large part of the world does one find Spanish names, and what a home-like touch for us to find that we were just offshore from the island of Negros! Our island in the Philippines was so named because of its Negritos. No doubt this island received its name because of its taller, blackskinned inhabitants.

It was a proper island, containing hills and low moun-



THE AUTHOR (left) WITH A FRIEND IN SANTO TOMAS, Easter 1945, after liberation by the U. S. Army. They had almost ten months to regain their lost weight.



W. C. BRYANT (right) AND TWO OTHER INTERNEES check weight following liberation by the U. S. Army. Plainly showing emaciation, Mr. Bryant had lost 75 pounds. *Acme*

tains. Manus, on the other hand, was an atoll right out of a school geography, except that it was larger. It was extremely narrow, supporting only a fringe of coconut palms, and in two or three places it became only a reef, submerged at high tide, over which broke the waves of the Pacific. In earlier stages of the war the large, calm lagoon had been full of shipping. Now it was almost empty.

After only a few hours we sailed through a break in the reef and were off again, this time to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, 15 degrees south latitude. Not even one destroyer accompanied us now.

After passing the Solomons and New Guinea we sailed again for days without seeing land. Flying fish, scudding away from the ship, skimmed the surface of the light blue water. There was nothing but sea and sky and sky and sea, with clouds and showers at times, and rainbows. At night the Southern Cross rose higher in the heavens than we had ever before seen it. It was weather designed for an epicure.

In course of time we reached Espiritu Santo—more Spanish names!—and ran into the beautiful little landlocked harbor at Infanta. This also had been an important place early in the war, but was now too far south to be of any use. The land rose in low hills on both sides of us. Near the beach it was covered with coconut palms, but we thought they did not compare favorably with those of Mindanao and Negros. Beyond the palm groves the hills seemed to be covered with a short jungle. Among the palm trees near the beach were Quonset huts. At night we could see the lights of our encampments, and those from the little town at the head of the bay. There was some talk of our being allowed to go ashore, but nothing came of it. Whether it was due to a forbidding amount of red tape or the possibility that some irresponsible souls would become inebriated and be left be-

hind, I do not know. The islands belong jointly to Britain and France, which may complicate all transactions.

Our establishments on the island were now being abandoned, and we had come down to take aboard 800 Seabees. As I watched them come up the stairs from a barge, carrying their duffle bags, I thought, "They have not so much dignity and character as the soldiers." This thought was simply an indication that I was not yet acquainted with them and that their expressions reflected the fact that they had not had the shocking, aging experiences of the soldiers I had encountered.

That evening we were expecting to have a movie. A friend lent us folding chairs, which we placed at the back of a hatch cover. On both sides of us and in front the Seabees, having no seats, sat on the tarpaulin. But there was to be no movie after all. When this fact became evident, I asked some question of the Seabee nearest me. Then I had a unique experience: at the sound of my voice, all the men near enough to hear me, as if moved by one spring, turned around to face me. They started to ask *me* questions. The Gov'nor talked to the youth nearest to him. My conversation with the twelve or fifteen Seabees around me lasted until ten o'clock, when the guard informed me that it was time for me to leave that part of the deck. I should have left at nine, but had forgotten all about time and rules, and the guard had waited an hour before breaking up the party.

After that I never lacked boy friends on the trip! Several of them informed me later that I was the first woman of any kind they had spoken to for two years.

I asked if they had been in danger.

"Yes," they answered me, "we had a couple of air raids. The Japs killed a cow. We put up a monument to her!"

They had, however, had a very boresome, monotonous

time of it; and for many months they had had no work to do. Now they were going home on rotation.

One Seabee gave me a travelogue of the New Hebrides, illustrated with many photographs. As it was exhaustive, and the limited time civilians and service men could fraternize was still further reduced by my bad habit of taking siestas, the travelogue occupied half a dozen sessions. Through him I saw far more of the islands than if I had gone ashore.

Another Seabee, finding that it distressed me to see the juice from canned fruit being dumped overboard, brought us after every meal a big cupful, usually with some fruit in it.

Toward the end of the trip I went into the mess hall one Sunday evening. The stools were all occupied, so I got a wooden box from my hatch, placed it at the rear of the hall, and sat down. At my right was a five gallon petroleum can. The lid had been cut off, and the can was half full of water and paper.

The Seabee who had brought us the juice, a pleasant, well-behaved lad of twenty, came over immediately, sat down on the sharp edges of the petroleum can, and stayed there talking to me all evening, insisting that he was quite comfortable.

A woman passed. "I see you've got a son, Mrs. Bryant!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I've just adopted him," I replied.

An older service man came along and felt the boy's cheek.

"Why, this boy hasn't even shaved!" he said to me in mock indignation with a glint of green in his eyes.

"I have a thirteen-year-old daughter," I explained, still refusing to be abashed. "I must learn how to get along with her boy friends!"

That daughter was later to tell me—rather unnecessarily—when the matter of my boy friends on the *Torrens* was mentioned: "The Seabees were desperate!"

Before long the travelogue narrator, a man of thirty-five, came along and stopped on my other side to talk a while. Then the chaplain came along.

"Save a corner of your heart for me, Mrs. Bryant," he called.

"It's Mother's Day," (it really was) I replied with an embracing gesture. "And I'm a mother. I have a motherly feeling for all of you!" This caused smiles all over that corner of the hall, partly, perhaps, because the gesture—as compared to myself—was so disproportionately bosomy..

The lad on my right continued to sit there until time for the mess hall to be vacated. Then he said, "I've been afraid all evening some one would come around and hand me a roll of toilet paper!"

I do not know how many stitches Captain Brown may have had to take in him after that experience.

Our long voyage from the New Hebrides to San Francisco was not broken by a stop anywhere. League after league we sailed. The weather was delightful, and my husband was slowly but steadily gaining strength.

Two important events were reported on this lap of our journey, one tragic, one joyful. The first was the death of President Roosevelt, the man who—too great of character to be bound by physical limitations—had so long guided our country with a strong hand.

The second was the end of the war in Europe. To atone for the fact that we were in the Pacific, where war was still to rage for an uncertain length of time, was the fact that we were on a Norwegian ship! By this time the crew and officers were our friends, and their happiness, to some extent, ours. Their homeland had been enslaved, their loved ones oppressed, and they had been exiles. This was the day for



which they had longed and for which they had continuously risked their lives on the treacherous war-time seas.

Our long journey was drawing to an end. The weather seemed cold to us; and on the evening of May 14th we were sitting in the crowded mess hall wearing our army overcoats.

Suddenly a group of teen-agers bounced in, their eyes wide and shining.

"Come and look!" they cried, seizing their parents and closest friends by the arms and pulling them. "Oh, just come and look!"

We went out on deck into the frosty, fresh air. Ahead and to our right gleamed the myriad lights of San Francisco. As we watched, they brightened and spread. The lights of Golden Gate Bridge were ahead of us. Soon we should pass through the Golden Gate into the Promised Land. Poor Moses! He saw the Promised Land only from Mount Nebo! We should enter and possess it!

The wilderness, the dark night, lay behind us. It might have been worse—the worst things had been those that had not happened to us. It had not been hell—just purgatory. The purgatory of anxieties, of absence from our loved ones and inability to communicate with them, of lack of privacy and the constant milling about in a mob, of the steerage-class way of living, of good rumors proved false, of hunger, of uncertainty, of fear of what the Japanese might next do to make us uncomfortable.

All that was behind us. The future lay spread out bright just ahead. Its details we could not see: the military band; the relatives who met us on the dock; the Red Cross girl who served us orange juice—the first we had had for years—while the customs inspector passed our suitcases in thirty seconds; the letter from our daughter saying, "You could not have left me in a better place!"; our lovely daughter herself,

almost as tall as I, whom I should not know—even when she threw her arms around me in the station in Los Angeles, but whose beloved characteristics I should soon recognize; my father waiting for me in Seattle, fragile, but able to enjoy life and as alert and vigorous mentally as ever. All this lay ahead of us.

And as choirs of angels sang in my mind's ear, we swept through the Golden Gate.

